



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

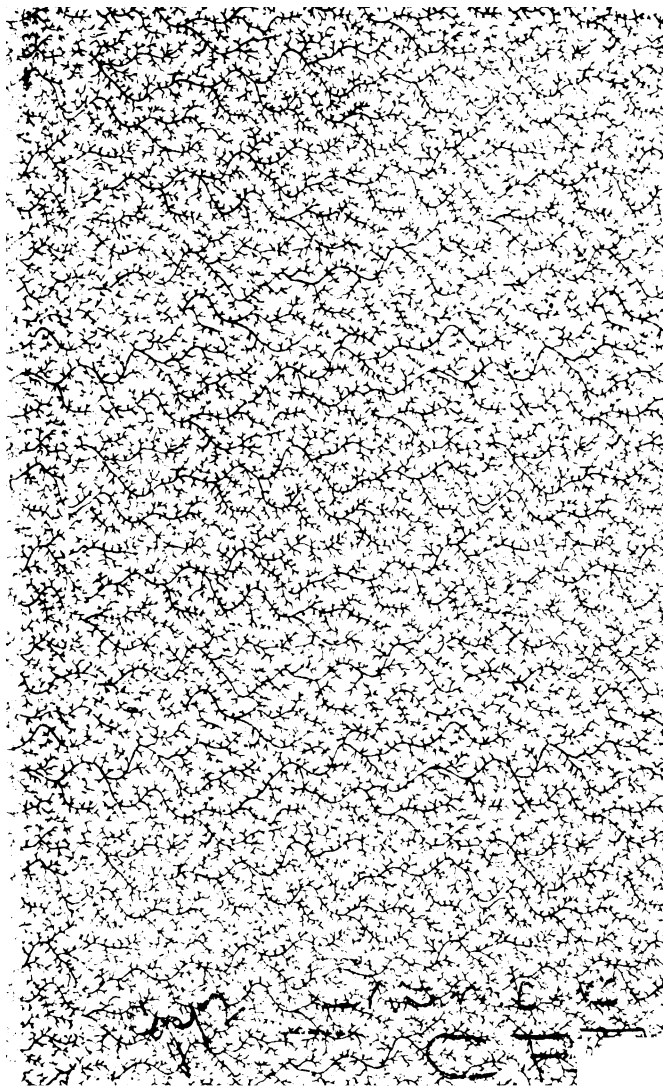
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Geo



11

36

Chantre

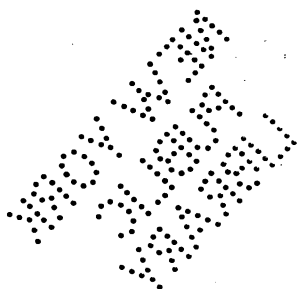
CF

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY
 OF
Original and Selected Publications
 IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS
 — OF —
LITERATURE SCIENCE, & THE ARTS.
 VOL. XVI.
REBELLION IN SCOTLAND: 1745. VOL. II.



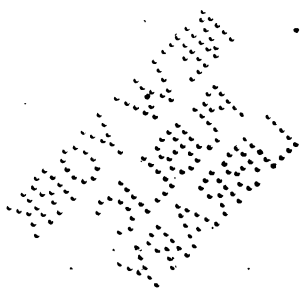
BATTLE OF CULLODEN

EDINBURGH:
 PRINTED FOR CONSTABLE & CO EDINBURGH:
 AND HURST, CHANCE & CO LONDON.
 1827.



HISTORY
OF THE
REBELLION IN SCOTLAND
IN
1745, 1746.

VOL. II.



HISTORY
OF THE
REBELLION IN SCOTLAND

IN
1745, 1746,

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS,
AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR CONSTABLE AND CO.
AND
HURST, CHANCE AND CO. LONDON.

1827.

	PAGE
CHAPTER IX.	
Charles's Wanderings—The Long Island	147
CHAPTER X.	
Charles's Wanderings—Skye	158
CHAPTER XI.	
Charles's Wanderings—Mainland	195
CHAPTER XII.	
Trials and Executions	229
CHAPTER XIII.	
Prince Charles in France	266
CHAPTER XIV.	
Conclusion	286
<hr/>	
NOTES TO VOLUME SECOND	301

HISTORY
OF
THE REBELLION
OF
1745, 1746.

CHAPTER I.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Up, and rin awa, Hawley,
Up, and rin awa, Hawley!
Tak' care, or Charlie's gude claymore
May gi'e your lugs a claw, Hawley!

Jacobite Song.

It was near four o'clock, and the storm was rapidly bringing on premature darkness, when Hawley ordered his dragoons to advance, and commence the action. As already mentioned, he had an idea that the Highlanders would not stand against the charge of a single troop of horse; much less did he expect them to resist three regiments, amounting to thirteen hundred men. The result showed, however, that he was completely mistaken, and that there was not a greater fallacy in military science than one then prevalent throughout Europe, that cavalry were indispensable and tantamount in an

army. Colonel Ligonier himself is said to have expressed his surprise at Hawley's order; and the men showed most unequivocally that they thought it the height of rashness. Advancing slowly and timidly towards the Highland lines, they no sooner received the fire of their opponents, than, without discharging a single piece, or staining a single sword with blood, they wheeled about with one consent, and retreated. Ligonier's and Hamilton's—the cravens of Preston—rushed headlong over the left wing of their own foot, who lay upon their faces; bawling as they went along, “Dear brethren, we shall all be massacred this day!” Cobham's, with only a lesser degree of cowardice, galloped in a body down the ravine between the two armies, so as to receive the fire of the whole Highland line as they went along.

The Highlanders, according to an order from Lord George Murray, having only fired at the dragoons when they were within half pistol-shot, the volley they gave brought a considerable number to the ground, including several officers of distinction, and, in the graphic language of Dougal Graham, caused many others to swing in their saddles. It would appear also, that this sudden firing when so near the dragoons, had the good effect of staggering and turning the raw horses of at least Ligonier's and Hamilton's; an effect not extended to Cobham's, because that regiment had previously stood fire in Flanders.

From this general disgrace, there was but one small, though honourable exception, in the conduct of a portion of the troops who happened to be near Lieutenant-colonel Whitney; a brave officer, who had remained behind his retreating

horse at Preston, though wounded in the sword-arm. Inspired probably by the courage of this officer, and with him at their head, this little band made the charge with great spirit. As the Colonel was going forward to the attack, he recognised John Roy Stuart, a former friend, and cried out, "Ha! are you there? we shall soon be up with you." Stuart exclaimed in reply, "You shall be welcome when you come, and, by G—, you shall have a warm reception!"² Almost at that moment, the unfortunate leader received a shot, which tumbled him lifeless from the saddle. His party rushed resistlessly through the front line of the Highlanders, trampling down all that opposed them. But their bravery was unavailing. The Highlanders, taught to fight in all postures and under every variety of circumstances, though thrown upon their backs beneath the feet of the cavalry, used their dirks in stabbing the horses under the belly, or, dragging down the men by their long-skirted coats, engaged with them in mortal struggles, during which they seldom failed to poniard their antagonists. The chief of Clanranald was overwhelmed by a dead horse, from which he could not extricate himself, when one of his own clan tumbled down beside him in the arms of a dismounted dragoon. From his situation he could not well make his condition known to any more distant clansman, and it almost appeared that his existence depended upon the success which this man might have with the dragoon. After a brief but dreadful interval, the Highlander contrived to stab his foeman, and then sprung to relieve his prostrate chief.³

The dragoons being thus disposed of, Lord

George Murray, who from his situation did not see much of the English army, ordered the Keppoch regiment to keep their ranks, and sent the same command to the rest of the MacDonald corps. But nothing could restrain the impetuous bravery of these men, who, running forward, and loading their pieces by the way, were immediately ready to attack the Royal infantry, now disordered by the retreat of the dragoons. Receiving one imperfect fire from the front line of the English, or rather from the confused mass into which the flank had been thrown, they rushed down hill, firing their pieces as they went along; and then fell on, sword in hand. The fury with which they made this charge was such as nothing could resist; and in a moment the whole upper or southern half of the army simultaneously gave way, having already found their pieces almost useless with the rain, and being apparently convinced that it was impossible to oppose both the Highlanders and the storm.

The individuals, who from the steeple of Falkirk beheld this extraordinary spectacle, used to describe the main event of the battle as occupying an amazingly brief space of time. They first saw the English army enter the misty and storm-covered moor at the top of the hill; then saw the dull atmosphere thickened by a fast-rolling smoke, and heard the pealing sounds of the discharge; immediately after, they saw the discomfited troops burst wildly from the thunder-cloud in which they had been involved, and rush, in far-spread disorder, over the spacious face of the hill. From the commencement till what they picturesquely styled "the *break* of the battle," there did not intervene

more than ten minutes ;—so soon may an efficient body of men, for whose united strength no feat might seem impossible, become, by one transient emotion of cowardice, a feeble and contemptible rabble.

Immediately on ascertaining the fortune of the day, the inhabitants of Falkirk, who, from their connexion with the Earl of Kilmarnock, were all staunch Jacobites, went down to Hawley's camp, and began to plunder. One of them, who survived till recent years, used to tell, that he happened to be on the south side of the town when the army came past in their retreat from the Moor. An officer, apparently of distinction, rode distractedly through the tumultuous body, waving his sword, and continually calling out, " Rally, rally, my brave boys ! " but he was quite unheeded. The men fled blindly on, evidently convinced that the battle was lost beyond redemption.

The route, though thus decisive, was not total. Barrel's regiment of the second line, and Ligonier's of the first, together with some of the reserve, not being engaged in the attack, but still divided from the enemy by the ravine, instead of flying, continued for some time to pour their fire against the Highlanders opposed to them, and, when the victorious MacDonalds passed along in the pursuit, gave them such a volley in flank as caused a number to stop, under the apprehension of an ambuscade. Brigadier Cholmondeley and General Huske commanded this body, which was soon after joined by two entire battalions of Cobham's dragoons. The spirit they displayed, besides checking the pursuit, had the effect of com-

pellling several bodies of Highlanders to retreat westwards, with the impression that they had lost the day. One fugitive mountaineer, soon after crossing the Carron at Dunipace Steps, with a dreadful wound in his head, which he was holding with his hand, was asked which party had won. "I don't know," he replied, with a bitter groan; "but, och on, I know that I have lost!"⁴

Prince Charles, at this juncture, perceiving from his eminent station in the rear that the greater part of Hawley's troops had fled, now put himself at the head of his reserve, and, advancing against the refractory regiments, soon compelled them to join in the general flight, though not before they had effectually marred his victory. They had staggered the victorious part of the army when advancing upon the pursuit, and compelled a less meritorious portion to retreat. When they at last retired, it was in a deliberate manner; and, altogether, they had given the English army pretensions to a drawn battle.

It would appear that the very facility with which the Highlanders gained the earlier part of their victory, was a main cause of its being ultimately incomplete. When Lord John Drummond saw the Scots Royals fly, he cried, "These men behaved admirably at Fontenoy—surely this is a feint." It was impossible for even the Highlanders, humble as was their opinion of the British regiments, to believe that they would display so extreme a degree of cowardice; and when they at length found no enemies before them, they could not help asking each other (in Gaelic) "What is become of the men? Where are they?" Surprised, and apprehensive of some mysterious

design; they remained for a considerable time upon the field of battle, irresolute whether to go forward. At length, Prince Charles thought proper to order several detachments under the command of Lord John Drummond, Lochiel, and Lord George Murray, to proceed to the town and learn the motions of the enemy. Lord John entered at the west end, Lochiel by a lane near the centre, and Lord George by another farther east, called the Cow Wynd; when they found that the English had just retreated from Falkirk, leaving a few straggling parties in the streets. ⁵

The column commanded by Lord John Drummond, overtook one of the straggling parties upon the main street, at a spot nearly opposite to the Old Bank. Its commander was reeling for loss of blood, but had still strength to wave his sword, and call upon his men to rally. The first Highlander who approached, cut down the unfortunate officer; upon which another rushed up, and slew him in his turn with a battle-axe, exclaiming "She ought to respect a *teean* [dying] prave man, whether she'll wear ta red coat or ta kilt." The Camerons made prodigious slaughter among another party, which they found upon the street, on emerging from the Cow Wynd. ⁶

Though the town and also the moor were now completely cleared of the enemy, Charles was still ignorant of their motions and intentions, and therefore remained for some time longer upon the field of battle. An idea generally prevailed, that Hawley had only retired for a time, and would return to the attack next morning. It was not till about seven o'clock, that, the Earl of Kilmarnock ⁷ having approached the Edinburgh road by by-

ways through his estate, and returned with intelligence that he had seen the English army hurrying along in full flight, the Prince at length thought proper to seek shelter in the town of Falkirk, from the storm to which he had been exposed for five hours.

His Royal Highness was conducted, by torch-light, to a lodging which had been prepared for him in the house of a lady called Madam Graham; the widow of a physician, a Jacobite, and a woman whose intelligence and superior manners are still remembered with veneration at Falkirk. This house, which stands opposite to the steeple, was then the best in the town, and is still a tolerably handsome mansion, and occupied as the Post Office; but, according to the fashion of times not very remote in Scotland, the best room, and that in which Charles was obliged to dine and hold his court, is degraded by a bed concealed within folding-doors. Unexpected good fortune, however, reconciles the mind to the trivial ills of life; and it is not probable that the victor of Falkirk regretted to spend the evening of his triumph in an apartment about twelve feet square, lighted by one window, and which was at once his refectory and bed-chamber.

The army, with the exception of a party which had been sent to harass the enemy, employed themselves during this evening in satisfying their hunger, in securing the English camp and its contents, and in stripping the bodies of the slain. Hawley had made an attempt to strike his camp and take away his baggage, in the brief interval between the route and the pursuit; but, owing to the desertion of his waggoners and the necessity of

a speedy retreat, he was at last obliged to abandon the whole to the Highlanders; having only made an ineffectual attempt to set it on fire. Charles thus obtained possession of a prodigious quantity of military stores, while his men enriched themselves with a variety of articles which the people of Falkirk had not previously abstracted. In addition to the tents, arms, baggage, &c. which fell into his hands, he secured the whole of the cannon, besides many standards and other trophies of victory. As for the slain, they were that night stripped so effectually,⁸ that a citizen of Falkirk, who next morning surveyed the field from a distance, and who lived till recent years to describe the awful scene, used to say, that he could compare them to nothing but a large flock of white sheep at rest on the face of the hill.

Charles lost only forty men in the battle, with twice as many wounded. The loss on the English side is stated by the official returns to have been 280 in all, killed, wounded, and missing; but was probably much more considerable. The loss of officers was in particular very great. There were killed, four captains and two lieutenants of Blakeney's, five captains and one lieutenant of Wolfe's, with no fewer than three Lieutenant-Colonels, Whitney, Bigger, and Powell. It is very remarkable, and seems to prove the injudiciousness of cowardice, that these were the regiments which soonest gave way, while there was no similar loss in Barrel's or Ligonier's, which remained longest, and behaved best in the action. The most distinguished officer among the slain was Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, the chief of an ancient and honourable family in the Highlands,

and whose regiment was chiefly composed, like those of the insurgent leaders, of his own clan. *Monro's* had excited the admiration of Europe by its conduct at the battle of Fontenoy, where it had fought almost without intermission for a whole day ; but, on the present occasion it was seized with a panic, and fled at the first onset of the insurgents. Sir Robert alone, who was so corpulent a man that he had been obliged at Fontenoy to stand upon his feet when all the rest of his regiment lay down on their faces to avoid the enemy's fire, boldly faced the charging Highlanders. He was attacked at once by six antagonists, two of whom he laid dead at his feet with his half-pike, but, a seventh coming up, and discharging a shot into his body, he was at last obliged to fall. His brother, an unarmed physician, at this juncture came up to his relief, but shared in the promiscuous and indiscriminate slaughter which was then going on. Next day, their bodies were found stripped and defaced, so as to be scarcely recognisable, in a little pool of water, formed around them by the rain ; and it was remarked in that of the brave Sir Robert, as an instance of the ruling passion strong in death, that his right hand still clenched the pommel of his sword, from which the whole blade had been broken off. The corpses were honourably interred in one grave in the public cemetery of Falkirk, ⁸ * near the tombs of Graham and Stewart, the heroes of the former battle of Falkirk.

The mass of Hawley's army spent the evening of the battle at Linlithgow, about ten miles from the field ; ⁹ but various spectators of the action, and some dragoons who fled upon the spur of fear,

reached Edinburgh before nine o'clock at night, bringing dreadful accounts of what they had seen, and assigning various issues to the battle. One English dragoon, flying furiously along the road near Corstorphin, was accosted by a country gentleman, and asked which party had won the battle. "We have won," cried the fugitive.—"How then do you come to be flying in this manner?"—*What! stay yonder and get killed!*" exclaimed the terrified soldier, continuing his flight at the same time with lash and spur.¹⁰

The greater part of the army reached Edinburgh next day at four o'clock, disproving by its appearance the reports which had represented it as totally routed, but still testifying that the expected advantages had not been gained over the insurgents, and that many men and officers, on the contrary, had been lost, with all their munition and baggage. At no time, from the beginning to the end of the insurrection, were the friends of Government so dejected as when they learned this affair. The loss of Preston had been attributed to accident, and to the insufficiency of the troops there opposed to the Highlanders; but here they saw a numerous and well-appointed army, who had marched a few days before, with the prospect of certain victory, return with symptoms of defeat scarcely less equivocal. These troops, they sadly reflected, were not the raw soldiers of General Cope's army, who had never seen an enemy till they met the Highlanders, but the best troops which Britain could present to its foes—the veteran herbes of Dettingen and Fontenoy.

In forming, at this distance of time, an impartial estimate of the merits of the two armies who fought at

Falkirk, it is difficult to award sufficient praise to the insurgents, who, with a trifling exception, behaved with all their accustomed heroism, or sufficiently to blame the English troops, who, as uniformly, displayed a degree of pusillanimity scarcely to be credited or accounted for. It is true, that the Highlanders had several extrinsic advantages, and that the English were dispirited by the imprudence of their general and the unfavourable nature of the ground and the weather. It is also true, that the leaders of the successful party did not take advantage of their victory in the way they might have done, but were for some time almost as much perplexed as the enemy. Yet, whatever drawback may be made from the general conduct of the day, it cannot be disputed that the Highlanders acted like the bravest of men, repeatedly charging the force which resisted, rather than following that which gave way, and continuing to fight even when overthrown and trampled by cavalry.

It is a trite remark, that no general ever allowed, in his despatches, that he had been beaten. Language is so elastic and so full of convertible terms, that it can be brought to give any sort of turn to an event, without violating the truth. A commander may have fled in personal terror from a field of battle; but, in the courteous phraseology of a despatch, he only "falls back upon a stronger position." His army does not make a precipitate retreat, leaving its camp, baggage, and stores; it only "seeks shelter from the weather in cantonments." The battle is not lost; it is only *deferred*.

General Hawley displayed all the ordinary address of his profession, in glossing over the defeat

of Falkirk. He represented himself as having given a severe check to the Highlanders, but retreated to his camp on account of the weather; the Highlanders at the same time falling back upon Stirling. His determination had been to remain in his camp all night, but, the rain having rendered it uncomfortable, and hearing that the rebels were pushing to get between him and Edinburgh, he had eventually marched and taken post at Linlithgow. Seven pieces of his cannon, he allowed, were *missing*, (for which he blamed the recreant artillery-men), together with about three hundred men; but the loss on the part of the enemy was reported to be much more considerable. Altogether, it appeared from his despatch that a collision had taken place with the Highlanders, but that what little was yet known about the matter seemed favourable to his party.

It was impossible, however, to impose these specious and plausible pretensions to a victory upon the minds of the British public; and in a few days after, the following *jeu d'esprit*, ridiculing the terms of the Government Gazette, made the round of the Journals.¹¹ "The shoe-blackers of Westminster, being in arms against the shoe-blackers of this neighbourhood (Whitehall), early yesterday morning were in motion to attack them. Our people had not at first any advice of the enemy's motions; and though scouts were sent out to Tothill Street, Milbank, and several other ways, they were not perceived till the front of them appeared at the bottom of King Street. Upon this, the shoe-blackers formed with all expedition, and moved on to get advantage of the ground. But parties

of the chimney-sweepers coming round by Channel-Row and the Park, in spite of our teeth got to the windward of our friends, the wind being then north-east. Just as the armies engaged, a violent gust arose, which blew the soot from the chimney-sweepers so strongly in the eyes of our people, that they could not see at all, and thought proper to retreat in good order into the Mewse. The enemy's loss was judged to be very considerable; but no particulars can be given, as it is believed they carried off their dead and wounded in their sacks. The battle was fought in the Broadway, just over against the Horse-Guards. Our friends kept the field—especially the killed and wounded. We found, when we came to our quarters, that several stools, baskets, brushes, and blacking-pots, were missing. This was owing to the behaviour of Jack Linklight and Tom Scrubit, who, being left in charge of the stores, abandoned them at the beginning of the action: but some accounts say, that what they could not carry off, they threw into the fire of a neighbouring gin-shop. The shoe-blackers are getting up a new set of tools, and design to attack the chimney-sweepers, who are now quiet in their cellars."

This was not the only joke circulated through the newspapers at Hawley's expense. Some months afterwards, when the insurrection had been finally suppressed, his dragoons were put into quarters at Redding, a town in Surrey, where, according to these chroniclers, the following amusing incident took place. A dreadful storm coming on, of almost as violent a description as that which occurred at the battle of Falkirk, the horses, which fed at large in a park near the village, rush-

ed tumultuously together, and, making themselves up in a sort of battle array, stood trembling and snorting, exactly as they had done before the commencement of that action, and apparently impressed with a belief that they were about to endure the fire of an enemy. When they had stood thus for some time, permitting the rain to come full in their faces, all at once it began to thunder; upon which their agitation was greatly increased, and, turning tail upon the storm, they rushed in the utmost disorder, out of the park, through the village, and along the open country, as hard as they could scamper; thus completely acting over again the whole of the disgraceful evolutions which their masters had made them perform on the noted 17th of January. The people of the village and of the country through which the animals fled, beheld this hippo-dramatical representation of the battle of Falkirk with the most extravagant merriment.

It was also noted as a capital joke against Hawley, that he had, before leaving Edinburgh, erected two gibbets, whereon to hang the Highlanders who should surrender to him in the victory he expected to achieve, and that, after he returned in a state so different from that of a conqueror, he had to use these conspicuous monuments of his folly for the execution of his own men.¹² He hanged no fewer than four in one day, permitting their bodies to remain till sunset. Such a sight had not been seen in Edinburgh, since the day before the Duke of York opened the Scottish Parliament in the year 1681, when five rebellious ministers were simultaneously executed in the Grassmarket.¹³ The captain of the artillery, who had de-

serted his charge at the beginning of the action, upon a horse which he cut from the train, was cashiered with infamy ; and many of the private soldiers, who had displayed extraordinary cowardice, were severely whipped. ¹⁴

The only trophy which Hawley brought with him from Falkirk, was a Major MacDonald, of Keppoch's regiment, cousin to that chief, who was taken prisoner under most extraordinary circumstances. Having dismounted an English officer in the action, this youth took possession of the horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the animal ran off with the unfortunate Major, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain it, nor did it stop till it was at the head of the troop, of which, apparently, its master had been the commander. ¹⁵ Seeing himself thus in the hands of the enemy, he attempted to pass himself off as one of the Argyle militia, endeavouring to conceal the distinctive colours of his tartan, as well as possible, by the officer's cloak, which he had also taken ; but, before proceeding very far with the army, he was detected by General Huske, who immediately put a guard over him of *twenty men*. ¹⁶ Reaching Edinburgh next day, the Lord Justice Clerk committed him to the castle ; and in a few months afterwards he paid the forfeit of his life upon the scaffold.

While the English industriously denied that they had lost the battle, the Highlanders, on the other hand, made no very ostentatious claims to the victory. Aware that they had not acted with uniform promptitude, and mortified at the safe retreat which Hawley had effected, they were not so

much disposed to rejoice at what they had, than to repine at what they had not achieved. Instead of pursuing the enemy to Edinburgh, and attempting to strike them with a second and more decisive blow, they gave themselves up for some time to unavailing altercations regarding their respective misdeeds. Lord George Murray protested that the victory would have been complete, if Lord John Drummond had supported him with the left wing; and Lord John, on the other hand, blamed Lord George for not permitting the men under his own charge to go forward in a body after the retreat of the dragoons. Innumerable speculations were set afloat, as to the various ways in which the day might have been more decisive; every one appearing to have forgot that the very circumstances which had marred the victory on their part, were, in a great measure, those which had occasioned the defeat on that of the enemy, and that in reality they ought to have been thankful to Fortune for that which she had seen fit to give them, without grieving for that which she could not bestow. The general issue was certainly a matter of true regret, every thing considered; as the advantage of the ground, the surprise, the storm, Hawley's commanding a body of dragoons to attack a whole army, and the acknowledged misbehaviour of some of the British regiments, were circumstances not likely to be ever combined again. Moreover, a drawn battle, or any thing approaching to it, was decidedly a misfortune to the Highlanders; for, by familiarizing the regular troops with their mode of fighting, and thereby diminishing the terror in which they were held, it

tended to reduce the combatants to a level ; and thus, indeed, the equivocal triumph of Falkirk may be said to have led to the perfect overthrow of Culloden.

The succeeding day, during which it continued to rain with little intermission, was spent at Falkirk by the insurgents, in securing the spoils, and burying the slain. They employed the country people to dig a spacious pit upon the field of battle, into which they precipitated the naked corpses. The rustics who stood around, easily distinguished the English soldiers from the Highlanders, by their comparative nudity, and by the deep gashes which seamed their shoulders and breasts,—the dreadful work of the broad-sword. It was also remarked, that all the Highlanders had bannocks or other articles of provision concealed under their left armpits.²⁷ The number of slain inhumed in this pit was such, that some years after, the surface sunk down many feet, and there is still a considerable hollow at that part of the plain.

The Highland army lost more this day by an accident, than it did on the preceding, by the fire of the enemy. A private soldier of the Clanranald regiment had obtained a musket as part of his spoil upon the field of battle ; finding it loaded, he was engaged at his lodgings in extracting the shot ; the window was open, and nearly opposite there was a group of officers standing on the street. The man extracted a ball, and then fired off the piece, to clear it in the most expeditious manner of the powder, but unfortunately, it had been double loaded ; and the remaining ball pierced the body of young Glengary, who was one of the group of bystanders. He soon after died

in the arms of his clansmen, begging with his last breath that the man, of whose innocence he was satisfied, might not suffer ; but nothing could restrain the indignation of his friends, who immediately seized the unhappy perpetrator, and loudly demanded life for life. Young Clanranald would have gladly protected his clansman ; but, certain that any attempt he could make to that effect would only embroil his family in a feud with that of Glengary, and in the first place cause that regiment to quit the Prince's service, he was reluctantly obliged to assent to their demand. The man was immediately taken out to the side of a park-wall near the town, and pierced with a volley of bullets. His own father poured a shot into his body, from the desire to make his death as instantaneous as possible.

The Prince, who had most occasion to regret this accident, as it endangered the attachment of a valuable regiment, exerted himself, by showing the most respectful attentions to the deceased, to console the clan for their loss. He caused the grave of Graham, which had never before been disturbed, to be opened for the reception of the youthful soldier, as the only part of the churchyard of Falkirk which was worthy to be honoured with his corpse ; and he himself attended the obsequies as chief mourner, holding the string which consigned his head to the grave. Charles's judicious kindness was not unappreciated by the grateful Highlanders ; but, nevertheless, a considerable number yielded to their grief, or rage, so far as to desert his standard.

Another incident took place this day upon the street of Falkirk, which had almost become as

tragic as the former, and which illustrates in a striking manner the peculiar ties of clanship. Lord Kilmarnock had brought up to the front of Charles's lodging a few prisoners whom he had taken, the preceding night, in the rear of the retreating army; and Charles was standing within the open window, with a paper in his hand, apparently conversing with Lord Kilmarnock about his capture; when a man was seen coming up the street in the uniform of an English regiment, with a musket and bayonet in his hand and a black cockade upon his hat. The volunteers, among whom Mr Home, the narrator of the incident, was one, beheld the man with surprise, and conceiving that he designed to assassinate the Prince, expected every moment to see him take aim and fire. Charles, observing the prisoners look all one way, turned his head in the same direction, and, immediately comprehending the cause of their alarm, called in some surprise to Lord Kilmarnock, and pointed towards the soldier. The Earl instantly descended to the street, and, finding the man by that time just opposite to the window, went up to him, struck his hat off his head, and set his foot upon the black cockade. At that instant, one of the numerous Highlanders who stood upon the pavement, rushed forward, and violently pushed Lord Kilmarnock from his place. The Earl pulled out a pistol and presented it at the Highlander's head; the Highlander drew his dirk and held it close to Kilmarnock's breast. In this posture they stood about half a minute, when a crowd of Highlanders rushed between the parties, and drove Kilmarnock away. The man with the dirk in his hand then took up the hat, put it on the soldier's

head, and the Highlanders marched off with him in triumph.

This unaccountable pantomime astonished the prisoners, and they entreated an explanation from one of the insurgent officers who stood near. He answered, that the soldier was not in reality what he seemed, but a Cameron, who had deserted his regiment (the Scots Royals) during the conflict, to join the company of his chief; when he had been permitted to retain his dress and arms till he could be provided with the uniform of the clan. The Highlander who interposed was his brother, and the crowd, that had rushed in, his clansmen the Camerons. Lord Kilmarnock, in presuming to interfere, even through ignorance, in the affairs of a clan, had excited their high displeasure; "nor, in my opinion," continued the officer, "can any person in the Prince's army take that cockade out of the man's hat, except Lochiel himself."

During the stay of the Highlanders at Falkirk, they treated the inhabitants with extraordinary lenity, on account of their connexion with the Earl of Kilmarnock, and the readiness which they displayed in serving the cause of the "yellow-haired laddie." An old woman who still lives (1827) at the age of ninety-seven, and was of course fifteen years of age at the time of the battle, informed the writer of these sheets, that the Highlanders were considered a merciful enemy compared with the dragoons. There was at that time a number of receptacles in Falkirk, called "girnals," where the meal which the various neighbouring landlords received for rent, was retailed to the common people. These, during the occupation of the town by the Highlanders, were carefully locked up, so

that the poor soon found it impossible to procure their ordinary food. A complaint to this effect being made by an old woman to a Highland officer, he proceeded to break open one of the sequestrated stores, sold off all the meal it contained to the common people at a reduced price, and then deliberately marched off with the money. The inhabitants of Falkirk to this day cherish the memory of these brave men and of their gallant leader, with enduring fondness.

The general lenity of the Highlanders was not without numerous exceptions; many of them displaying just as much rapacity in Falkirk, as they would have done in a town of less favourable sentiments. A small party of them, on the day after the battle, laid violent hands on a flaming Jacobite named David Watt, then the principal inn-keeper of Falkirk; brought him out to the street in front of his own door, and, setting him down squat upon the causey, deliberately eased his feet of a pair of new shoes with silver buckles. He protested his Jacobitism, to save them; but the spoilers, perhaps accustomed to such shallow excuses, totally disregarded his declaration; ironically observing, "See muckle ta better—she'll no grumble to shange a progue for the Prince's guid." It is needless to add that David's principles were a good deal shaken by this unhappy incident.

It is also remembered at Falkirk that it was the general practice of the Highlanders, to enter the houses of the inhabitants about the time when meals occurred; seizing, if at breakfast-time, the dishes of porridge prepared for the family, and, if at dinner-time, searching the kail-pots with their dirks for what solids they might contain. When-

ever they found the porridge-dishes arranged on the outside of the windows to cool, they emptied them into their own canteens and went away, looking back and laughing at the owners, who might come out of doors to express their consternation at the event. To these acts of felony the people never dared to make any resistance, aware of the vengeance which it might have excited. One old woman only, out of all the inhabitants, was known on any occasion to protect her property. On their making advances to her kail-pot, this heroine courageously mounted guard upon it, seized the ladle, and threatened to scald the first that approached her, with the boiling liquid. They were staggered by her boldness, which seemed to promise them the fate awarded by Robinson Crusoe to the Cochín Chinese ; and, partly from amusement at her ludicrous attitude, thought proper to retire.

The old lady already mentioned, as having, when a child, gone through the lines of the English army before the battle, also remembered that the Highlanders came next day to her mother's house, near Falkirk, in search of provisions. Colonel Campbell, of the Argyle Militia, had previously taken up his abode here, and, on learning the approach of the enemy, caused his baggage to be buried in the farm-yard, leaving only a French valet behind, to take charge of it. The Highlanders seized this man, and, by pinching his body, obliged him to discover his precious charge. It was immediately appropriated ; and our venerable informant had a picturesque recollection of the rude mountaineers sitting round the fire, and drinking the Colonel's wine out of *parritch luggies*.

The gudewife had taken similar precautions in regard to her own valuables and provisions, burying some things in the fields, and concealing part of her meal in pillow-slips, which were inserted into the insides of as many sacks of chaff. But by pinching herself and her children, and by thrusting their dirks and swords into the sacks, they succeeded in getting possession of almost every thing that had been put out of the way. It is needless to observe that this want of gallantry was entirely occasioned by the attempt which they saw had been made to deceive them ; for, when people displayed a willingness to supply provisions, or trusted to their generosity, they were almost invariably kind. One favourable circumstance is recorded of them—they were never fastidious about their food. The ordinary humble fare of the cottagers of that time—meal, milk, cheese, and butter—they accepted with thankfulness. Oat-meal was what they generally demanded ; and if supplied with a modicum of that, suitable to the apparent circumstances of the family, they went away contented. Nothing, moreover, seems to have ever given them so much pleasure, as to fall upon a churn in the process of butter-making. Numerous instances are remembered throughout the country, of their rioting over such an article with the most extravagant expressions of satisfaction. If, in the course of their researches, they asked for bread, and were told that there was none in the house, they have been known to say, “ Och, her nain sel will tak a butter or cheese, till a bread be ready.” It was their custom in a march, for small parties of from three to ten persons, to digress from the main body, towards the

farms which lay within sight of the road, and there to satisfy their hunger. Thus, in the course of a day's march, every individual in the army procured at least one meal. They seem to have behaved very fairly, in regard to each other, throughout these transactions. On a farmer's wife in Tweedsmuir giving a cheese to a party of four, they immediately cut it with their dirks into quarters, of which each took away one.

It is perhaps unnecessary to offer any apology for the rapine which distinguished this singular campaign. The Prince, though supplied with considerable sums from his father, ¹⁸ from the French government, and from his friends in Britain, was unable to give his men a pay sufficient for their travelling expenses; and they were therefore obliged to levy contributions on the country. Charles did not openly sanction their proceedings; but, well knowing he could not ask them to starve, was under the necessity of passing them over without punishment. He perhaps justified himself in his own eyes, by the consideration that all he was doing was for the good of the country, and that, after the Electors of Hanover, had so long subsisted upon his father's subjects, there was comparatively little harm in his thus quartering upon them for a single winter. The same reasoning applied, with still greater force, to the levies he made upon the public tax-offices throughout the kingdom.

It cannot be denied, that, in so large a body of men, there were many, who, unable to resist the temptations presented to them, abused the power of their arms in a way which admits of no palliation. As one instance for all, we may mention the conduct of an officer of the MacGregor corps.

as reported to us, at only second-hand, from one of the regiment, who survived till recent times. It often happened, in the course of the march, that the private soldiers of this corps entered the houses of the country people, and began to help themselves. The unhappy rustics would come running out, and make as pathetic an appeal as they could to the officer ; and he used then to go up to the door, and roar in at the passage, " Come out this minute, you scoundrels, or I'll send a pistol-shot in amongst you." But immediately after he would add in Gaelic, "*Only, if you see any thing worth while, you may bring it along with you.*" At this period of the campaign, the mountaineers had become better acquainted than they were at first with the commodities of civilized life, and, among the numerous desertions which took place for the purpose of securing their spoil, few were occasioned by the desire of depositing such things as military saddles. Money had now become an object with them ; and it is really amazing what large sums some of them had amassed about their persons. At the battle of Falkirk, a private Highlander having pursued one of Barrel's regiment down the hill, and in his turn fled on the man turning about to oppose him, was shot through the head by Brigadier Cholmondley, and left to be rifled by the soldier. To the man's astonishment, no less a sum than sixteen guineas was found in the *sporrán* or purse of this miserable-looking savage ! ¹⁰

It does not, however, after all, appear, that the people of Scotland felt much annoyed by the exactions made upon them by the Highlanders ; for, although the traditions regarding their custom of demanding free quarters are innumerable, they are rarely accompanied with any very vehement ex-

pressions of indignation. The citizens of Glasgow alone, whose treatment, for reasons good, was peculiarly severe, seem to have displayed a rancorous feeling; incited by which, their militia behaved with singular firmness at Falkirk, and permitted a number of their body to be slain before following the prudent example of their general. Altogether, it may be said, that, either from habitual hospitality, or from affection to their cause, the Scottish people expressed far less displeasure than might have been expected at the behaviour of the mountain-warriors; and what *was* expressed generally proceeded from the most evil-conditioned of the Whigs, or from those miserable churls who would have grudged a meal to any stranger. ²⁰

Prince Charles returned to Bannockburn on the evening of the 18th, leaving Lord George Murray, with a portion of the army, at Falkirk. It was certainly to be regretted by his adherents, that he did not rather follow up the success of the preceding day, by an active pursuit of the English army, which was now so dispirited, that he might easily have had the glory of driving it out of Scotland, if not that of totally annihilating it. Ignorance alone of the real extent of his victory, and of the condition to which he had reduced the enemy, must have induced him to take this retrograde movement, so dishonourable to his arms, and so favourable to the designs which were now laying for his total overthrow.

Among other articles which the Prince had brought away with him from Glasgow, was a printing-press, with its accompaniments of types, workmen, &c. Sensible of the advantage which the other party had over him in their command of the

public press, and no doubt incensed at the lies they had employed it in propagating against him, he had employed his first leisure at Glasgow in publishing a Journal of his march into England, which, if not free of a little gasconade, was certainly quite as faithful as the Gazettes of Government. He had brought the press along with him, in order to continue his publications occasionally; and he now issued, from Bannockburn, a quarto sheet, containing a well penned and not inaccurate account of his victory at Falkirk. This, however, was destined to be the last of his Gazettes, as the rapidity of his subsequent evolutions rendered it impossible to transport so large and complicated an engine without more trouble than it was worth.

He now resumed the siege of Stirling Castle, having first sent a summons of surrender to General Blakeney, which that officer answered with his former firmness. He had been advised, by an engineer of the name of Grant, who had conducted the siege of Carlisle, to open trenches in the church-yard, which lies between the Castle and the town; but was induced to abandon that position by the citizens, who represented that it must ensure the destruction of their houses. There were two other points from which the Castle might be stormed, though not nearly so advantageous as that pointed out by Mr Grant—the Gowan Hill, an irregular eminence under the Castle walls on the north side, and the Ladies Hill, a small bare rock facing the south-east. The Prince, anxious to save the town, consulted with a French engineer, who had recently arrived in Scotland, if it would be possible to raise an effective battery upon either of these eminences. The person thus con-

sulted was a Mr Gordon, styling himself Monsieur Mirabelle, a chevalier of the order of St Louis; but a man so whimsical both in his body and mind, that the Highlanders used to parody his *nom de guerre* into Mr Admirable.²¹ It is the characteristic of ignorance never to think any thing impossible; and this wretched old Frenchified Scotchman at once undertook to open a battery upon the Gowan Hill, though there were not fifteen inches depth of earth above the rock, and the walls of the Castle overlooked it by at least fifty feet.

After many days of incessant labour, a sort of battery was constructed of bags of sand and wool, and a number of cannon brought to bear upon the fortress. General Blakeney had not taken all the advantage he might have done of his position to interrupt the works, conceiving that it was best to amuse the Highland army with the prospect of taking the Castle, and thus give Government time to concentrate its forces against them. But when the cannon were opened against him, he thought proper to answer them in a suitable manner. Such was the eminence of his situation, that it is said he could see the very shoe-buckles of the besiegers as they stood behind their entrenchments. Their battery was of course pointed upwards, and scarcely did the least harm either to his fortifications or his men.²² The besieged, on the contrary, were able to destroy a great number of their opponents, including many French picquets, who were, perhaps, the best soldiers in their army. The works were demolished at leisure; and the siege was then abandoned as a matter of course, after a considerable loss of men.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood—
The princesses in number five—
Duke William, sweetest prince alive!

SWIFT.

WHEN the news of Hawley's manœuvres at Falkirk reached the court of St James's, where a drawing-room happened to be held on that particular day, every countenance is said to have been marked with doubt and apprehension, excepting those only of the King himself, the Earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope. ¹ It was now thought necessary to send a General against the insurgents, the best and most popular of whom the country could boast, and who, by one decisive effort, might at length be certain of success. The Duke of Cumberland, who, after tracking their course to Carlisle, had thought them only fair game for an inferior hand, was now requested to resume the command which he then abandoned, and immediately to set out for the North. He lost no time in obeying his father's orders; and was so expeditious as to arrive unexpectedly at Edinburgh early in the morning of the

30th of January, after a journey performed in the short space of four days.

This young General, whose name is still so much execrated in Scotland, and of whom it must be confessed that he never was victorious any where else, was a man of great personal intrepidity, firmness, and enthusiasm in his profession, though almost entirely destitute of talent, and a stranger, as it afterwards appeared, to the more praiseworthy qualification of humanity. He had a good-humoured jolly face, which procured him the epithet of "Bluff Bill;" but, although it was hoped that his presence in Scotland might counteract the charm which Prince Charles had exercised over the public mind, his personal graces could never bear any comparison with those of his cousin and rival; and while his rank perhaps dazzled the people a little, he failed entirely in exciting the high interest and deep affection which had been bestowed so liberally upon that equivocal scion of royalty. He was, however, entirely beloved by the troops, who wished nothing so ardently as to have him at their head instead of Hawley, and, notwithstanding their late disgrace, are said to have been inspired with the utmost confidence when they learned that he was to take the command.

On his arriving at Holyroodhouse, he immediately went to bed—occupying the same couch of state which Charles had used four months before. After reposing two hours, he rose, and proceeded to the great business of his mission. Before eight o'clock, and before he had taken breakfast, he is said to have been busy with Generals Hawley and Huske, and other principal officers, whom he summoned so hastily that they appeared in their boots.

During the course of the forenoon, he received visits from the State-officers, the Professors of the University, and the principal citizens, all of whom had the honour of kissing his hand. Meanwhile, the music-bells were rung in his honour, and the Magistrates prepared to present him with the freedom of the city. His Royal Highness, in the midst of matters of state, did not neglect those of war. He descended to the large court in front of the palace, where a train of artillery had been collected, and made a careful and deliberate inspection of all the pieces. In the afternoon, according to appointment, a number of ladies, chiefly belonging to Whig families of distinction, paid their respects to him in the same hall where Charles had so lately entertained his fair adherents. They were dressed in the most splendid style; and one of them, Miss Ker, did him the peculiar honour to appear with a *busk*, at the top of which was a crown, done in bugles, surrounded by the words, "William Duke of Cumberland, Britain's Hero." He kissed the ladies all round, made a short speech expressive of his satisfaction, and then retired to hold a council of war.

The army had received various reinforcements since its retreat from Falkirk, and been prepared to march for some days before the Duke's arrival. The council, therefore, determined that it should set forward next morning towards the position of the insurgents, with his Royal Highness at its head. So prompt a resolution gave new courage to the troops, and raised the hopes of the friends of Government, hitherto very much depressed. In the same degree it damped the spirits of the insurgents, who had already determined to retire to the

Highlands, but whose resolution was materially accelerated by so vigorous a measure on the part of their enemies.

The Duke set out from Holyroodhouse, at nine o'clock in the morning of Friday, the 31st of January, after having been only thirty hours in Edinburgh. An immense crowd had collected in the court-yard and around the exterior porch of the palace, brought together to see a Prince of the blood, and that they might compare his person and apparent fitness for war with their recollections of his rival. A Whig historian has recorded that, as he stepped into his coach, an old man exclaimed "God bless him—he is far bonnier than the Pretender;" and there are said to have been some others, who, borne away by the enthusiasm of the moment, attempted to greet him with a huzza. But his looks elicited no expressions of admiration from the softer sex; and the general feeling rather was one of pity for the gallant youth against whom he was bending what appeared so powerful and irresistible a force. They saw him depart with sensations acutely painful and agitating; for it was the general impression that this singular struggle for the empire was soon to be determined, and that, as it were, by a personal conflict between two persons immediately representing the great parties concerned.

The army had departed early this morning in two columns; one by Borrowstownness, led by General Huske, the other by Linlithgow, of which the Duke was to take the command in person. Ligonier's and Hamilton's Dragoons patrolled the roads in advance, to prevent intelligence reaching the insurgents. The army comprised altogether four-

teen battalions of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, the Argyle militia, and a train of artillery. The whole might amount to ten thousand men.

The Duke of Cumberland had been presented by the Earl of Hopetoun with a coach and twelve horses; and, thinking it necessary to make his departure from Edinburgh with as much parade as possible, he used this splendid equipage in passing through the town. As he passed up the Canon-gate and the High Street, he is said to have expressed great surprise at the number of broken windows which he saw; but, when informed that this was the result of a recent illumination, and that a shattered casement only indicated the residence of a Jacobite, he laughed heartily; remarking, that he was better content with this explanation, ill as it omened to himself and his family, than he could have been with his first impression, which ascribed the circumstance to national poverty or negligence. His coach was followed by a great number of persons of distinction, and by a vast mob. He went through the Grass-market, and left the city by the West Port. When he got to a place called Castlebarns, he left the coach, and mounted his horse. The state-officers and others then crowded about him to take leave, and the mob could no longer abstain from raising a hearty huzza. He took off his hat, and, turning round, thanked the people for this pleasing expression of their regard; adding, that he had had but little time to cultivate their friendship, but would be well pleased when fortune gave him an opportunity of doing so. "I am in a great haste, my friends," he cried, "but I believe I shall soon be back to you with good news. Till then, adieu." So say-

ing, he shook hands with those nearest to him ; paused a moment ; and then exclaiming, " Come, let us have a song before parting," began to sing a ditty which had been composed in his own honour ;

" Will ye play me fair ?

Highland Laddie, Highland Laddie. "

Then stretching forth his hand, as if addressing the object of his hostility, he set forward at a gallop, to put himself at the head of the army. ²

He lodged this evening at Linlithgow, and it was the general expectation that he would engage the Highlanders next day. Straggling parties had been seen hovering on the hills between Falkirk and Linlithgow, which, on the morning of the 1st of February, had fallen back to the Torwood, giving out that they would there await the Royal army. But as he proceeded towards Falkirk, stray Highlanders were brought before him, who reported that they were in reality conveying their baggage over the Forth, with the intention of retreating to the Highlands ; and the intelligence was soon confirmed by the noise of a distant explosion, occasioned by the blowing up of their powder magazine in the church of St Ninian's. The Duke walked all the way from Linlithgow to Falkirk on foot, at the head of the Scots Royals, to encourage the men after the manner of his rival ; but he now thought it unnecessary to pursue the march with extraordinary speed, and therefore rested this evening at Falkirk, where he found the soldiers who had been wounded in the late engagement, deserted by their captors.

When his Royal Highness arrived in Falkirk, and it was debated what lodging he should choose,

he is said to have inquired for the house which "his cousin had occupied," being sure, he said, that *that* would not only be the most comfortable in the town, but also the best provisioned. He accordingly passed the night in the same house and the same bed, which have been already described as accommodating Charles on the evening of the battle. He next morning marched to Stirling, which he found evacuated by the insurgents, and where General Blakeney informed him, that, but for his seasonable relief, he must have speedily surrendered the fortress for want of ammunition and provisions. A considerable number of straggling adherents of the Chevalier were here taken prisoners, including a lady whom popular report assigned to Charles as a mistress—the celebrated *Jeanie Cameron*. The prisoners were all sent to Edinburgh Castle.³

Charles had not in reality fled to the Highlands from fear of the Duke. This motion was the result of a determination entered into before his Royal Highness arrived in Scotland. So lately as the 20th, it had been Charles's intention to engage the Royal army, and, in that resolution, he held a review on the field of Bannockburn, when it was found, from the losses sustained in the siege, and the numerous desertions which had taken place since the battle of Falkirk, that the number of the army was reduced to five thousand. Lord George Murray and the principal chiefs, therefore, framed an address to their leader on the 29th, representing the impossibility of meeting the Royal army on fair terms at present, and counselling a retreat to the North, which, while it disconcerted the e-

nemy, would enable them to recruit their diminished bands. With great reluctance Charles assented to this measure, so much in opposition to his general wishes, which always ran in favour of active warfare at whatever hazard. On the same day, therefore, that the Duke of Cumberland marched from Linlithgow, the Highlanders having spiked their heavy cannon, and blown up their magazine, left Stirling for the Frew, where they crossed the river that evening, carrying all their prisoners along with them.

The explosion of the Prince's magazine at St Ninian's has been already mentioned. This circumstance afforded his now triumphant enemies an excellent opportunity of traducing him. About ten of the country people had been killed by the accident ; and it was studiously represented by the Whigs, that the destruction of these innocent persons had been an object with the Prince—that, indeed, the whole affair was a conspiracy against the natives. Notwithstanding that nearly as many of the insurgents had perished, this absurd calumny was made the subject of serious discussion, not only in conversation, but in pamphlets and magazines ; and as Charles did not remain to vindicate himself, it gained universal credit among his enemies. The religious alarmists of that day even affected to believe it a piece of sacrilege, representing the case as a sort of plea—the Church of Rome *versus* the Church of St Ninian's. The people of a succeeding age are often astonished at the absurd beliefs which have obtained among parties during an agitating crisis ; and there are few of a domestic nature, in the his-

tory of our country, which could astonish a modern more than that which asseverated Prince Charles to have spent six thousand pounds weight of powder in blowing up a country parish church, for the purpose of destroying a few unoffending individuals.

But while Charles is so easily exculpated from the charge of inhumanity and sacrilege, the cowardly ruffians who formed the host of his adversary, and who helped to propagate this calumny against him, are not to be so easily acquitted of one far more savage and fiendish—the conflagration of the palace of Linlithgow. The spacious halls of this beautiful old pile, where many a noble and many a royal heart formerly reposed—where the chivalrous James projected his terrible though hapless inroad upon England, and where his beauteous descendant drew her first breath—these venerable apartments, consecrated to every bosom in Scotland by national feeling and historical association, were on this occasion spread with straw to receive the vile persons of a brutal foreign soldiery; and the hallowed echoes were awakened to rude profanity and laughter, which had slept since the lamentations of Flodden and the love-strains of Mary. When the inglorious crew arose to depart, they resolved to show their contempt of the country which they invaded, by desecrating this favourite shrine of national feeling; and they accordingly, with the greatest deliberation, raked the live embers of their fires into their straw-pallets, so as immediately to involve the apartments in flames. They then left the building to its fate, and it soon became, what it now is, a desolate and blackened ruin.

CHAPTER III.

MARCH TO THE NORTH.

Now great Hawley leads on, with great Huske at his tail,
And the Duke in the centre—this sure cannot fail.

Jacobite Song.

THE last meal which Prince Charles partook upon the Lowland territory, which he had now kept possession of for five months, was at Boquhan, on the 1st of February, immediately before crossing the Forth. He arrived here a little after mid-day, along with his principal officers, and sat down to a dinner which had been prepared for him. His march across the river was attended by a circumstance, which seems to prove that the peasantry of Scotland were not uniformly adverse or indifferent to his cause. On the preceding evening, Captain Campbell, of the King's service, had come, with a party of soldiers, to the farm of Wester Frew, upon the north side of the river, and asked for a person who might show him the fords. The farmer was a staunch Jacobite, and, suspecting no good to his prince from the Captain's inquiries, directed him, not to the regular and accustomed ford, but to one which was seldom used, a little

farther up the river. Campbell then took from a cart several sacks full of caltrops, which he threw into the stream. Having thus prepared, as he thought, for the annoyance of the insurgent army, he and his party withdrew. The farmer, secretly rejoicing at the service he had done to the Prince, crossed the water next day, along with his sons and servants, and remained near his Royal Highness all the time he was at dinner. When their meal was finished, the party took the proper ford, all except Charles, who, not thinking any information necessary regarding fords which he had used, rode through by one different from either of the above-mentioned, and in which the farmer had seen one of Campbell's men deposit a single caltrop. By ill luck, the Prince's horse picked up this, and was of course wounded. This information was derived from one of the farmer's sons, who survived till recent times, and who never could speak of the circumstance without great emotion. He used to say, that he had at first entertained a boyish apprehension, lest he should find nobody to point out the Prince at Boquhan House, and that he should thus be unable in after life to say that he had beheld so interesting a person. "But," he would continue, with the fervour of a true Jacobite, "my anxiety on this point was quite unnecessary;—there was *something* in the air of that noble young man, which would have pointed him out to me, as the son of a king, among ten thousand!"

The army spent the evening of that day (February 1st), at Dumblane, while the Prince rode forward a few miles and lodged at Drummond Cas-

tle, the princely seat of his friend the Duke of Perth. The roads were now found so bad, that they were obliged to leave some of their baggage behind. They persisted, however, in a resolution which had been made, to take all their prisoners along with them to the North. These persons, after the battle, had been confined in the Castle of Doune, near Dumblane, a strong old fortress, of which the Laird of Glengyle had been made governor; and they now joined the army in its retreat. Many of them took the earliest opportunity of making their escape, notwithstanding that they were treated with all possible civility, and had pledged their honour not to take advantage of any indulgences which might be shown to them.

The Highland army reached Crieff next day, and the Prince slept at a place called Fairnton. A council of war was there held on the 3d; when it was determined that, for the sake of subsistence, the march to the North should be performed in two parties; one of which, consisting of the clans, under Charles's command, should take the ordinary military road which General Cope had assumed in his northern expedition; while the Low-country regiments and horse should be conducted by Lord George Murray, along the roads by the coast of Angus and Aberdeenshire. Inverness was to be the rendezvous. At the time this resolution was taken, the Duke of Cumberland, was busy, thirty miles behind, in repairing the bridge of Stirling for the passage of his troops; one arch of that ancient and important structure having been destroyed, at an early period of the campaign, by Governor Blakeney, to prevent the

transmission of supplies to Charles from the Highlands.

Nothing could more distinctly prove the individual superiority of the insurgent army over the King's troops, or rather perhaps the superiority of their desultory system over the formal and foolish rules of regular warfare, than the way in which they performed their retreat to the North. While the Duke of Cumberland had to wait a day for the repair of a bridge, and then could only drag his lumbering strength over the post-roads at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles in as many hours; Charles forded rivers, crossed over moors, and dared the winter dangers of a hilly country with the utmost alacrity and promptitude. The present generation has seen the same system revived with effect by the great Modern Soldier of the Continent; and it is impossible to give a better idea of the surprise with which the Duke, on the present occasion, beheld the incalculable movements of his antagonist, than by recalling the perplexity of the old Austrian generals on observing the first movements of Buonaparte in Italy.

At the commencement of the pursuit, the Duke had been little more than a single day's march behind the retiring host. But, on the sixth day, he found this interval to have increased threefold. The Highland army had been passing through Perth, in straggling parties, during the whole of the 2d and 3d of February; he did not arrive there till the 6th; when he learned that one party had passed Blair in Athole on the direct road to Inverness, while the other was just evacuating Montrose, on the route to Aberdeen. He then saw fit

to discontinue the chase, for the present ; the weather being the most unfit possible for the movements of his army, and the Highland hills which now rose to his view, presenting but few inducements for an advance. He contented himself with fishing up, from the bottom of the Tay, about fourteen guns which the insurgents had spiked and thrown into the bed of that river, and with sending out parties to lay waste the lands and seize the unprotected relations of the Perthshire insurgents.

Before he had been many days in Perth, intelligence was brought to him, that his brother-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, had entered the Frith of Forth, with those auxiliary troops which, as already mentioned, his Majesty had called over from the Continent, to assist him in suppressing the insurrection.⁴ This armament cast anchor in Leith Roads on the 8th of February. The Prince landed that night at Leith harbour, and was immediately conducted to Holyroodhouse, where apartments had been prepared for his reception. He was attended by the Earl of Crawford, so famous in the wars of George the Second, by a son of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, and by various other distinguished persons. The castle greeted his Serene Highness with a round of great guns ; and next day, notwithstanding that it was the Sabbath, the people flocked in great numbers to see and congratulate him. His troops, which amounted to five thousand in number, landed on that and the succeeding day, and were cantoned in the city.⁵

The Duke of Cumberland judged it necessary, on the 15th, to leave his camp at Perth, and pay a hurried visit to the Prince at Edinburgh. On

his arrival in that city, he was hailed with the loudest acclamations of the loyal inhabitants, as having already cleared the country of its disturbers, and restored peace where he had lately found civil war. It was at this time the general impression, that the insurgents, dismayed at his approach, had retired into the North only to dispend themselves, as Mar and his army had done in 1716, on the advance of the Duke of Argyle, and that, in imitation of his father's conduct at that time, Charles had left the country by one of the ports on the east coast. The Whig writers of the time, at a loss to flatter the Royal Soldier sufficiently, assured the public that his face had acted like the rising sun, and fairly dispersed the clouds of rebellion which lately hovered over their country;—a somewhat unlucky comparison, however, as a Jacobite afterwards remarked, in so far as his Royal Highness's countenance bore an unfortunate resemblance to the round unmeaning visage usually given to that luminary on a sign-post.

On the evening of his arrival at Edinburgh, the Duke and the Prince held a council of war in Milton Lodge, the house of the Lord Justice Clerk, to determine their future operations. The generals who attended this meeting, imposed upon by the popular report, and disposed to flatter the Duke, gave it unanimously as their opinion, that the war was now at an end, and that his Royal Highness had nothing to do but send a few parties into the Highlands, as soon as the season would permit, who should exterminate all that remained of the insurgent force. When these persons had delivered their sentiments, the Duke turned to

Lord Milton, and desired to hear his opinion upon the present state of affairs. That worthy man begged to be excused from speaking in an assembly where his profession did not qualify him ; but his Royal Highness insisted that he should speak, as he knew the Highlands and Highlanders better than any man present. His Lordship then declared it as his opinion, that the war was not at an end, but that the insurgents would again unite their scattered forces, and hazard a battle before abandoning the enterprise.⁶ The Duke, who had already seen the bad results of giving up the chase too soon, and of demitting the suppression of the insurrection to inferior hands, adopted this opinion ; and immediately set out to rejoin his army, having previously given orders that the Hessian troops should follow him with all convenient speed.⁷

The propriety of Lord Milton's opinion was proved by what followed. Notwithstanding the weather, and the desolation of the country, Charles succeeded in leading his force, without diminution, over the Grampians, to the shore of the Moray Frith ; and Lord George Murray easily reached the same point, by the more circuitous route which he had adopted through Angus and Aberdeenshire. In his march through Badenoch, the Prince reduced the small Government fort of Ruthven ; and Lord George, in passing Peterhead, was reinforced by a troop of dismounted French picquets, which had just been landed at that port. The Duke pursued Lord George's route at a leisurely pace, leaving the Hessians to guard the passes at Perth, and having sent on a

body of troops under Sir Andrew Agnew to garrison the castle of Blair.

It was perhaps unfortunate for Scotland that the commander of the Royal army should have marched to Culloden through Angus and Aberdeenshire; because the symptoms of disaffection which he saw in these districts, must have given him an extremely unfavourable impression of the kingdom in general, and had a strong effect in disposing him to treat it, after his victory, as a conquered country. All the gentlemen throughout Angus, at least, he found absent with the insurgent army; others paid him so little respect as to recruit almost before his eyes. In the town of Forfar, a small party of Charles's forces beat up for new adherents on the day before he entered the town; and, being concealed by the inhabitants till he had gone past, continued to do the same immediately on his back being turned. When he lodged at the Castle of Glamis,^s another incident occurred, which must have not a little exasperated his temper. On his troop preparing to depart in the morning, it was found that all the girths of his horses had been cut during the night, in order to retard his march. But a more unequivocal proof of the hatred in which he was held by the Angusians, occurred at the ancient, Episcopal, and truly Jacobite city of Brechin, which was his first stage beyond Forfar. As he was slowly parading through the principal street, hemmed closely in, and retarded by an immense crowd which had collected to see him, he observed a singularly pretty girl standing on a *stair-head*, gazing, among many others of her sex, at the unusual spectacle; and it pleased his Royal Highness to

honour this damsel with a low bow and an elevation of the hat. To his great mortification, and to the no less delight of the spectators, the object of his admiration returned the compliment by a contemptuous gesture which does not admit of description. The Duke might have laid little stress upon the trick of a stable-boy, or upon the daring of a country gentleman; but when he found the principles of rebellion revolutionizing the female heart so far as to render it impervious to flattery, he was certainly justifiable in considering the case desperate.

Having resolved, on reaching Aberdeen, to await the return of spring before proceeding farther, he marked his sense of the disaffection of this part of the country, by subjecting part of it to the terrors of military law. A man of the name of Ferrier had raised about two hundred men for the service of the Chevalier throughout the Braes of Angus, where, establishing a sort of camp, he laid the country under contribution even to the very ports of Brechin. The Duke despatched a party, which, not satisfied with expelling Ferrier, treated the country with excessive severity, mulcting all whom they could convict of Jacobitism, and burning the whole of the Episcopal meeting-houses. "It cost some pains," observes the Scots Magazine very gravely, "to save Glenesk from being burnt from end to end, being a nest of Jacobites."

Charles reached Moy Castle, about ten miles from Inverness, on Sunday the 16th of February. Inverness was at this time possessed by the Earl of Loudoun, a Lieutenant-General in the Royal service, who had early in the campaign raised several independent companies in the North, and had

now a force of about two thousand men. The Prince intended to await the arrival of Lord George Murray with the other column of his army, before making any attempt upon that formidable body; and he now reposed, after his fatiguing march over the Grampians, a welcome and honoured guest, in the house of an adherent. Moy was the principal seat of the Laird of MacIntosh, whose clan had been led out by his wife, while he himself remained in a command under Lord Loudoun. The Laird was at this time upon duty with the Royal forces, and Lady MacIntosh alone remained at Moy, to dispense the duties of hospitality. Charles, apprehending no danger from his vicinity to Lord Loudoun, allowed his men to straggle about the country, and had only a few with him at the time when a remarkable incident took place.

Lord Loudoun, learning the security in which Charles was reposing, formed a project of seizing his person by surprise. At three in the afternoon, he planted guards and a chain of sentinels completely round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it, on any pretext whatever, however high the rank of the person might be. At the same time he ordered fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and, having assembled this body of troops without alarming the inhabitants, he set off at their head, as soon as it was dark, planning his march so as to arrive at the Castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

How his Lordship's well-laid scheme came to be discovered by the enemy, is not very well known. There are at least two accounts. One

avens, that Fraser of Gorthleck despatched a letter to Lady MacIntosh, warning her of the design; and that another epistle to the same effect was communicated by her Ladyship's mother, who, though a Whig, was unwilling that the Prince should be taken in her daughter's house. The other account is most consistent with probability. Some English officers being overheard in a tavern discussing the project, the daughter of the landlady, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, found means to escape from the town, and, running as fast as she could to Moy, without shoes or stockings, which she had taken off to accelerate her progress, gave Lady MacIntosh a breathless narrative of the plot. Charles immediately left the house, and took refuge among the hills. The high-spirited lady at the same time despatched five or six of her people, under the command of a country blacksmith, to watch the approach of Loudoun's troops.

The man intrusted with this duty was one of singularly intrepid and enterprising spirit. Guessing the probable effects of a counter-surprise, he resolved to check Loudoun's march to Moy; and though his little party seemed so ill adapted to such a purpose, he carried through his design with all the vigour which might have been expected from a better-matched commander. Having planted his men at considerable intervals along the road, with the orders which he considered necessary, he no sooner heard the noise of the approaching troops, than he fired his piece in that direction, his men doing the same at brief intervals. The party then made as much noise as they could, calling upon

the Camerons and MacDonalds to advance, and shouting out orders that no quarter should be given to the villains who designed to murder their prince. His *ruse* had all the effect that could have been expected. Without waiting for a second fire, the army turned tail *en masse*, convinced that the whole of the Highland army was upon them; and a scene of confusion ensued which it would be difficult to describe. Those who had been first in the advance were also the first to retreat; but the rear, not so quickly apprehending the matter, did not fly exactly at the same time, and many were therefore thrown down and trode upon, to the imminent danger of their lives. The panic, fear, and flight continued till they got near Inverness, where it was found, that, though none of the army were slain, except a fifer by the blacksmith's shot, the whole were in a state of the utmost distress, with bruises, wounds, and mortification. The Master of Ross, one of the unhappy band who survived till recent times, used to say, that he had been in many situations of peril throughout his life, but had never found himself in a condition so grievous as that in which he was at the route of Moy.

Charles assembled his men next morning, and advanced upon Inverness, to take revenge for the alarm into which he had been thrown; but Lord Loudoun, wisely judging himself no match for two or three thousand men after he had been discomfited by half a dozen, retired across the Moray Firth into Ross; by which motion he was prevented, during the whole campaign, from ever forming a junction with the Royal army, and his whole force, indeed, from which so much had been

expected by Government, rendered completely *hors de combat*.

Inverness, now a flourishing town of nine or ten thousand inhabitants, where all the refinements, and many of the elegancies of city life are to be met with, appears, from a publication of the period,² to have been then only such a town as could be expected in the vicinity of a Highland and half-civilized territory—a royal burgh, yet not emancipated from feudal domination; a seaport, but possessing only a slight local commerce; confined in its dimensions, limited in population, and poor in its resources. While the town bore every external mark of wretchedness, its people—even its shopkeepers—wore the Highland dress in all its equalor and scantitude, and generally spoke Gaelic. A coach had never, at this time, been seen at Inverness; nor was there a turnpike road within forty miles of its walls. The only advancement which it could be said to have made in civilization, was occasioned by the English garrison maintained in its fort by Government, and by a certain degree of intercourse which its disaffected neighbours maintained, through its port, with France. A few indeed of the Highland gentry resided in it during the winter, shedding a feeble and partial gleam of intelligence over the minds of the kilted burghers; and it was in the town-house of one of these, Lady Drummuir, mother to the Lady MacIntosh,—which, as appears, was then the only house at Inverness that had a room ungraced by a bed,—that the Young Chevalier took up his residence.

Though Charles thus easily obtained possession of Inverness, his triumph could not be called con-

plete so long as the fort held out against him. Fort George, for such was its name, had been established at the Revolution, upon the site of the ancient castle of Inverness, which, we need not remind the reader, has been rendered classical by Shakespeare. A tall massive tower, reared upon an eminence, the sides of which were protected by bastions,—commanding the town on one hand, and the bridge over the Ness on another,—formed the whole of this trifling place of strength, which had cost Government altogether about fifty thousand pounds, in its construction and maintenance. On the present occasion, it was garrisoned by a company of Grants under Rothiemurchus,¹⁰ a company of MacLeods, and eighty regular troops; and had sufficient store of ammunition and provisions.

The Highlanders, who held the chain of forts which Government had planted throughout their country, in very small respect, received a gratification of the highest order, when, after a siege of two days, this fortress fell into their hands. Their joy was of such a nature, as to receive little addition from the sixteen pieces of cannon, or even the hundred barrels of beef, which accompanied the rendition. But it was sensibly increased, when they learned that the Prince had resolved to destroy the hated fortress. This was done immediately after it surrendered, though not without a loss of life. The French engineer, who was charged with the duty of blowing it up, thinking the match was extinguished, approached to examine it, when the explosion took place, and carried him up into the air, along with the stones of the bastion. He was thrown quite over the river, and fell upon a green at least three hundred yards

from the castle. It is said, that though he himself was found dead, his dog, a little French poodle, which went up into the air along with him, fell unhurt by his side, and was able immediately to run away. ¹¹

Before the capture of Fort George, which took place on the 20th of February, the column led by Lord George Murray joined the Prince, and rendered the army once more complete. The whole of the Lowland territory on the shore of the Moray Firth, besides all the adjacent Highlands, to the distance of an hundred miles from Inverness, was now in the hands of the insurgents; but the Duke interposed on one side, and the Hessians on another, to prevent all communication with the South; and Lord Loudoun, hanging with his native troops still nearer upon the north, their position was by no means an agreeable one. Money and provisions were in danger of exhaustion in the mean time; and the return of spring seemed only necessary to permit the three armies to narrow their circle, and crush the insurgents by an overpowering force.

CHAPTER IV.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE NORTH.

The North!—What do they in the North?

Richard the Third.

WHATEVER were the advantages or disadvantages of a position which had only been chosen as the best that could be obtained, the Highland army displayed no symptom of depression under their unfortunate circumstances, but, on the contrary, maintained all that show of energetic courage and alacrity which had so strikingly distinguished the more brilliant era of the campaign. They projected a number of expeditions, sieges, and surprises, almost all of which they executed with promptitude and success, notwithstanding the season was uncommonly severe, and the Highlands a country as ill suited as might be for the evolutions of a winter campaign. Lord Loudon having annoyed them a good deal by invasions upon their side of the Firth, a party under the Duke of Perth at last succeeded in surprising and dispersing his army, taking several hundred prisoners, without the exchange of a shot. Another party reduced Fort Augustus with equal ease; while Lochiel laid

siege to Fort William, which, during his absence, had proved a grievous annoyance to the country of his clan. Lord John Drummond was despatched with a considerable body, to fortify the passage of the Spey against the advance of the Duke of Cumberland; and several minor adventurers even went so far as to skirmish with the advanced parties of the Royal army, some of whom were surprised and taken prisoners with a dexterity and ease which struck terror into the main body, and confirmed them in their previous impression of the activity and vigour of the Highland warriors.

The most remarkable of all these expeditions was one projected by Lord George Murray upon his native district of Athole. It has already been said that the Duke of Cumberland subjected Angus to military execution; it remains to be stated, that his detachments in the upper part of Perthshire treated that country with even greater severity. The mother of the Duke of Perth and the wife of Viscount Strathallan, for the crime of having relations in the insurgent army, were seized in their own houses, and hurried to Edinburgh Castle, where they remained prisoners for a twelvemonth in a small and unhealthy room. All the houses whose proprietors had gone with Prince Charles, were burnt, or retained for quarters to the military; the unhappy tenants being in either case expelled to starve upon the snowy heath. When Lord George heard this at Inverness, he resolved to succour his country from its oppressors. Having taken care to secure all the passes, so as to prevent his intentions from becoming known to the enemy, he set out about the middle of March, with seven hundred men, none of whom knew the

precise object of the expedition. On the evening of the 10th, having reached a place called Dalnaspidal, upon the confines of Athole, a halt was called, and the whole body divided into a number of small parties. Lord George then informed them, that he wished to surprise all the different posts of the Royal troops before daylight, and as nearly as possible at the same time; for which purpose, each party should select a post for whose strength it might be proportioned; and the general rendezvous, after all was done, was to be the Bridge of Bruar, two miles from Blair. The chief posts to be attacked were Bun-Rannoch, the house of Keynnachin, the house of Blairfettie, the house of Lude, the house of Faskally, and the inn of Blair; besides which, there were a great number of less strength and importance.

The parties set out immediately, each taking the shortest way to its respective post; and most of them reached the point of attack before day-break. At Bun-Rannoch, where there happened to be a late-wake that night, the garrison (a party of Argyllshire men) were surprised in the midst of their festivity, and made prisoners without exchange of shot. The sentinel of Keynnachin being more vigilant, and having alarmed the party within, that house was not taken till after a short resistance, and the slaughter of one man. At Blairfettie, the whole party was surprised, inclusive of the sentinel, and made prisoners after a brief but ineffectual resistance. The garrisons of Lude and Faskally were taken in the same manner; and only at the inn of Blair, did the party attacked battle the Highlanders, or succeed in making their escape.

This last party taking refuge in the castle of Blair, Sir Andrew Agnew immediately got his men under arms, and marched out to see who they were that had attacked his posts. It was now nearly daybreak, and Lord George Murray stood at the place of rendezvous, with only four-and-twenty men, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the various parties. Fortunately he received intelligence by a countryman, of the approach of Sir Andrew; otherwise he must have been cut off, to the irreparable loss of the insurgent army. He hastily consulted with his attendants, as to the best course they could pursue in such a dilemma; and some advised an immediate retreat along the road to Dalwhinnie, while others were for crossing over the hills, and gaining a place of safety by paths where they could not be pursued. The genius of this excellent soldier suggested a mode of procedure, not only safer than either of these, (by which all the parties, as they successively reached the place of rendezvous, must have been sacrificed), but which was calculated to disconcert and perhaps to discomfit the approaching enemy. Observing a long turf wall in a field near the bridge, he ordered his men to ensconce themselves behind it, lying at a considerable distance from each other, and displaying the colours of the whole party at still greater intervals. Fortunately, he had with him all the pipers of the corps; these he ordered, as soon as they saw Sir Andrew's men appear, to strike up their most boisterous pibroch. All the rest, he commanded to brandish their swords over the wall.

The Blair garrison happened to appear just as the sun rose above the horizon; and Lord George's

orders being properly obeyed, the men stood still, seriously alarmed at the preparations which seemed to have been made for their reception. After listening half a minute to the tumult of bag-pipes, and casting one equally brief glance at the glittering broadswords, they turned back, (by order of their commander, however,) and hastily sought shelter within the walls of their castle. The Highland leader, delighted with the success of his manoeuvre, kept post at the bridge till about the half of his men had arrived, and then proceeded to invest Blair.

When rejoined by all his men, Lord George found that no fewer than thirty different posts had been surprised that morning between the hours of three and five, without the loss of a single man. The same success, however, did not attend his deliberate siege; which he was obliged to raise on the 31st of March, after having only reduced the garrison to great distress for want of provisions.

One of the principal reasons for the retreat into the North, had been the hope of their procuring uninterrupted supplies from France; by which means Charles expected to prolong the war at his pleasure, and not to fight till he knew his advantage. But it soon appeared that this hope was grievously fallacious. Out of all the supplies which were despatched to him from France—and, to do Louis justice, they were neither few nor far between—very few ever reached their destination; being generally picked up by the English war-vessels, which cruised in great numbers round the coast. One vessel of supply, containing about 13,000*l.*, besides other valuable matters, was taken under circumstances peculiarly distressing.

During Charles's march into England, the Highland party stationed at Montrose were grievously annoyed by the Hazard sloop of war of eighteen guns, which, lying near the shore, never permitted any of them to appear without firing. They were incensed beyond measure at this annoyance, and the more so that their peculiar mode of warfare was such as to prevent the possibility of reprisal. At last, an intrepid and ingenious officer, whose name has unfortunately been forgotten, formed a project of seizing this vessel, which he carried into effect in the following manner. One day, when a heavy fog favoured his purpose, he prevailed upon his men to accompany him in a few fishing-boats towards the sloop, under the pretext of examining it. Before they were aware, he had approached very near, so as to be espied by the men on board. But there was no occasion to retire, or even to fear. The sailors, at sight of the Highlanders, fell down upon their knees, and, with uplifted hands, implored the quarter which they might have so easily caused the enemy to beg from them. The Highlanders immediately got on board, and compelled the sailors, with pistols at their breasts, to steer the vessel into port.

This vessel was afterwards despatched to France as a *snow*, under the name of "the Prince Charles," and was returning to Scotland with the valuable cargo above mentioned, when she was taken up and chased by the Sheerness man-of-war. The place where the rencontre happened was near the northern extremity of Scotland, where a dangerous sea perpetually boils round a bold high coast, affording no port or place of shelter. The crew, unwilling to hazard their cargo by an action, made

all sail to escape the guns of the Sheerness, which, however, kept so close as to kill thirty-six of the men. After a day's chase, the Prince Charles ran in upon Tongue Bay, where she was safe from the Sheerness, but not, as it soon appeared, from a more deadly enemy.

After the Duke of Perth had surprised and dispersed Lord London's troops, some of them retired to what is called Lord Reay's Country, a wild district, but recently emerged from the condition of a forest, at the very northern extremity of Scotland. They were there residing with Lord Reay, when the crew of the Prince Charles landed with their treasure near that nobleman's house. Lord Reay, on learning the fact of the disembarkment, sent a person with a boat to ascertain their numbers; and finding them not above his strength, drew out his men early next morning, and went in pursuit. He came up with them about two hours after daybreak (March 26th), and, after they had given a few fires, succeeded in capturing the whole party, which consisted of twenty officers, and a hundred and twenty soldiers and sailors. His factor disposed of the treasure in a very remarkable way. Having persuaded those about him that the boxes in which it was stowed contained only shot, he appropriated it to himself, and founded, by its means, what is now a very wealthy and respectable family.

But this mishap was only a prelude of the darker woes which now closed fast round the fortunes of the Chevalier. The last act of this dreadful drama was approaching, when heroism, generosity and devotion, were all to meet one common fate of death and sorrow; and hearts, which had

hitherto beat high with the noblest sentiments, were either to be stilled in despair, or utterly quieted upon the bloody heath. It is painful to approach this part of our narrative ; but, as the Highland bard somewhere expresses it, nature demands the night as well as the day, and so must the pibroch of triumph occasionally give way to the coronach of lament.

The failure of supplies from France soon reduced the insurgent army to a condition of great distress. Charles himself had not above five hundred louis, nor could his officers procure any subsidies from their tenants in the south, by reason of the strict blockade under which the Highlands were lying. What was worst of all, the country under their command, though extensive, and comprising a considerable proportion of Lowland territory, was soon exhausted of provisions ; insomuch, as a fugitive prisoner reported to his own army, the best officers among them were glad when they could procure a few blades of raw cabbage from the farmers' gardens. Charles endeavoured to remedy this evil by dissipating the army, as much as he considered prudent, over the face of the country ; but this had only the additional evil effect of weakening his force numerically when the day of conflict arrived.

While Charles lay at Inverness, the Duke of Cumberland had his head-quarters at Aberdeen, which is upwards of one hundred miles distant from that town. The weather continued, till the beginning of April, to be unfavourable for the march of regular troops. But, about that time, a few days of dry cold wind, sweeping away the snow

from the hills, and drying the rivers, rendered it possible to proceed without much difficulty; and the Duke accordingly ordered a march upon the 8th. He had been by this time supplied with a fleet of victualling ships, which were to sail along the coast, and send provisions on shore as required by the army. His host, comprising fifteen foot regiments, two of dragoons, with Kingston's horse, a body of Argyllshire Highlanders, and a detachment of Lord Loudoun's regiment, which had been shipped over from Ross, amounted altogether to about nine thousand men.

His Royal Highness reached Banff upon the 10th, encamping in the neighbourhood of the town. Two Highland spies were here seized, one of them in the act of notching the numbers of the army upon a stick, according to a fashion which also obtains among the primitive Indians of America. They were both hanged. On the 11th, the army moved forward to Cullen, where the Earl of Findlater testified his loyalty by distributing two hundred guineas among the troops. Strict orders were here issued to them not to stir out of the camp upon pain of death. During this day's march, the army, keeping constantly upon the shore, were closely accompanied by the fleet. The weather was also good, and the men were cheered by the prospect of crossing the Spey without difficulty.

This great mountain-stream, so remarkable for its depth and rapidity, had hitherto been esteemed by Charles's army as almost a sufficient barrier between them and the Duke of Cumberland, and as indeed completely protecting their country upon the east. Charles had, several weeks before, de-

spatched Lord John Drummond with a strong party to defend the fords ; and some batteries were raised, which it was expected might accomplish that object. But, on the Duke approaching, with a quantity of cannon sufficient to force the passage, Lord John very properly judged it wise to abandon a position which he had not the power to maintain ; and he accordingly fell back upon Inverness, where his appearance did not fail to excite considerable alarm. ⁶

The Royal army forded the Spey, upon the afternoon of Saturday the 12th of April. For this purpose the troops were divided into three bodies, one of which crossed at Gormach, another near Gordon Castle, and a third close by the church of Belly. The men had the water up to their waists ; but such was the ease with which the operation was conducted, that only one dragoon and four women were swept away by the stream. In the earlier ages of Scottish history, the Spey had occasionally proved a better defence, and more deadly destroyer, to the various hostile parties which it happened to separate.

The Duke encamped this evening upon the banks of the river, opposite to Fochabers, himself lodging in the manse of Belly. He marched next day (Sunday) through Elgin to the muir of Alves, where he was little more than thirty miles from Inverness. The march of next day brought him to Nairn, which was only sixteen miles from the position of the insurgents. On arriving at the bridge which gives entrance to this town from the east, the vanguard found it not yet evacuated by the rear-guard of the party which had attempted to defend the Spey. Some firing took place from

both ends of the bridge ; but at last the insurgents retired, without much harm having been done on either side. The advancing party gave chase for several miles ; but, the Prince coming up unexpectedly with a reinforcement, the other in its turn retreated.

During the 15th, which was the Duke's birthday, the army lay inactive in their camp at Nairn ; and, as each man had an allowance of brandy, cheese, and biscuit, at the Duke's expense, the day was spent with appropriate festivity. This circumstance gave rise to a motion on the part of Prince Charles, which is allowed to have had a strong effect in deciding the fate of his enterprise.

CHAPTER V.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

The day approached, when Fortune should decide
The important enterprise.

DAYDEN.

ON Monday, the 14th, when intelligence reached Inverness of the Royal army having crossed the Spey, Charles rode out, towards Nairn, to support his retiring party; but returned to Inverness before the evening. He then commanded the drums to be beat, and the pipes to be played through the town, in order to collect his men. When they had assembled in the streets, he walked backwards and forwards through their lines, and endeavoured to animate them for the action which seemed impending.¹

They hailed his appearance, and received his addresses with all their usual enthusiasm; and, in the midst of the huzza which ensued, many voices exclaimed, "We'll give Cumberland another Fontenoy!" He then mounted his horse, and, with colours flying and pipes playing, led them out to the parks around Culloden House, three or four

miles from the town, where they prepared to bivouack for the night. ²

At six o'clock in the morning of the 15th, the army was led forward to Drummoissie Muir, (about a mile still farther from Inverness, in an easterly direction), and there drawn up in battle order to receive the Duke of Cumberland, who was expected to march this day from Nairn. Charles's force, at this time, was much smaller than it had been at Falkirk, amounting to only about six thousand men. He had issued orders, some time before, to the parties dispersed throughout the country, commanding them immediately to join; but the Frazers, the Keppoch MacDonalds, Cluny's MacPhersons, Glengyle's MacGregors, some recruits of Glengary, and a large body of MacKenzies, which had been raised by the Earl of Cromarty, were still absent. Under these circumstances, it was with some satisfaction that Charles learned the delay made by the enemy at Nairn, which seemed to promise time for the augmentation of his host.

The scarcity of provisions had now become so great, that the men were, on this important day, reduced to the miserable allowance of only one small loaf, and that of the worst kind. Strange as the averment may appear, we have beheld and tasted a piece of the bread served out on this occasion to the unfortunate heroes of the *Forty-Five*; being the remains of a loaf or *bannock*, which having, in all probability, been found at first upon the person of one of the slain, has been carefully preserved ever since—a period of eighty-one years—by the successive members of a Jacobite family. It is impossible to imagine a composi-

tion of greater coarseness, or less likely either to please or satisfy the appetite; and perhaps no recital, however eloquent, of the miseries to which Charles's army was reduced, could impress the reader with so strong an idea of the real extent of that misery, as the sight of this singular relic. Its ingredients appear to be merely the husks of corn, and a coarse unclean species of dust, similar to what is found upon the floors of a mill.

During the afternoon of this day, many of the troops, unable to subsist upon provision at once so small in quantity, and so wretched in quality, left their position, and either retired to Inverness, or roamed abroad through the country, in search of more substantial food. Before the evening, those who remained had the mortification of seeing the victual-ships of the enemy enter the narrow arm of the sea which skirted their position, as if to tantalize them with the sight of a feast which it was not in their power to taste.

Drum Mossie Muir is a vast heathy flat, two miles inland from the south shore of the Moray Firth, five miles distant from Inverness, and ten or twelve from Nairn. When the insurgents stood with their faces towards the Duke of Cumberland's camp at Nairn, they had Inverness behind them, a barrier of mountains, with the river Nairn intervening; on the right hand, and the sea, with the parks of Culloden, on the left. There is a remarkable similarity between the ground and that on which the battle of Preston took place; each being an elevated flat parallel with, and adjacent to, an arm of the sea. But the comparative positions of the armies were reversed in the present case, in so far as the Highlanders awaited the

shock of battle upon ground corresponding to the station of Sir John Cope, and the enemy approached, as *they* had done in the former case, from the east. It was more unfortunate for the Highlanders that they should have thus stood upon the defensive, than it had been for the army of Sir John Cope, because the advantage of their peculiar mode of warfare lay solely in the wild onset which they could make upon a passive body, while the regular troops were better fitted to sustain an attack with the necessary fortitude; and Charles may thus be said to have virtually renounced the chances which had hitherto won him so many victories, and put a corresponding advantage in possession of the enemy,

Many things, however, which appear imprudent to a superficial observer, or upon which that stigma has been fixed by an unfortunate event, would, if strictly inquired into, and judged without regard to the issue, be found to have been in reality either the result of necessity, or the most prudent course of action, which, under the circumstances, could be pursued. This applies, we are persuaded, to the deeds of individuals as well as of public bodies, and ought to be constantly kept in mind, as a reason why we should judge leniently and with caution of what appear to be the failings of our fellow-creatures. But it applies with particular force to the actions of a military leader, whom we are perhaps too apt to consider prudent when successful, and who is, on the other hand, scarcely ever called in question but when unfortunate.

The leader of the insurgent army has hitherto been censured with unsparing rigour for meeting his enemy upon ground so favourable to the ac-

tion of cavalry and artillery, and where he himself could bring so little of his own peculiar strength into play. It has appeared unaccountable to every observer of the ground, that he did not rather pursue a measure which was suggested to him, of retiring into the hills to the right, and there either harassing the Royal forces by a protracted mountain warfare, or at once cutting him off by one of those wild attacks, which, upon such ground, the Highlanders could so easily have executed.³ He has been blamed for listening to the councils of his Irish tutor Sheridan, and to the wishes of his foreign and Low-country adherents, who avowed themselves unable to bear the fatigues of a hill campaign.

The historians and others who urge this charge of imprudence against the Prince, do not seem to have taken into consideration the condition of the Highland army at this interesting crisis; nor do they allow for the weight of the motives which actuated Charles in determining upon the course he did. The men, it must be remembered, were on the point of starving. There was no reason to suppose that delay would improve their circumstances. Had they retired to the hills, and permitted the Duke to advance to Inverness, they must have perished before reaching any place where provisions or shelter could be obtained. Even Lord George Murray, who is said to have chiefly advocated a retreat into the hills, allows, in a letter written after the battle,⁴ that the army were reduced to such a condition by famine, as only to have the alternatives of fighting or dispersing. The reasons which remained for their meeting the Royal army on the moor, were in reality very

strong. It seemed to be essentially necessary that Inverness should be protected, as a defensible position, and as it contained their magazine and baggage. It was also obvious, that the men would fight better under the privations they were enduring, than when their misery had become aggravated by the fatigue of a mountain warfare. To have adopted, moreover, any expedient by which battle was to be avoided, was justly esteemed by his Royal Highness as calculated to dispirit the men—as likely to diminish that high confidence in their superiority to the King's troops, and unnerve them for that extravagant exertion of courage, in which hitherto their chance of victory seemed altogether to lie.

Besides the prudential considerations which determined his conduct, there was probably another, arising from his feelings, which, if not holding a primary place in his mental councils, may at least be allowed to have seconded and confirmed them. The victories hitherto achieved by his Highlanders, had been so astonishing in their nature, and had been so uninterrupted by the least share of bad success, that he began to join the nation at large in believing nothing impossible to them. He had seen them already successful over a body of troops as great as that of the Duke of Cumberland; and he was certainly justifiable in expecting them to do again what they had done before. He, moreover, seems to have entertained a wish—more worthy perhaps of an ancient than a modern leader—to fight a battle with his enemies upon what they would consider fair grounds, and where they should not have it afterwards to say that he had been favoured by adventitious and extraneous

circumstances. He was ambitious of displaying the capabilities of his adherents, and perhaps his own also, in a pitched battle. Such an emotion was not, we confess, consistent with the duties of true generalship; but it ought to be recollected, that the campaign had hitherto been conducted upon principles which set modern tactics at defiance. The most chivalrous of those knightly kings from whom Charles drew his descent, had once given way to a similar impulse, and expiated it with his life.⁵ While we yield to James the admiration naturally excited by his romantic disinterestedness, let us not visit with too severe reprehension an hereditary ardour for glory in his descendant. Better, Charles would think, and it is not easy to condemn the sentiment, stake the whole fortune of the enterprise upon one fair and honourable battle, with the chance of a more brilliant triumph than any yet achieved, than skulk away to escape immediate danger, and after all die unsoldierly deaths in a prison of our own choosing.

There yet remained, however, before playing the great stake of a pitched battle, one chance of success, by the irregular mode of warfare to which his army was accustomed; and Charles, however, actuated by the motives we speak of, had the good sense to put it to trial. This was a night-attack upon the camp of the Duke of Cumberland. He rightly argued, that if his men could approach without being discovered, and make a simultaneous attack in more than one place, the Royal forces, then probably either engaged in drinking their commander's health, or sleeping off the effects of the debauch, must be completely surprised and

cut to pieces, or at least effectually routed. On the proposal being agitated among the chiefs and officers, it was agreed to, without much demur, though some could not help pointing out the extreme hazard of the attempt, and the evil effects which must result from it in case of failure. The time appointed for setting out upon the march, was eight in the evening, when daylight should have completely disappeared; and in the mean time, great pains were taken to conceal the secret from the army.

This resolution was entered into at three in the afternoon, and orders were immediately given to collect the men who had gone off in search of provisions. The officers dispersed themselves to Inverness and other places, and beseeched the stragglers to repair to the muir. But, under the influence of hunger, they told their commanders to shoot them if they pleased, rather than compel them to starve any longer. When the time came, therefore, little more than half of the army could be assembled. Charles had previously declared, with his characteristic fervour, that though only a thousand of his men would accompany him, he would lead them on to the attack; and he was not now intimidated, when he saw twice that number ready to assist in the enterprise; though some of his officers would willingly have made this deficiency of troops an excuse for abandoning what they esteemed at best a hazardous expedition. Having given out, for watchword, the emphatic phrase, *King James the Eighth*,⁶ he embraced Lord George Murray, who was to command the foremost column, and putting himself

at the head of that which followed, gave the orders to march.

The greatest care had been taken to conceal the object of this expedition from the mass of the army, lest, being communicated by them to the country people, it might reach the ears of the enemy. But the Duke of Cumberland having, like a prudent general, taken measures, ever since he approached the Highlanders, to watch their slightest motions, was by no means ignorant of their march towards his position, though he did not apprehend a nocturnal attack. He had commissioned various country people, and some of his own Highland militia-men, to mingle with their columns, and inform him from time to time of the progress they were making; and, though he permitted his men to sleep, they were instructed to have their arms beside them. He did not suppose that the insurgents would be daring enough to fall upon his camp; but he had taken measures to give them battle in its vicinity, as soon as ever they should demand it.

Among the instructions issued to the officers of Charles's army, to be communicated in proper time to the troops, one was, that no firearms should be used, but only sword, dirk, and bayonet. It was also enjoined, that, on entering the camp, they should immediately set about cutting down or overturning the tents, and wherever a swelling or bulge was observed in the fallen canopy, "there to strike and push vigorously." As the camp was only nine miles distant from their position, it was expected that they would reach it soon after midnight, and thus have sufficient time to execute the whole of their project before day-light.

The night of the 15th of April was as dark as if Providence had designed to favour their daring purpose. But this circumstance, so advantageous in one respect, was unfortunate in another, in so far as it impeded their progress. Their march lay, not in the public road, where their motion would have been so easily detected, but through waste and generally wet ground, considerably removed from both roads and houses, and where want of light was peculiarly disadvantageous. On this account their progress was very slow, and attended with much fatigue; and, while many of the men dropped aside altogether, the rear column fell considerably behind the front. Lord George Murray, vexed at the slowness of the march, sent repeated requests, expressed in the most urgent terms, for the rear to join the van; but they were either disregarded, or could not be executed.

It was two in the morning before the head of the first column had passed Kilsnoek, or Kilsnoek, an ancient residence three miles from the Duke's camp; and Lord George then halted and called a council of officers, in which he declared it impossible for the army to reach the point of attack, before daylight should expose them to the observation and fire of the enemy. Many officers, among whom was Mr Hepburn of Keith, so remarkable for the way in which he joined Prince Charles at Holyroodhouse, spoke violently in favour of the original design; even asserting that the Highland broadsword would not be the worse of a little daylight, to direct its operations. But Lord George, with more prudence, insisted upon the evils which must result to the whole army, and of course to the general cause, should their approach be ob-

arrived and prepared for, as in all probability it would; and, hearing a drum beat in the distant camp, he expressed his conviction that the encampments were already alarmed. The urgency of the case demanding immediate determination, he took it upon his responsibility as general, to turn back the men, Charles being so far in the rear that it would have required some time to procure his orders. As they were marching back, Charles, apprised of the resolution by his secretary, came galloping up, and had the mortification to find the army, from which he expected so much, in full retreat. He is said, upon very slight authority,⁸ to have been incensed in a high degree at Lord George. It is more probable, that, if he gave way to any expressions of regret, he must have been immediately made sensible of the necessity of the measure.

That the measure was indeed necessary, in opposition to those who afterwards continued to assert the contrary, seems to be put beyond dispute, by the circumstance, that the day was fully dawned before the Highland army had proceeded two miles in the retreat, and that although they now marched by the straightest and best paths.

The Highlanders returned, fatigued and disconsolate, to their former position, about seven o'clock in the morning; when they immediately addressed themselves to sleep, or went away in search of provisions. So scarce was food at this critical juncture, that the Prince himself, on retiring to Culloden House, could obtain no better refreshment than a little bread and whisky.⁹ He felt the utmost anxiety regarding his men, among whom the pangs of hunger, upon bodies exhausted

by fatigue, must have been working effects the most unpromising to his success; and he gave orders, before seeking any repose, that the whole country should now be mercilessly expiscated for the means of refreshment. His orders were not without effect. Considerable supplies were procured, and subjected to culinary processes at Inverness; but the poor famished wretches were destined never to taste these provisions—the hour of battle arriving before they were prepared.

The Moor of Culloden stretches away so far to the east, with so little irregularity and so few incumbent objects, that its termination escapes the eyesight, and the horizon in that direction resembles that of a shoreless sea. It was about eleven in the forenoon, when the Highland guards first observed the dim level outline of the plain to blacken with the marching troops of the Duke of Cumberland; which seemed gradually to rise above and occupy the horizon, like the darkness of a coming storm dawning in the mariner's eye upon the distant waters. Notice of their approach being carried to the Prince, he instantly rose, and descended to put himself at the head of his troops. As he was quitting the house, the steward made up to him, with information that a dinner, consisting of a roasted side of lamb and two fowls, was about to be laid upon the table. But he asked the man if he would have him to sit down to eat, when the troops so immediately required his presence, and, hungry though he must have been, hurried out to the field.¹⁰ He there exerted himself to collect his men from the various places to which they had straggled, ordering a cannon to be fired as a signal for their immediate assemblage. Mac-

Donald of Keppoch and the Master of Lovat had joined that morning with their men, to the great joy of the army; and it was in something like good spirits that they now prepared for battle.

When all had been collected that seemed within call, the Prince found he had an army of about five thousand men, and these in very poor condition for fighting, to oppose to a force reputed as numerous again, supported by superior horse and artillery, and whose strength was unimpaired either by hunger or fatigue. It seemed scarcely possible that he should overcome a host in every respect so much superior to his own; and various measures were proposed to him by his officers; for shunning battle in the mean time, and retiring to some position where their peculiar mode of warfare would avail against a regular army. But Charles, for reasons already stated, insisted upon immediate battle; pointing out that the gross of the army seemed in the highest degree anxious to come to blows, and that they would probably fall off in ardour—perhaps altogether disperse—if the present opportunity were not seized.

Active preparations were now, therefore, made for that desperate and important conflict, upon which the issue of this singular national contest was finally to depend. The insurgents were drawn up by Sullivan (at once their adjutant and quarter-master-general) in two lines; the right protected by the turf-enclosures around a rude farmstead, and their left extending towards a sort of morass in the direction of Culloden House. The front line consisted of the following clan regiments, reckoned from right to left:—Athole, Cameron,

Appin, Fraser, MacIntosh, MacLachlan and MacLean (forming one), John Roy Stuart, Farquharson, Clanranald, Keppoch, Glengary. The second, for which it was with difficulty that enough of men were found, comprised the Low Country and foreign regiments, according to the following order:—Lord Ogilvie, Lord Lewis Gordon, Glenbucket, the Duke of Perth, the Irish, the French. Four pieces of cannon were placed at each extremity of the front, and as many in the centre. Lord George Murray commanded the right wing, Lord John Drummond the left, General Stapleton the second line. Charles himself stood, with a small body of guards, upon a slight eminence in the rear.

While the insurgent army laboured under every kind of disadvantage, and were actuated by impulses of the most distracting and harassing nature, that of the Duke of Cumberland moved with all the deliberation and security proper to a superior and more confident force. They had struck their tents at five in the morning, when, the commanders of the various regiments having received their instructions in writing, the general orders of the day were read at the head of every company in the line. These bore, in allusion to the misbehaviour of Falkirk, that if any persons intrusted with the care of the train or baggage absconded or left their charge, they should be punished with immediate and certain death, and that if any officer or soldier failed in his duty during the action, he should be *sentenced*. Another and more important order was then given to the army. The superiority of the broadsword over the bayonet at Preston and Falkirk had given rise to much dis-

cussion among military men; and, during this winter, the magazines and newspapers had teemed with projects and hypotheses, by which it was proposed to put the weapons of the regular troops upon a par with those of the insurgents. It was reserved for the Duke of Cumberland effectually to obviate the supposed superiority of the claymore and target. He had perceived that the greatest danger which the regular troops ran in a charge with the Highlanders, arose from the circumstance, that the latter received his antagonist's point in his target, swayed it aside, and then had the defenceless body of the soldier completely exposed to his own weapon. The Duke conceived, that if each man, on coming within the proper distance of the enemy, should direct his thrust, not at the man directly opposite to him, but against the one who fronted his right-hand comrade, the target would be rendered useless, and the Highlander wounded in the right side, under the sword-arm, ere he could ward off the thrust. Accordingly, he had instructed the men during the spring in this new exercise. When they had taken their morning meal, they were marched forward from the camp; arranged in three parallel divisions of four regiments each, headed by Huske, Sempill, and Mordaunt; having a column of artillery and baggage upon one hand, and a fifth of horse upon the other.

After a march of eight miles, through ground which appeared to the English soldiers very boggy and difficult, they came within sight of the insurgents, who were posted about a mile and a half in advance. The Duke then commanded his lines to form; having learned that the Highlanders

seemed inclined to make the attack. Soon after, on its being ascertained that no motion was perceptible in the Highland army, he ordered the lines to be restored to the form of columns, and to proceed in their march. Calling out, at the same time to know if any man in the army was acquainted with the ground, he commanded the individual who presented himself, to go a little way in advance, along with some officer of rank, to conduct the army, and especially the artillery, over the safest paths. When he had got within a mile of the enemy, he ordered the army once more and finally to be formed in battle-array.

The Royal Army was disposed in three lines; the First containing from left to right, the regiments of Barrel (now the 4th), and Munro (the 37th) the Scots Fusiliers (the 21st), Price's (the 14th, Cholmondley's (the 34th), and the Scots Royals (the 1st), under the command of the Earl Albemarle; the Second, in the same order, Wolfe's (the 8th), Sempill's (the 25th), Bligh's (the 20th), Ligonier's (the 48th), and Fleming's (the 35th) commanded by General Huske; the Third, Blakeney's (the 27th), Battereau's, ¹¹ Pulteney's (the 18th), and Howard's (the 3d), led by Brigadier Mordaunt. The centres of all the regiments of the Second Line being behind the terminations of those of the First, and those of the Third Line occupying a similar position in regard to the Second, the various bodies of which the army consisted were in a manner indented into each other. Betwixt every two regiments of the First Line were placed two cannon. The Left Flank was protected by Kerr's Dragoons (the 11th), under Colonel Lord Ancrum; the Right by a bog; and Cobham's

Dragoons, (the 10th) stood in two detachments beside the Third Line. The Argyle Highlanders¹² guarded the baggage.

The disposition thus made was allowed by the best military men of the period to have been altogether admirable; because it was impossible for the Highlanders to break one regiment without finding two ready to supply its place. The arrangement of the insurgent army was also allowed to be very good, upon a supposition that they were to be attacked.

Duke William, full of anxiety for the event of the day, took the opportunity afforded by the halt, to make a short speech to his soldiers. The tenor of his harangue, which has been preserved in the note-book of an English officer, shows, in the most unequivocal manner, how apprehensive his Royal Highness was regarding the behaviour of his troops. Without directly adverting to Preston or Falkirk, but evidently having those disgraceful events in his eye, he implored them to be firm and collected—to dismiss all remembrance of former failures from their minds—to consider the great object for which they were here, no less than to save the liberties of their country, and the rights of their master. Having read a letter to them, which he said he had found upon the person of a straggler, and in which sentiments of the most truculent nature were breathed against the English soldiery, he represented to them, that, in their present circumstances, with marshy ways behind them, and surrounded by an enemy's country, their best, indeed their only chance of personal safety, lay in hard fighting. He was grieved, he said, to make the supposition, that there could be a per-

son reluctant to fight in the British army. But, if there were any here who would prefer to retire, whether from disinclination to the cause, or because they had relations in the rebel army, he begged them in the name of God to do so, as he would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand determined men at his back, than have ten thousand with a tythe who were lukewarm. Catching enthusiasm from the language of the ardent young soldier, and shouting "Flanders! Flanders!" the men found their courage screwed to the proper point, and impatiently desired to be led forward to battle.

It was suggested to the Duke at this juncture, that he should permit the men to dine, as it was now nearly one o'clock, then the usual time for that meal, and as they would not probably have another opportunity of satisfying their hunger for several hours. But he decidedly rejected the proposal. "The men," he said, "will fight better and more actively with empty bellies; and, moreover, it would be a bad omen. You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk."

The army now marched forward in complete battle-array, their fixed bayonets glittering in the sun, their colours flying, and the sound of a hundred drums rolling forward in defiance of the insurgents. Lord Kilmarnock is said to have remarked, on seeing the army approach, that he felt a presentiment of defeat, from the cool, orderly, determined manner in which they marched. When within six hundred yards of the Highland lines, they found the ground so marshy as to take most of the regiments up to the ankles in water; and the artillery horses then sinking in a bog, some

of the soldiers slung their carabines, and dragged the carriages on to their proper position. Soon after, the bog was found to terminate upon the right, so as to leave that flank uncovered; which being perceived by the all-vigilant Duke, he ordered Pulteney's regiment to take its place beside the Scots Royals, and a body of horse to cover the whole wing in the same manner with the left. The army finally halted at the distance of five hundred paces from the Highlanders.

The day, which had hitherto been fair and sunny, was now partially overcast, and a shower of snowy rain began to beat with considerable violence from the north-east. The Highlanders, who had found the weather so favourable to them at Falkirk, were somewhat disconcerted on finding it against them at Culloden; and the spirits of the regulars were proportionally raised by the circumstance. Charles saw and felt the disadvantage, and made some attempts, by manœuvring, to get to windward of the Royal army; but Duke William, equally vigilant, contrived to counteract all his movements; so that, after half an hour spent in mutual endeavours to outflank each other, the two armies at last occupied nearly their original ground.

Whilst these vain manœuvres were going on, an incident took place, which serves to show the exalted heroism and devoted loyalty of the Highlanders. A poor mountaineer, under whose ragged exterior a haughty Southron would have deemed that nothing but the meanest sentiments could dwell, resolving to sacrifice his life for the good of his Prince and clan, approached the lines of the English, demanded quarter, and was sent

to the rear. As he lounged backwards and forwards through the lines, apparently very indifferent to what was going on, and even paying no attention to the ridicule with which the soldiers greeted his uncouth appearance, Lord Bury, son of the Earl of Albemarle, and aid-du-camp to the Duke, happened to pass in the discharge of his duties, when all at once the Highlander seized one of the soldiers' muskets, and discharged it at that officer; receiving, next moment, with perfect indifference, and as a matter of course, the shot with which another soldier immediately terminated his own existence. He had intended to shoot the Duke of Cumberland, but fired prematurely, and without effect, at an inferior officer whose gaudy apparel seemed, in his simple eyes, to indicate the highest rank. The incident somewhat resembles one which occurred at the battle of Bannockburn; where Henry de Bohun attempted to slay King Robert Bruce. But the daring of the English knight was not equal to that of the Highlander; his chance of success having been great, and of his escape still greater, while the Highlander was, in either event, certain of destruction.

There is an interesting historical print,¹³ in which the beginning, middle, and end of the battle of Culloden are simultaneously represented, and which therefore conveys a remarkably distinct idea of the whole scene. This draught is calculated to be of material service in portraying the various successive events of the action, and also in enabling a writer to give a picturesque idea of the ground, and of the positions and appearance of the armies. The spectator is supposed to stand within the enclosures so often mentioned, and to look

northward along the lines towards Culloden House and the Moray Firth. In the fore ground, rather for the sake of giving a portrait of the hero of the day, than because this was his position, the artist has represented the Duke on horseback, with a walking-cane extended in his hand, a star upon the breast of his long gold-laced coat, and his large good-humoured head, with its close curls and tri-cocked hat, inclined towards an aid-du-camp, to whom he is giving orders. The long compact lines of the British regiments, each three men deep, extend along the plain, with narrow intervals between; the two flags of each regiment rising from the centre; the officers standing at the extremities with their spontoons in their hands; and the drummers a little in advance, beating the proper points of war. The men have all tri-cocked hats, long coats resembling the modern surtout, sash-belts from which a sword depends, and long white gaiters buttoned up the sides. The character of the whole dress is one of *voluminous sufficiency*, strongly contrasting with the trim and concise outline of the present military costume, which has almost reduced a soldier to the primitive "forked animal" of King Lear. The dragoons exhibit, if possible, still more cumbrous superfluity of attire; their long loose skirts flying behind them as they ride, whilst their vast trunk square-toed boots, their prodigious stirrup-leathers, their huge holster-pistols and carabines, give altogether an idea of dignity and strength, fully as much in contrast with the light fantastic huzzar uniforms of modern times.¹⁴

The Highlanders, on the other hand, stand in lines equally compact, and, like the regular regi-

ments, each three men deep. The only peculiarity in their dress, which is so well known as to require no general description, seems to be, that the philabeg, or kilt, is pulled through betwixt the legs, in such a way as to show more of the front of the thigh than is exhibited by the modern specimens of that peculiar garment. They have muskets over their left shoulders, basket-hilted broadswords by their left sides, pistols stuck into their girdles, and a small pouch hanging down upon the right loin, perhaps for holding their ammunition. By the right side of every piece of ordnance, there is a cylindrical piece of wicker-work, for the protection of the artillerymen, all of whom appear to wear kilts like the rest.

The ground upon which the armies stand, is the plain swelling moor already described, out of which Culloden House raises its erect form, without any of the plantations which now surround it. The spires of Inverness are seen upon the left, close to the sea-shore. Upon the Moray Firth, which stretches along the back ground of the picture, the victualling ships ride at anchor, like witnesses of the dreadful scene about to ensue; and the magnificent hills of Ross raise their lofty forms in the remoter distance, as if also taking an interest in the impending fate of the day.

Such were the aspect and circumstances of the two armies, upon whose conduct, during the next little hour, the eternal interests of Britain might in some measure be considered to depend. The hopes and fears of both parties may be supposed to have been, on such an occasion, truly agitating—quite as much so, indeed, as if each individual had staked his own life and fortunes upon the issue.

The soldiery on both sides, aware of the danger, as well as dishonour, which would attend a defeat, and deriving confidence from the merits of their respective causes, must have been wrought up to a pitch of the highest resolution—it may almost be said, of desperation. Never, perhaps, was there a battle commenced before, with so high a stake depending upon its issue, and in which a greater struggle was therefore to be expected.

CHAPTER VI.

BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

Fair lady, mourn the memory
Of all our Scottish fame ;
Fair lady, mourn the memory
Even of the Scottish name !
How proud were we of our young Prince,
And of his native sway !
But all our hopes are past and gone
Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
No spare of blood or breath :
For, one to two, our foes we dared,
For freedom or for death.
The bitterness of grief is past,
Of terror and dismay—
The die was risk'd and foully cast
Upon Culloden day.

Jacobite Song.

THE action was commenced by the Highlanders, who fired their cannon for a few minutes without being answered by the Royal Artillery. They had brought them to bear upon a point where, by means of glasses, they thought they could perceive the Duke. But the shot went clear over the heads of the King's troops, and for a long time did no

other mischief than carrying off a leg from one of Blyth's regiment.

A few minutes after one o'clock, soon after the Highlanders had opened up their battery, Colonel Belford got orders to commence a cannonade, chiefly with a view to provoke the enemy to advance. The Colonel, who was an excellent engineer, performed his duty with such effect, as to make whole lanes through the ranks of the insurgents, besides tearing up the ground at their feet, and stripping the roofs of the neighbouring cottages, in a manner almost as terrific. He also fired two pieces at a body of horse amongst whom it was believed the Prince was stationed; and with such precision did he take his aim, that that personage was bespattered with dirt raised by the balls, and a man holding a led horse by his side was killed.

Meanwhile, the Duke rode about, calling upon his men to be firm in their ranks—to permit the Highlanders to mingle with them—to let them feel the force of the bayonet—to “make them know what men they had to do with.” He also ordered Wolfe's regiment to form *en potence* at the extremity of the left wing—that is, to take a position perpendicular to the general line, so as to be ready to fall in upon and enclose the Highlanders, as soon as they should attack that division of his army. He also ordered two regiments of the rear line, or reserve, to advance to the second. Finally, he himself took his position between the first and second lines, opposite to the centre of Howard's regiment, and of course a little nearer the left than the right wing.

Prince Charles, before the commencement of the battle, had rode along the lines of his little army, endeavouring, by the animation of his gestures, countenance, and language, to excite the Highlanders to their highest pitch of courage. They answered him with cheers, and with many an expression of devotion, which he could only understand by the look with which it was uttered. He then again retired to the eminence which he originally occupied, and prepared with an anxious mind to await the fortune of the day.

The great object of both parties at the battle of Culloden seems to have been, which should force the other to leave its position and make the attack. Charles for a long time expected that the Duke would do this, because he was favoured with the wind and weather. But the Duke, finding his cannon rapidly thinning the Highland ranks, without experiencing any loss in return, had no occasion whatever to make such a motion; and it therefore became incumbent upon Charles to take that course himself.

The victory of Preston, where the Highlanders felt little or no annoyance from cannon, had done away with a great deal of the fear in which they originally held these engines of destruction; and it seems to have been a capital error on Charles's part, to have restrained them, on the present occasion, to a position, where that terror got full reason and leisure to return. He ought to have, on the contrary, rushed up, at the very first, to the lines of his enemy, and endeavoured to silence their artillery, as he had done at Preston, by a *coup de main*. Had he done so, a great number of lives might have been saved, and the attack

would have been made with lines less broken, and a more uniform and simultaneous impulse.

It was not till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour, and the Highlanders had seen many of their kindred stretched upon the heath, that Charles at last gave way to the necessity of ordering a charge. The aid-du-camp intrusted to carry his message to the Lieutenant-general—a youth of the name of MacLauchlan—was killed by a cannon-ball before he reached the first line; but the general sentiment of the army, as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want; and that general took it upon him to order an attack, without Charles's permission having been communicated.

Lord George had scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the MacIntoshes, —a brave and devoted clan, though never before engaged in action,—unable any longer to brook the unavenged slaughter made by the cannon, broke from the centre of the line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the enemy. The Atholemen, Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers, and MacLeans, then also went on, Lord George Murray heading them with that rash bravery for which he was so remarkable. Thus, in the course of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line; except at the left extremity, where the MacDonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage.

It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders, before an onset, to *scrug their bonnets*—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to ensure them against falling off in the ensuing *mêlée*. Never, perhaps, was this motion

performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to revenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, and who survived till a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment, with a feeling of something like awe, upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage, which glowed on every face and gleamed in every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment. It was an exhibition of mighty and all-engrossing passion, never to be forgotten by the beholder.

The action and event of the onset were, throughout, quite as dreadful as the mental emotion which urged it. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hail-storm—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment,—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon the lines of the enemy,² which, indeed, they did not see for smoke till involved among their weapons. All that courage—all that despair could do—was done. They did not fight like living or reasoning creatures, but like machines under the influence of some uncontrollable principle of action. The howl of the advance—the scream of the onset—the thunders of the musketry and the din of the trumpets and drums—confounded one sense; while the flash of the firearms, and the glitter of the brandished broadswords, dazzled and bewildered another. It was a moment of dreadful and a-

gominizing suspense—but only a moment; for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. They swept through and over that frail barrier, almost as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labours of the gossamer which stretch across its path. Not, however, with the same unconsciousness of the event. Almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife.

When the first line had been completely swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before a numerous and confident force, at last submitted to destiny, by giving way and flying. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than thus forfeit their well-acquired and dearly estimated honour. They rushed on—but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.

The persevering and desperate valour displayed by the Highlanders on this occasion, is proved by the circumstance that, at one part of the plain, where a very vigorous attack had been made, their bodies were afterwards found in *layers three and four deep*; so many, it would appear, having in succession mounted over a prostrate friend, to share in the same inevitable fate. The slaughter was particularly great among the brave MacIn-

toes; inasmuch, that the heroic lady who sent them to the field, afterwards told the party by which she was taken prisoner, that only three of her officers had escaped.

While the rest of the clans were performing this glorious though fatal charge, the MacDonalds, as already stated, withheld themselves on account of their removal to the left wing. According to the report of one of their officers,³ the clan not only resented this indignity, but considered it as menacing evil fortune to the day; their clan never having fought elsewhere than on the right wing, since the auspicious battle of Bannockburn. The Duke of Perth, who was stationed amongst them, endeavoured to appease their anger by telling them, that, if they fought with their characteristic bravery, they would make the left wing a right, in which case he would assume for ever after the honourable surname of MacDonald. But the insult was not to be expiated by this appeal to the spirit of clanship. Though induced to discharge their muskets, and even to advance a good way, they never made an onset. They endured the fire of the English regiments without flinching; only expressing their rage by hewing up the heather with their swords; but they at last fled when they saw the other clans give way. Out of the whole three regiments, only one man is commemorated as having displayed conduct worthy of the gallant name which he bore. This was the Chieftain of Keppoch, a man of chivalrous character, and noted for great private worth. When the rest of his clan retreated, Keppoch advanced, with a pistol in one hand and a drawn-sword in the other, resolved apparently to sacrifice his life to the of-

fendless genius of his name. He had got but a little way from his regiment, when a musket-shot brought him to the ground. A clansman of more than ordinary devotedness, who followed him, and with tears and prayers conjured him not to throw his life away, raised him with the cheering assurance that his wound was not mortal, and that he might still quit the field with life. Keppoch desired his faithful follower to take care of himself, and, again rushing forward, received another shot, and fell to rise no more.

When the whole front line of Charles's host had been thus repulsed, there only remained to him the hope that his Lowland and Foreign troops, upon whom the wreck of the clans had fallen back, might yet make head against the English infantry; and he eagerly sought to put himself at their head, in order to make one last desperate effort at success. But, though a troop of the Irish piquets, by a spirited fire, checked the pursuit which a body of dragoons commenced after the MacDonalds, and one of Lord Lewis Gordon's regiments did similar service in regard to another troop which now began to break through the inclosures on the right, the whole body gave way at once, on observing the English regiments advancing to charge them. Their hearts were broken, with despair rather than with terror; and they could only reply to his animating exclamations, "Prince—ochon! ochon!"⁵—the ejaculation by which Highlanders express the bitterest grief. As they said this they fled; nor could all his entreaties, nor those of his officers, prevail upon them to stand.

It was indeed a complete route. The moun-

taineers had done all that their system of warfare taught them, and all that their natural strength had enabled them to perform ; they had found this vain ; and all that then remained was to withdraw. Charles saw the condition of his troops with the despair of a ruined gamester. He could scarcely be persuaded that God had struck him with so severe an infliction. He lingered on the field, in the fond hope that all was not yet lost. He even moved to charge the enemy, as if his own single person could have availed against so big a destiny. Confounded, bewildered, and in tears, it required the utmost efforts of his attendants to make him forego his once splendid hopes by a retreat ; and he at last only left the field when to have remained would have but added his own destruction to that of the many brave men who had already spilt their heart's blood in his cause.⁶

The pursuit of the Royal forces did not immediately follow the retreat of the insurgents. After the latter had withdrawn their shattered strength, the English regiments, upon many of which they had produced a dreadful impression, were ordered to resume the ground where they had stood, and to dress their ranks. The dragoon regiments, with which the Duke had calculated to enclose the charging Highlanders as in a trap, were checked, as already stated, by the flanks of the Prince's second line ; and they had altogether been so severely handled by the insurgents, that it was some time ere they recovered breath or courage sufficient to commence or sustain a general pursuit.

The English dragoons at length *did* break forward, and join, as intended, in the centre of the

field, so as to make a vigorous and united charge upon the rear of the fugitives. Charles's army then broke into two great bodies of unequal magnitude; one of which took the open road for Inverness, while the other turned off towards the south-west, crossed the water of Nairn, and found refuge among the hills.

The fate of the first of these divisions was the most disastrous, their route admitting of the easiest pursuit. It lay along an open moor, which the light horse of the enemy could bound over with the utmost speed. A dreadful slaughter took place; involving many of the inhabitants of Inverness, who had approached the battle-ground from curiosity, and whose dress subjected them to the indiscriminating vengeance of the soldiery. Some of the French, who had the sense to fly first, reached Inverness in safety; but scarcely any who wore the Highland dress escaped with their lives. A broad pavement of carnage marked four out of the five miles intervening betwixt the battle-field and that city; the last of the slain being found at a place called Millburn, about a mile from the extremity of the suburbs.⁷

It is remarkable as characteristic of the Highlanders, that in their retreat some of them displayed a degree of coolness and bravery,⁸ which would have done credit to the best army in an advance. The right wing retreated, as already stated, almost without any annoyance. In their way to cross the river Nairn, they met a large party of English dragoons which had been despatched to intercept them. Such was the desperate fury of their appearance, that the troopers opened their

ranks in respectful silence, to permit them to pass. Only one man attempted to annoy the wretched fugitives. He was an officer, and dearly did he pay for his cruel temerity. Advancing to seize a Highlander, the man cut him down with one blow of his claymore. Not content with this, the savage stooped down, and, with the greatest deliberation, possessed himself of his victim's gold watch. He then joined the retreat, whilst the commander of the party could only look on in silence, astonished at the coolness of the mountaineer, if not secretly applauding him for so brave a deed. ⁹

Another Highlander signalized himself in a still more remarkable manner. He was a man of prodigious bodily strength; his name Golice Macbane. When all his companions had fled, Golice, singled out and wounded, set his back against a wall, and, with his target and claymore, bore singly the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation, he made resistless strokes at his enemies, who crowded and encumbered themselves to have each the glory of slaying him. "Save that brave fellow," was the unregarded cry of some officers. Poor Macbane was cut to pieces, though not till thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him. ¹⁰

When Charles retreated, it was with such precipitation, that his bonnet and wig flew off his head before he cleared the battle-ground. The peruke being fortunately entangled in falling by some part of his horse's furniture, he easily recovered it; but his bonnet reached the ground, and was necessarily left behind. A Highland seer ¹¹ would have seen, in this loss of his gold-encircled and coronet-like head-piece, an ominous emblem of the

departure of the crown from him and his family. He happened fortunately to retreat along with the right wing, and reached the hills in safety.

The battle of Culloden is said to have lasted little more than forty minutes, most of which brief space of time was spent in distant firing, and very little in the active struggle. It was as complete a victory as possible on the part of the Royal army, but a still more disastrous defeat on that of the Highlanders. Less praise is due, however, to the victors than to the vanquished. Their force and condition for fighting was so superior, their artillery did so much to their hands, and the plan of the battle was so much in their favour, that to have lost the day would have argued a degree of misbehaviour utterly inconceivable of any soldiery, while to gain was only the natural result of incidental circumstances. Great praise was awarded afterwards by the voice of fame to Barrell's, Monro's, and some other regiments, for their fortitude in bearing the attack of the Highlanders, and for their killing so many; but these battalions were in reality completely beat aside, and the whole front line shaken so much, that, had the MacDonald regiments made a simultaneous charge along with the other clans, the day might have had a different issue. Such was the opinion of the Chevalier Johnstone, whose experience in warfare must have enabled him to judge correctly. But the circumstances altogether go to prove, that, at this period, the fortune of the day was very doubtful, and that indeed the tide of courage, which had hitherto sustained the hearts of the Duke's soldiers, was just beginning to turn and ebb, when the Highlanders relieved them by retreating. They had, it will be

observed, swept over and destroyed a great portion of the first line ; their friends behind had done much to obviate the trap-stratagem of the enclosures ; and, above all, when the clans retired from the struggle, some time was spent before the victors became sufficiently confident of their success to commence a pursuit. Had not much been done to appal the Duke—had not the Highlanders performed such prodigies of valour as to make them be feared even in flight—had it not, indeed, been a question in the minds of the British soldiery, whether they had really won a battle after what they had seen and felt—the chase would have been more instantaneous and energetic, and the flight less easy and secure,

CHAPTER VII.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN,

The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue:
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.

Jacobite Song.

THE very cruelty which the victors exercised after they were certain of their good fortune, is a proof that they did not achieve their victory without great pains; as bad temper is the sure result of a difficult argument. Not content with the slaughter they had made by means of their muskets and bayonets, they unsheathed their swords after the action, and, with the gestures of savages, ran loose over the field, cutting down all who exhibited any symptoms of life, and even taking a malignant pleasure in inflicting fresh stabs upon the bosoms of the slain. ¹ They did this as much in sport as

in rage ; and it is said that, at last, they sought amusement by splashing one another with the horrid liquid which overflowed the field. According to the report of one of themselves, * they finally "looked like so many butchers, rather than an army of Christian soldiers."

It was afterwards attempted to palliate this dreadful scene, by forging an order with the signature of Lord George Murray, to the effect that no quarter was to be given to the King's troops. Though such had really been the case, would it have excused a butchery which took place before it was discovered ?

The true cause of the cruelty so much complained of on this disastrous occasion, and which has so effectually tarnished the renown of the Duke of Cumberland, is to be found in the several defeats which the victors had before sustained from the Highlanders, of which the last was not the least. When they at length overpowered an enemy from whom they had experienced so much annoyance, they did not well know how to use their good fortune, but, in the heat of the moment, went to the extreme of cruelty, as the measure at once consistent with their own desire of vengeance, and best calculated to serve the purposes of Government. The letter which the Duke read to them before the battle, breathing such cruel threats against them, in bracing their nerves to the attack, must have also whetted their appetite for the carnage. A great deal, moreover, is to be attributed to the contempt in which the poor mountaineers were held by their *soi-disant* civilized countrymen. The English actually look-

ed upon them as beasts in human shape—beasts, with the additional disqualification of being, more pestilent and dangerous than most of the brute creation. The simple honour, the generous devotion, the poetical language and manners of the unhappy clansmen, were totally unknown to, or at least unappreciated by the dissolute and inconsiderate soldiery ; who, in stabbing their still living but unresisting bodies, probably felt no more compunction, than if they had been only trampling upon so many noxious vermin, which it was necessary to annihilate utterly, lest they should still have the power of stinging.

It is a trite remark, but one which applies well to the present case, that civil contests are ever attended with circumstances of greater violence and cruelty than any other species of warfare. In the battle of Culloden, such was the virulence of both parties, that no quarter was given or taken on either side. It was but natural for the Highlanders to fight with desperation, and rather to die than be taken ; for the fate with which the Carlisle prisoners were menaced, assured them that they had no mercy to expect from Government. But the same excuse does not hold with the regular forces, who must have been aware that the insurgents had all along been as kind as circumstances would permit to their prisoners, and in general allowed them to go at large upon parole. The King's troops ought therefore to have treated the Highlanders with less rigour than what the Highlanders could be expected to show to the King's troops. The reverse was the case.

The barbarities which followed the victory of Culloden, when the fervour of battle must have

been cooled, and the victors completely assured of receiving no farther annoyance from the enemy; were such as to be scarcely credible by the present age; and the writer who now undertakes to display them in their real colours, may perhaps incur the charge of exaggeration or prejudice. Neither this imputation, however, nor any sentiment of delicacy shall be allowed here to stifle the statements which so many former historians have, for these or for worse reasons, withheld.

The most obvious charge of barbarity which can be brought against the Duke of Cumberland, in reference to this period of the campaign, is, that he did not take the pains which is usually taken by victors in civilized warfare, of attending to the wounded of the enemy in common with those of his own army. Charles, who, notwithstanding all the attempts which have been made to show him up as a monster, cannot be denied to have used his victories with moderation and humanity, had all along treated the wounded of his prisoners with the most anxious and considerate kindness; even encumbering himself, at various periods of the campaign, in order to provide for their comfort. But with the Duke of Cumberland, whose opportunities of displaying humanity were so much better, the case was very different. Not only did he permit the bloody scene already described, where the wounded insurgents were indiscriminately massacred, but he actually took a personal interest in the completion of the dreadful work. Soon after the battle, he was riding over the field, accompanied by Colonel Wolfe, the future hero of Quebec, when he observed a wounded Highlander sit up on his elbow, and look at him with what ap-

peared to his eyes a smile of defiance. "Wolfe," he cried, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who thus dares to look on us with so insolent a stare."—"My commission," said the gentle and excellent Wolfe, "is at your Royal Highness's disposal; but I can never consent to become an executioner." The Highlander, in all probability, was soon despatched by some less scrupulous hand; but it was remarked that, from that day, the recusant officer declined visibly in the favour and confidence of his commander.³

It is a fact equally authentic with the preceding, that, on the day after the action, when it was discovered that some of the wounded had survived both the weapons of the enemy and the dreadful rains which fell in the interval, he sent out detachments from Inverness, to put these unfortunates out of pain. The savage executioners of his barbarous commands, performed their duty with awful accuracy and deliberation; carrying all they could find to different pieces of rising ground throughout the field, where, having first ranged them in due order, they despatched them by shot of musketry.⁴ On the following day (Friday), other parties were sent out to search the houses of the neighbouring peasantry, in which, it was understood, many of the mutilated Highlanders had taken refuge. They found so great a number as almost to render the office revolting to its bearers; but, with the exception of a few who received mercy at the hands of the officers, all were conscientiously murdered. An unconcerned eyewitness afterwards reported to the writer just quoted, that on this day he saw no fewer than seventy-two individuals "killed in cold blood!"

Dreadful, however, as this scene must have been, it was surpassed in fiendish wickedness by a sort of supererogatory cruelty which was acted by the soldiers in the course of their other operations. At a little distance from the field of battle, there was a wretched hut, used for sheltering sheep in stormy weather, into which a considerable number of the wounded had crawled. The soldiery, on discovering them, actually proceeded to secure the door and set the house in flames; so that all within perished, including many persons who were merely engaged in attending the wounded. In the rubbish of this habitation, between thirty and forty scorched and smothered bodies were found by the country people, after the monsters had departed from the scene of their ravages.

But by far the most horrible instance of cruelty which occurred in the course of these unhappy times, was one which took place in the immediate vicinity of Culloden House. Nineteen wounded officers of the Highland army had been carried, immediately after the battle, from a wood in which they had found their first shelter, to the courtyard of that residence, where they remained two days in the open air, with their wounds undressed, and only receiving such acts of kindness from the steward of the house, as that official chose to render at the risk of his own life. Upon the third day, when the search was made throughout the neighbouring cottages, three miserable men were seized by the ruthless soldiers, tied with ropes, tossed into a cart, and taken out to the side of a park wall, where, being ranged up in order, they were commanded to prepare for immediate death. Such as retained the use of their limbs, or whose

spirits, formerly so daring, could not sustain them through this trying scene, fell upon their knees, and, with piteous cries and many invocations to heaven, implored mercy. But they petitioned in vain. Before they had been ranged up for the space of a single minute—before they could utter one brief prayer to heaven, the platoon, which stood at the distance of only two or three yards, received orders to fire. Almost every individual in the unhappy company fell prostrate upon the ground, and expired instantly. But, to make sure work, the men were ordered to club their muskets, and dash out the brains of all who seemed to show any symptoms of life. This order was obeyed *literally*. One individual alone survived—a gentleman of the clan Fraser. He had received a ball, but yet showed the appearance of life. The butt of a soldier's musket was accordingly applied to his head to despatch him; nevertheless, though his nose and cheek were dashed in, and one of his eyes dashed out, he did not expire. He lay for some time in a state of agony not to be described, when Lord Boyd, son of the Earl of Kilmarnock, happening to pass, perceived his body move, and ordered him to be conveyed to a secure place, where he recovered in the course of three months. The unfortunate man lived many years afterwards, to tell the dreadful tale; and the writer quoted in the margin⁵ appears to have derived his information from this excellent source.

The Duke of Cumberland has been characterised by his friend Earl Waldegrave, as one whose judgment would have been equal to his parts, had it not been too much guided by his passions, which were often violent and ungovernable. The cruel-

ties, however, which distinguished his Scottish campaign, rather argue the cool malignant fiend than the violent man of anger. His courage was that of the bull-dog ; but he had not the generosity of that animal, to turn away from his victim when it could no longer oppose him. After fairly overthrowing his antagonist, his savage disposition demanded that he should throttle, and gore, and excruciate it, as a revenge for the trouble to which it had put him in the combat. He had that persevering and insatiable appetite for prey, that, not contented with sucking the blood and devouring the flesh of his victims, he could enjoy himself in mumbling the bones ; and even when these were exhausted of sap and taste, he would gnash on for sport, and was only to be finally withdrawn from the horrid feast, when putridity had rendered it disgusting to his senses.

The number of Highlanders slain upon the field of Culloden was never well ascertained ; but it could not be much less than a thousand, that is, a fifth of their army. The dreadful list comprised many important men ; for in this, as in all the former battles, the chiefs and gentlemen, as the best armed, and to show an example of bravery, went foremost into the strife, and were of course most exposed. Out of the five regiments which charged the English—the Camerons, ⁶ Stuarts, Frazers, MacIntoshes, and MacLeans—almost all the leaders and front-rank-men were killed. MacLauchlan, colonel of the regiment last-mentioned, which included a body of that name, was killed in the onset. His lieutenant-colonel, MacLean of Drimmin, who then assumed the command, was bringing off his shattered forces, when he observed two

of his sons, who had fought by his side, severely wounded, and heard that a third had been left dead on the field. Exclaiming, "It shall not be for nought," this brave old gentleman, without either bonnet or wig, rushed back into the fight, attacked two dragoons, killed one and wounded another, but was at last cut down by other three, who came up to the assistance of their comrades. MacGillivray of Drumnaglass, colonel of the Mac-Intosh Regiment, was killed in the attack, with the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and all the other officers of the regiment, with the exception, as already stated, of three. Charles Fraser, younger of Inveralachie, who was lieutenant-colonel of the Fraser Regiment, and commanded it on this occasion,⁷ was also killed. Seventeen officers and gentlemen of the Appin Regiment were slain, and ten wounded; but Stuart of Ardschiel, who commanded it, escaped; as did Lochiel, the chief and leader of the Camerons. No distinguished persons fell among the Lowland regiments, except the Viscount Strathallan.⁸

The field of Culloden yet bears witness to the carnage of which it was the scene. In the midst of its black and blasted heath, various little eminences are to be seen, displaying a lively verdure but too unequivocally expressive of the dreadful tale. These are so distinct and well defined, that the eye may almost, by their means, trace the positions of the armies, or at least discover where the fight was most warmly contested. The way towards Inverness, otherwise an unimproved secondary road, is fringed with many such doleful memorials of the dead; and there the daisy and blue

bell of Scotland have selected their abode, as if resolved to sentinel for ever the last resting-place of their country's heroes. Modern curiosity has, in some cases, violated these sanctuaries, for the purpose of procuring some relic of the ill-fated warriors, to show as a wonder in the halls of the Sassenach ; and the Gaël, with nobler sentiment, have been till lately, in the habit of pilgrimizing to the spot, in order to translate the bones of their friends to consecrated ground, afar in their own dear glens of the west. But enough, and more than enough, yet remains, to show where Scotland fought her last battle, and the latest examples of her ancient chivalry fell to feed the eagle and redeem the desert.

As already stated, the English dragoons pursued the chase till within a mile of Inverness. The Duke, leaving his infantry to dine upon the battle-ground,⁹ soon after marched forward to take possession of the town. As he proceeded, a drummer came out with a letter from General Stapleton, soliciting quarter from his Royal Highness, in the name of himself and the French and Irish regiments under his charge. The Duke commanded an officer—Sir Joseph Yorke—to alight from his horse, and with his pencil, write a note to the General, assuring him of fair quarter and honourable treatment. He then sent forward Captain Campbell of Sempill's regiment, with his company of grenadiers, to take possession of the town.

As the Duke entered Inverness, he learnt that the people were about to honour him by ringing their bells. But he commanded them to desist, upon pain of his displeasure. The first thing he

did, was to ask for the keys of the Tolbooth, in which the English prisoners were confined. These being with some difficulty procured and brought to him, he went immediately to the prison, and released the men. As they descended the stairs, he patted them on the back with an expression of kindness; and he immediately ordered them new clothes, food, and payment of their arrears, of all which they stood in the greatest need.

Several of the Jacobite ladies, who had attended their husbands during the campaign with so much fortitude, were found and made prisoners at Inverness. It is reported in one of the vulgar party productions of the time, that they had just drunk tea, and were preparing for a ball, at which the Prince and his officers were to be entertained, after his expected victory, when the entrance of the fugitives informed them of the fatal reverse, their friends had met with. The Duke's soldiers found a considerable quantity of provision, which had been preparing for the poor Highlanders.

As at Holyrood-house, Falkirk, and various other places, the Duke took up his lodgings in the same house, the same room, and the same bed, which his precursor Charles had just vacated. It may be safely conjectured, that Lady Drummair, whose daughter, Lady MacIntosh, had here acted as the presiding divinity of Charles's household for two months before, would by no means relish the presence of her new tenant, but that *he*, on the contrary, would be esteemed as little better than a *sorner*,¹⁰ where his predecessor had been a welcome and honoured guest. How the venerable gentlewoman endured his presence, or in what manner she entertained him, has not been record-

ed ; but the comment which she afterwards passed upon this eventful period in the history of her household, is still a tradition in her family. "I've ha'en twa kings' bairns living wi' me, in my time," she used to say ; " and, to tell you the truth, *I wish I may never ha'e another.*" ¹¹

The Royal army marched in the evening to Inverness, and there formed a camp. One of the Duke's first duties at head-quarters was, to select from the prisoners those who had deserted from the Royal army, to subject them to a brief military trial, and then to consign them to the death of traitors. No fewer than thirty-six suffered this punishment, including a fellow named Dunbar, who was found dressed in a suit of laced clothes he had taken from Major Lockhart at the battle of Falkirk, and who, on that account, was exposed upon the gibbet for forty-eight hours. ¹² This melancholy list is said to have also included a youthful cadet of the noble family of Forbes, whose zeal in behalf of the House of Stuart, overcoming his sense of the military oath, had caused him to desert an English regiment, in which he was a cadet, for the purpose of joining Charles's standard. The death of this unfortunate person was attended by a circumstance, which, though horrible in the last degree, deserves to be recorded, as evincing the state of moral and political feeling in the British army of that time. While poor Forbes was yet suspended upon the gibbet, an English officer, unable to restrain his virtuous indignation at the delinquency of the culprit, and the better perhaps to show the loyal horror in which he held this "unnatural rebellion," ran up to the scarce inanimate corpse, and stabbed it with his sword ; exclaiming

at the same time, with an oath as profane as the act was inhuman, that "all his countrymen were traitors and rebels like himself!" A Scottish officer, who happened to be near the spot, immediately drew his sword, to revenge the insult thus thrown upon his country; and, a combat instantly commencing, all the other officers who knew the cause of the quarrel, joined in taking sides according to their respective countries. The soldiers, at the same time, of their own accord, beat to arms, and joined the ranks assumed by their respective officers. The Duke of Cumberland, learning how matters stood, hurried to the place, and arrived just as the two contending parties were about to make a general charge. His presence, of course, quelled the disturbance; but it was not till he had used considerable eloquence in soothing the injured feelings of the Scots, that they withdrew from a conflict to which they had been so ungenerously provoked.

The Duke employed the few days immediately following the battle in securing and disposing of the spoil, which was very considerable. He had taken thirty pieces of cannon, two thousand three hundred and twenty firelocks, a hundred and ninety broadswords, thirty-seven barrels of powder, and twenty-two carts of ammunition. The soldiers were allowed half a crown for every musket, and a shilling for every broadsword, which they could bring into quarters; it being the anxious wish of Government to keep as many arms as possible out of the hands of the natives. In order, moreover, to put a great public indignity upon the honour of the insurgents, the sum of six-

teen guineas was allowed for each stand of their colours ; and, fourteen of these melancholy emblems of departed glory being thus procured, they were, on the fourth of June, carried by a procession of chimney-sweeps from the Castle to the Cross of Edinburgh, and there burnt by the hands of the common hangman, with many suitable marks of contempt.

The victory of Culloden was, indeed, very cheaply acquired by the British army. The whole amount of killed, wounded, and missing, was three hundred and ten, including few officers and but one man of any distinction. This last was Lord Robert Kerr, second son of the Marquis of Lothian, a captain of grenadiers in Barrel's Regiment, a young man remarkable for his handsome person and great promise. Standing at the head of his company, when the Highlanders made the charge, he received the first man upon his spontoon, but was instantly slain with many wounds. Although the victory was mainly attributable to the cannon and musketry, some portions of the Royal army behaved with a degree of courage highly honourable to them. There was scarcely an officer or soldier in Barrel's Regiment, and that part of Monro's which was engaged, who did not kill one or two Highlanders with his spontoon or bayonet, before giving way to their irresistible violence. It cannot be mentioned with the same degree of applause, that some of Kingston's dragoons were known to have each cut down ten or twelve fugitives in the pursuit.

The intelligence of the battle of Culloden, so important in its nature and results, produced different effects upon the public mind, according to

the sentiments of those by whom it was heard. The Jacobites received it as a total overthrow to their fond and long cherished hopes ; while it excited in the partisans of Government, a transport of joy, too overpowering to admit of a thought upon the misery in which it involved so many of their countrymen. The news reaching Edinburgh during the night between Saturday and Sunday, and being announced to the ears of the slumbering inhabitants by discharges of cannon, many of the unhappy Jacobites were found next morning stretched upon their couches in a state of insensibility. Some of the ancient gentlewomen whose daily prayers for fifty years had included the restoration of the Stuarts, and whose wishes had been wound up during the progress of the insurrection to a state bordering upon insanity, never afterwards rose from the beds upon which the afflicting intelligence had found them, but continued, so long as they lived, shrouded from the light of day, and inaccessible to consolation. The misery of those who had friends, or kinsmen, or lovers, concerned in the dreadful event, was far more poignant ; distracted as they were betwixt the fear that they were slain, or what was still more dreadful, that they survived as captives. To add to their grief, the loyal part of the community and the zealous Presbyterians, now triumphant in their turn, took every opportunity of lacerating their feelings. They even dared not inquire regarding the fate of those most dear to them, from the dread of persecution to themselves, or proscription—perhaps death to the ill-starred objects of their affection.

It appears from the well-affected newspapers

of the time, that there were public rejoicings for the victory, both in the capital and most of the bairns of Scotland. Even in the remote and sequestered town of Wigton, where the news was only received a week after, there was a very loyal bonfire, and a zealous church and state ringing of bells, together with a most cordial drinking of strong ale at the cross, in honour of the auspicious and never-enough-to-be-congratulated occasion. Addresses there were, moreover, devoting as much life and fortune to the service of Government, as, if produced six months before, would have been enough, and more than enough, to suppress twenty such rebellions.

The satisfaction which the King and the members of Government felt in the "glorious event," though expressed with as much coolness as might be, was nevertheless excessively great. The defeat of Preston had roused them like a very rattling peal of thunder, and they had lived for the last six or eight months in a state of the utmost agitation and anxiety. On the morning that the news reached London, Mr Pelham, the first Lord of the Treasury, was met by a Forfarshire Member of Parliament, exhibiting every mark of excessive joy. "His Majesty's arms," cried the minister, "have been blessed with a complete victory over the Rebels at a place called Cullodéan;" accenting the last syllable. "I'm very sorry to hear you say so," was the Scotsman's reply. "How! Mr ———, do you say this to *me*?" "Yes, Mr Pelham," was the Caledonian's cool reply. "It maunna be true—there's no sic a place in a' Scotland." ¹³

The estimation in which they held the Duke's

victory, was in some measure proved by the way they took to reward it. His income had hitherto been fifteen thousand a year, paid out of the civil list; but the House of Commons now voted him an addition of twenty-five thousand, to arise out of the duties and revenues composing the Aggregate Fund.

Without detracting from the merits of the Duke of Cumberland, as a general, it is impossible to contemplate, without some degree of disgust, the fulsome adulation which was now poured out upon him by all persons in authority. He himself, notwithstanding the emotions of vanity, must have worn his extravagant honours with something like loathing; for it is said, that, when afterwards loaded with public odium on account of his rendition of the British army at Closterseven, he bitterly remarked, that he had formerly got praise where he did not deserve it, and now was blamed where he was not guilty. Such is ever the caprice of the public in regard to its servants, invariably deified if successful, and condemned without a hearing if unfortunate.

From all that can be gathered in the fugitive publications of the time, Duke William received fully as much public gratitude for ridding Britain of the poor Chevalier, as the great General of modern times received for overthrowing the mighty Usurper of the Continent. He was thanked by all the public bodies in the kingdom, from the Houses of Parliament down to the General Assembly. He had twenty-five thousand a year added to his income; and, lest that should ever fail him, he got the privilege of citizenship from al-

most all the burghs in the kingdom of Scotland. Pieces of dress were also called after him, and his bluff visage was blazoned over innumerable public-houses. Sermons were preached, orations made, and poems written in his praise; and he was universally hailed as the Heroic Deliverer of Britain. Perhaps the most ludicrous circumstance that arose from the spirit of the time, was, that the foundation-stone of the Duke of Argyle's house at Inverary, the laying of which had been postponed on account of the troubles, was now at last deposited, with the grateful inscription, intended no doubt for the instruction of the remotest posterity,—“ Gulielmus, Cumbriae Dux, nobis haec otia fecit !” ¹⁴

CHAPTER VIII.

FINAL SUPPRESSION OF THE INSURRECTION.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow ;
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !

SMOLLETT.

IN the meantime, while the victorious party was enjoying the praise, and the honour, and all the other good things with which the world is so apt to load the prosperous man, Charles's hapless adherents retired, like the stricken deer, unpitied by the unhurt members of the herd, to mourn in the desert over their perished hopes and gloomy prospects. The flight was chiefly directed to the western parts of Inverness-shire, the native country of most of the insurgent clans ; where the war had taken its earliest rise, and where it was destined to be finally quenched. This region is one of the most wild and inhospitable character, being little else than a tract of stupendous mountains, intersected by narrow valleys, lakes, and

arms of the sea. To add to the distress of the fugitives, it had been in a great measure exhausted of provisions for some time before the battle; nor were its boundaries of such a nature as to permit the possibility of supplies from without. There now, therefore, seemed nothing wanting to complete the destruction of the insurgents, but that their retreat should be enclosed within a circle of soldiers; which, gradually narrowing, according to an ancient hunting practice, might at last concentrate them for one easy and decisive blow.

The fate of those who perished in the fight was preferable by far to that of the survivors—doomed as they were to every species of privation, agonized by the bitterest of reflections, and every day suffering, in the fear of death, more pain than the parting pang itself could have occasioned. The misery of the wounded was peculiarly great, though perhaps of shorter endurance. Many were afterwards found dead among the hills, at the distance of ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles from the field of battle; having apparently dragged their mutilated bodies so far towards their homes, over hill and dale, in the hope of procuring relief, but expired of hunger and pain long before reaching the object of their melancholy journey.

Among all the instances of misery which followed the defeat of Culloden, perhaps none was so truly great as that of Charles himself, who now entered upon a life of hazard and wretchedness, the details of which are hardly credible. When at last forced off the field, he fled with a large party of horse, comprising his chief councillors

and friends. His retreat was protected by the foot, who fled behind him. Having crossed the Nairn at the ford of Falie, about four miles from the battle-ground, he held a hurried council, at which it was determined that the men should rendezvous at Ruthven in Badenoch, and there await his orders, while he should in the mean time make a circuit through the country. Here also he is said to have sent off various gentlemen of his party upon different routes, in order to distract the enemy in case of a pursuit. Proceeding towards Gortuleg, the seat of a gentleman of the Fraser clan, and where he understood that Lord Lovat was now residing, he reached that place about sunset, along with Sheridan, Sullivan, O'Neal, Secretary Hay, and a few others whom he had chosen to retain about his person.

A girl who was then residing at Gortuleg, and who afterwards lived to a good old age, used to describe the unexpected appearance of Charles and his flying attendants. The wild and desolate vale on which she happened to gaze at the time with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the house, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to the code of Highland superstition, were only visible between one twinkle of the eyelid and another, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible.² To Lord Lovat, who had staked so much upon the Chevalier's success, it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies or even demons; telling him of

proscription, death, and the ruin of his house and name. As Charles, whom he had never before seen, entered the door, the old man is said to have quite forgot the duty he owed to his prince, and to have gone distractedly about, calling upon those who were present to chop off his head, or otherwise anticipate the miserable fate to which he saw himself destined. Charles endeavoured to recall him to his senses, by many cheering expressions; saying, among other things, that "they had had two days of the Elector's troops, and he did not doubt to have yet a third." Lovat was at length somewhat appeased, and began to enter into serious conversation with the fugitives, during which the Prince's next motions were amply discussed. It was generally agreed that Gortaleg was too near the position of the King's troops to be a safe retreat; and Charles, therefore, having changed his dress,³ set out that night at ten o'clock for Invergarry, the seat of MacDonell of Glengary.

Charles and his little party were seen, at two o'clock in the morning, riding rapidly past the ruins of Fort Augustus; and they arrived at Invergarry about two hours before daybreak. This ancient seat, which, now a blackened and fire-scathed ruin, stands upon the bank of one of the lochs forming the Caledonian Canal, was, on the present occasion, deserted of its tenants, and in a condition very ill calculated to support the hospitable character of a Highland mansion. Destitute at once of furniture and provisions, and attended by only a single domestic, however easily a party of natives might have accommodated themselves within its walls, it was particularly unfit to entertain a prince and an alien. This was the first day

of Charles's wanderings; and its privations but too truly omened those of the succeeding five months.

The Prince and his party were so much fatigued with their ride, which was one of little less than forty miles, that they gladly stretched themselves upon the floor in their clothes. They slept till mid-day, when Edward Burke, servant to Alexander MacLeod, having fortunately caught two salmon in the water of Gary, they had a better dinner than they expected, though the only drink they could procure was the pure element from which their meat had been taken. All the company here took leave of Charles, except Sullivan, O'Neal, and Edward Burke, who was left to be the Prince's guide, and whose clothes his Royal Highness now assumed. This small party set out at two o'clock for Loch Arkaig, where they arrived about nine at night, and lodged in the house of Donald Cameron of Glenpean. Charles was so excessively fatigued, that he fell asleep as Edward Burke was unbuttoning his spatterdashes. Next morning, Friday the 18th, they held their route still farther westward, to Mewboil, a small village near the extremity of Loehiel's country, where they were well entertained. A considerable part of the following day was spent in waiting for intelligence of their friends, which not arriving, they at last set out, for fear of being discovered and taken. There being no longer any road, they were here obliged to abandon their horses, and begin to walk on foot. They crossed over a range of lofty mountains, and came in the evening to a place called Oban, near the head of Loch Morar, one of the numerous arms of the sea

which penetrate the west coast. Here they took up their lodging in a wretched little *sheeling* or hovel, used for shearing sheep, near the corner of a wood.

Next day, Sunday the 20th of April, Charles and his three attendants crossed, with inconceivable pain and difficulty, another of those ranges of lofty and rugged hills, which, alternately with the lochs or arms of the sea, penetrate the country so regularly at this part of the West Highlands. Their lodging-place, this evening, was at Glenboisdale, in Arasaig, a small village near the place where Charles had first landed. Here several fugitives joined the dejected little party.

After the route of the army at Culloden, the clans chiefly sought their own glens, or *countries*, as they were called, where they had property and relations to be protected; while the foreign troops surrendered as prisoners of war to the Duke at Inverness, and the Lowlanders either rendezvoused at Badenoch, or wandered far and wide over the Highlands.⁴ Thus the army was completely broken up; and there remained no hope, in the estimation of men of sense, that it would ever again unite in such force as successfully to make head against the enemy. The Prince, under this conviction, despatched a message to the Badenoch party, within two days after the battle, thanking them for their zeal in his service, but desiring them to do what they thought was best for their own preservation, till a more favourable opportunity for action presented itself. The party, which amounted to little above a thousand men, accordingly dispersed; and there was not then, any

where, three hundred men together in arms against the state.

The Prince received, at Glenboisdale, a message from Lord George Murray, entreating that he would not leave the country, as Lord George had heard that he intended. Clanranald, who here joined the party, along with Mr Lockhart, younger of Carnwath, Mr Æneas MacDonald the banker, and some others, offered to fit up a few summer sheelings in various parts of his country, for his accommodation and shift of quarters, as occasion should require, till he (Clanranald), and some other chosen persons, should take a trip to the Isles, and look out for a vessel to convey his Royal Highness to France. But Charles was overpersuaded by his fears, and by the advice of Sullivan ; and firmly announced his resolution to seek a secure shelter in the Isles.

The Prince spent four days in Arasaig, awaiting the arrival of one Donald MacLeod, who had been required to come from the Isle of Skye, in order to act as his guide to the Isles. Before Donald arrived, an alarm was one day given that some of the enemy were at hand, and the whole party immediately dispersed, each to seek shelter where best he might, among the neighbouring hills and woods. Charles was wandering alone through a forest, pondering his altered fortunes and his present distress, when, in the midst of his care, he observed an aged Highlander approaching. He asked the man if he were Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill, in the Isle of Skye. The Highlander answered in the affirmative ; when the Prince rejoined, " Then I am he who sent for you ; you

see the distress I am in ; I throw myself into your bosom ; do with me what you like ; your Prince resigns himself entirely into your hands." The old man never afterwards could repeat this moving address without shedding a flood of tears.

In the evening of the 24th, Charles, along with Sullivan, O'Neale, Burke, and other seven persons, set sail in an open eight-oared boat, from Lochmannagh, the bay where he first landed.⁵ Donald MacLeod, acting as pilot, sat at the stern, with Charles betwixt his knees. This aged person, being an experienced mariner, was certain, from the appearance of the sky, that a storm was about to ensue, and entreated the Prince to defer his voyage till next day. But Charles insisted upon immediately leaving the continent where he apprehended so much danger. In the boat there were four pecks of oatmeal, and a pot in which they could boil meat when they landed.

As old MacLeod had foretold, they had scarcely got fairly out to sea when a storm arose. The wind blew a tempest; the waves of the Atlantic rose with tumultuous fury; and it was altogether a night surpassing in danger all that MacLeod, an experienced boatman, had ever before seen upon that wild sea. To add to their distress, the rain poured down in torrents, and they had neither pump nor compass. In the darkness of the night, none of the crew knew where they were, and serious apprehensions were entertained lest the boat should either founder, or be driven upon Skye, where the person of the Prince would at once become a prey to the militia, who were roaming about that island in great numbers. At length, a period was put at once to their danger from the sea, and

their apprehensions from the militia, by the approach of daylight, which showed them to be upon the coast of that remote archipelago, already mentioned by the descriptive epithet of Long Island, the storm having carried the boat upwards of an hundred miles in nine or ten hours. They landed at Rossinish Point, the north-east corner of the Island of Benbecula, and, having hauled their boat upon dry land, prepared a humble entertainment with meal and the flesh of a cow, which they had seized and killed.

In order to give the reader a proper idea of the danger which the Prince now ran, it is necessary to remind him, that the reward of thirty thousand pounds, which had been offered by the British Government for his apprehension, at the beginning of the campaign, still hung over his head, and indeed was now more ostentatiously offered than ever. The magnitude of the sum was such as seemed calculated to overcome every scruple on the part of his friends; and it was daily expected, throughout the whole country, that he would be given up by one or other of those to whom he intrusted his person. That no means for the accomplishment of such an end might be omitted, parties of soldiers were sent out in every direction, each more eager than another to secure the splendid prize. The Duke's instructions to those blood-hounds, were invariably expressed in the simple words, "No prisoners, gentlemen—you understand me." Among all who were employed in this duty, no man seems to have been so eager as the leader of the Campbells, now raised to the rank of General. On a report arising that the Chevalier had taken refuge in St Kilda, that active person instantly repaired

to the island with a large fleet. St Kilda, "placed far amidst the melancholy main," is the remotest of all the Western Islands, and is peopled by only a few aboriginal families, who subsist chiefly on fish and sea-fowl, paying a rent to the Laird of MacLeod, whose factor, sent once a year to collect the same, was then the only visitor whom the lonely St Kildans ever saw. On Campbell's fleet coming within sight, the people fled in terror to caves and the tops of mountains; and it was not without considerable difficulty that the General could procure a hearing amongst them. His men asked those whom they found, "what had become of the Pretender?" expecting to discover their guilt by the confusion of their manners, or perhaps to get a candid confession. But the only answer they could get from the simple islanders, was, "that they had never heard of such a person." All that they could tell about the late troubles, was, that they heard a report, probably communicated by some stray fishermen, that their laird (MacLeod) had been at war with a woman a great way abroad, and that he had got the better of her. The General returned on board, to retrace his long disagreeable voyage, with feelings which need not be described, but in which few of our readers will be disposed to sympathise with him.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Cumberland took measures for disarming the insurgent clans, and for inflicting that vengeance upon their country, which the atrocity of their late "wicked and unnatural attempt" seemed to demand. The Earl of Loudoun, the Laird of MacLeod, and Sir Alexander MacDonald, with seventeen hundred militia,

and General Campbell, with his eight hundred Argyle men, were marched into Lochaber; six hundred Grants were sent into the Frasers' Country; and the Monroes, Mackays, and Sutherlands, were despatched to Ross-shire; to effect these desirable objects. Lord Fortrose, son of the Earl of Seaforth, raised the Mackenzies, to guard the passages to the Isles; orders were given along the coast to prevent any suspicious persons from making their escape by sea; Cobham's and Lord Mark Kerr's dragoons were planted to guard the east coast; bodies of local militia were placed at all the passes out of the Highlands, and even at the fords of the Frew and the ferries across the Firth of Forth; in order to insure the ultimate and leisurely capture of all the unfortunate insurgents.

About a month after the battle of Culloden, when every preparation had been made, the Duke set out from Inverness upon a tour of vengeance. He had previously issued a proclamation, requiring the rebels to deliver up their arms, and submit to the King's mercy, and was somewhat exasperated to find that very few availed themselves of so generous a proposal. Those, therefore, who would not take the chance of *civil*, he now determined to visit, if possible, with the certainty of *military*, execution. He went to Fort Augustus, with Kingston's horse and eleven battalions of foot, for whose accommodation a summer camp was established. A house was erected of turf, and provided with windows and furniture, for his own use.⁶ There, in the midst of the Rebel country, with all his troops extending in parties around him, he might be compared to a huge blue-bottle.

spider, rioting in the centre of his wide-spread meshes.

Several of the clans had, in the mean time, entered into a bond of mutual defence, for the desperate purpose of resisting the power which they saw was about to close upon and destroy them. At the head of this association, were the chiefs of Lochiel, Glengary, Clanranald, Stewarts of Appin, Keppoch, Barisdale and MacInnes, each of whom was to assemble his men, and bring as many other leaders as he could advertise or persuade into the measure, on the 15th of May. When the day of meeting came, few were found at the place of rendezvous, on account of the paramount necessity, under which each clan lay, of defending its own country. They expected assistance from France, but none arrived in time. The Duke therefore found them still in open rebellion, and yet incapable of resistance.

A period of rapine and massacre now ensued, upon whose details we would willingly shut our eyes, but which the duty of an historian compels us, however reluctantly, to record. The general outline of the devastation, as given in the heartless publications of the day, was simply, that strong parties of soldiers, being despatched into the countries of the various insurgent chiefs, burnt all the houses, carried off all the cattle, and *shot every male inhabitant who fled at their approach*. But the filling up of this dreadful picture comprises a thousand horrors. By the conflagration of the houses, innumerable innocent persons, including the young, the sickly, and the aged, were rendered homeless; by the abstraction of the cattle, the same persons were deprived of their daily

food ; by the massacre of the fugitives, many of whom were innocent of even the imaginary crime imputed to them, the whole population was left to lament over the bloody corpses of their kindred. Under circumstances of such unparalleled distress, the widows and orphans of the slain had either to resign themselves to a slow and lingering death, or to anticipate it by perishing of fatigue, among the pathless hills, in wandering towards the distant countries which the brand of the destroyer had not reached. Some followed the parties which drove their cattle towards Fort Augustus, with the miserable hope of getting back a few for their subsistence by working upon the pity of the oppressors. But they had only the mortification of seeing their property sold, generally at trifling prices, to the mercenary drovers of the South. It might have been expected that at this place, where there was a sort of public market for the time, the wretched victims would have been able to subsist at least upon charity. Instead of that mitigated fate, they were reduced to such extremities of hunger, as often to approach the shambles where the soldiers killed cattle for their own use, and, with the humblest air and many entreaties, beg permission to lick up the blood and soil of the slaughtered beesves !

Before the 10th of June, the task of desolation was complete throughout all the western parts of Inverness-shire ; and the curse which had been denounced upon Scotland, by the religious enthusiasts of the preceding century, was at length so entirely fulfilled in this remote region, that it would have been literally possible to travel for

days through the depopulated glens, *without seeing a chimney smoke, or hearing a cock crow.*

It is generally allowed that the Duke himself, though the instigator of these cruelties, did not show so much open or active cruelty as some of the more immediate instruments of the Royal vengeance. General Hawley was one of the most remorseless of all the commanding officers; apparently thinking no extent of cruelty a sufficient compensation for his loss of honour at Falkirk. The names of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, Captain Caroline Scott, and Major Lockhart, are also to be handed down to everlasting execration, as among the blood-thirstiest of all these human wolves. The last, in particular, did not even respect the protections which Lord Loudoun had extended (by virtue of a commission from the Duke), to those who had taken an early opportunity of submitting to him; but used only to observe to the unhappy individuals who expected to be saved on that account, as he ordered them to execution and their houses to the flames, that, *"though they were to show him a protection from Heaven, it should not prevent him from doing his duty!"*⁸

It reflects great credit upon the Highlanders, that, in the midst of all these calamities, they displayed no disposition to take mean or insidious modes of avenging them, though, with arms in their hands, and acquainted as they were with the country, they might have often done so both easily and securely. Only one soldier is said to have perished by the hand of an assassin, during the whole of the frightful campaign. The circumstance was to the triumphant party a matter of

great gratulation, affording them a sort of excuse for further cruelties ; while, by the thinking part of the Jacobites, it was regarded with horror and bitterness of spirit. A domestic belonging to the house of Glengary, on reaching his home after a short expedition, found that, during his absence, his property had been destroyed, his wife violated, and his home rendered desolate. In the bitterness of the moment, he vowed deadly revenge. Learning that the officer who had commanded the spoilers, and who had been the ravisher of his wife, rode upon a white horse, he rushed abroad with his musket, determined never to rest till he had accomplished his vow. After wandering several weeks, without discovering the villain, he one day observed an officer approaching at the head of a party, mounted upon the white horse he had heard described. This was not the real perpetrator of his wrongs, but a very worthy man, Major Monro of Culcairn, a younger brother of the late Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, who had, unfortunately for himself, borrowed the animal on which he rode. The infuriated Highlander took aim from behind some craggy banks which overlooked the road, and shot the Major dead. He then fled through the rugged country, and was soon beyond pursuit. On afterwards learning that he had killed an innocent man, he burst his gun, and renounced the vow which had bound him to vengeance. Doddridge and various other writers narrate the circumstance of Culcairn's assassination, but it is only now for the first time justified, by a full disclosure of the facts which led to it.

Whilst the natives and the fugitive Prince were

enduring every species of hardship, Duke William and his myrmidons at Fort Augustus spent their time in a ceaseless round of festivity. Enriched by the sale of their spoils, the soldiers could purchase all the luxuries which the Lowlands could supply, or which could be conveniently transported over the Grampians; and for several weeks their camp exhibited all the coarse and obstreperous revelries of an English fair. It was common, while thousands were starving around them, to hear these miscreants talking, over their feasts, of the languor and tedium of their campaign—looking with affected horror on the sublime scenery around them—and execrating the rebels for bringing them into such a wilderness. In order to amuse them, the Duke instituted races, which were run by the trulls of the camp, with circumstances of indecency which forbid description. General Hawley also ran a race with the infamous Howard, and, probably rendered a proficient in that exercise by his practice at Falkirk, gained it by four inches.

“At this time,” says the volunteer Ray, “most of the soldiers had horses, which they bought and sold with one another at a low price, and on which they were constantly riding about, to the neglect of their duty, which made it necessary to publish an order, that, unless immediately parted with, the animals should be shot. I saw a soldier riding on one of these horses, when a comrade passing by asked him, ‘Tom, what hast thou given for the Galloway?’ Tom answered, ‘Half a crown.’ ‘Too dear by half,’ replied the other; ‘I saw a better bought for eighteenpence!’ Notwithstanding this lowness of price,” continues Ray, “the vast quantities of cattle, such as oxen,

horses, sheep, and goats, taken from the rebels, and bought up, in the lump, by the jockies and farmers of Yorkshire and Galloway, came to a great deal of money—all of which was divided as booty among the men who had brought them in. These, being sent out in search of the Pretender, frequently came to the houses of rebels that had left them, refusing to be reduced to obedience, which our soldiers commonly plundered and burnt, so that many of them grew rich by their share of spoil."

The manners of the British soldiery at this time have been already described as extremely dissolute; but to immorality there was now added a degree of savage *ruffianism*, which would have actually disgraced the brigands of Italy. Not content with laying waste the country of the active insurgents, they extended their ravages, before the end of the season, over peaceful districts, to the very gates of the capital; and for some time Scotland might be said to have been treated throughout its whole bounds as a conquered country, subjected to the domination of military law. The voice of Lord President Forbes was occasionally heard amidst these outrages, like that of Pity described in the allegory as interposing in some barbarous scene; but, on this amiable old man remonstrating with the Duke, by a representation that his soldiers were breaking the laws of the land, his Royal Highness is said to have answered with scorn, "The laws, my Lord! By G—, I'll make a brigade give laws."^o No form of trial was adopted with the insurgents, even within a few miles of the seat of the Court of Session; nor did

the soldiers ever appeal to the neighbouring Justices for warrants, when about to plunder their houses. The lawful creditors of unfortunate individuals were, in innumerable instances, mortified at seeing a lawless band seize the property to which they looked for payment, and unceremoniously expose it to public rousp for their own behalf. Such transactions often took place on Sundays, to the general scandal of the nation.

The license of the soldiery extended to the most tranquil districts of the country, and was often exercised upon people of unquestionable innocence. A party of dragoons, hurrying through Nithisdale in search of some wandering insurgents, drew up, hungry and fatigued, at the door of a lonely widow, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up some homely dish, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived.—“Indeed,” quoth she, “the cow and the garden, wi’ God’s blessing, is a’ my mailen (farm).” He rose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed the garden. The poor woman, thus rendered destitute, soon died of a broken heart; and her disconsolate son wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. Afterwards, in the Seven-years War, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits, when a dragoon cried out, “I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithisdale. I killed her cow and destroyed her greens; but,” added he, “she could live, for all that, *on her God*,

as she said." "And don't you rue it?" cried a young soldier, starting up, "don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said the miscreant, "rue aught like that!" "Then, by h——," cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother—draw, you brutal villain, draw!" They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body; and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, "Had you rued it, you should have been only punished by your God!"

At length, a public outrage of a peculiarly heinous nature became the means of terminating this *reign of terror*. A citizen of Stirling, having given offence to an officer in the garrison by some uncivil expression uttered in the course of business, was seized by the ruffians, stripped naked on the public street, bound upon a lamp-post, and there flogged in military fashion, notwithstanding the interference of the civil authorities, and the general horror of the people. The news of this transaction, which happened six months after the total suppression of "the rebellion," spread over all Scotland, and had nearly occasioned a new insurrection. The state-officers of the country, who had hitherto meanly submitted to the domination of the soldiery, then at last saw it necessary to remonstrate against a system which promised so much mischief; and on their representation, farther violence was prohibited by the express command of Government.

Besides the measures already described as having been taken for the capture of the Chevalier and his friends, others were adopted of a nature

which showed the resolution of Government to attain that object. The General Assembly of the Church, about the end of May, was required to command all the placed clergymen throughout the country, to read a proclamation from their pulpits, in which the Duke ordered every minister and every loyal subject to exert themselves in discovering and seizing the rebels; and the General Assembly complied with the requisition, contrary no less to the republican independence affected by the Scottish Church, than to the dictates of the gospel which they professed to preach. Many of the individual clergymen, with a better spirit, refused to read this paper, or left it to be read by their precentors; in consequence of which the Duke sent another order to the church, commanding every minister to give in a list of the rebels belonging to his parish. With this last still fewer complied; the clergymen of Edinburgh ranking among the recusants; and the Duke, having then used individual applications and even personal entreaties in vain, troubled them with no more.¹⁰

It is not observable in any authentic documents, that those who gave food or shelter to the fugitives, were punished with death; but it is at least certain, that a proclamation was read in the churches of Perth and its vicinity, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, threatening with that punishment all who concealed them, or even their arms. Rewards were also offered in Ireland and the Isle of Man, for the apprehension of any who might land in those territories; and the British ministers at foreign courts in alliance with his Majesty, were ordered to secure all who might take refuge there. The means, in short, were omitted, which might

tend to the grand object of exterminating these unhappy victims of state resentment.

The consequence was, that, besides the numbers who perished in the course of what the soldiers termed *Rebel-hunting*, hundreds were immured in the jails of the South and the holds of the British cruisers. The chief men of distinction who fell into the hands of Government, besides the Earl of Cromarty and Lord MacLeod, who had been taken before Culloden, ¹¹ were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lords Lovat and Balmerino, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Secretary Murray. Lord Kilmarnock's capture was attended by circumstances peculiarly affecting. During the confusion of the flight from Culloden, being half-blinded by smoke and snow, he mistook a party of dragoons for FitzJames's horses, and was accordingly taken. He was soon after led along the lines of the British infantry, in which his son, then a very young man, held the commission of an ensign. The Earl had lost his hat in the strife, and his long hair was flying in disorder around his head and over his face. The soldiers stood mute in their lines, beholding the unfortunate nobleman. Among the rest stood Lord Boyd, compelled by his situation to witness, without the power of alleviating, the humiliation of his father. When the Earl came past the place where his son stood, the youth, unable to bear any longer that his father's head should be exposed to the storm, stepped out of the ranks, without regard to discipline, and, taking off his own hat, placed it over his father's disordered and wind-beaten locks. He then returned to his place, without having uttered a word, while

scarcely an eye that saw his filial affection, but what confessed its merit by a tear.

Lord Lovat, after parting with Charles, had sought refuge in the wildest parts of Inverness-shire, along with a considerable number of attendants, who carried him upon a sort of litter, with all the devotion of clansmen to their chief. His Lordship was at length taken, about the beginning of June. He was found wrapt in a blanket, and deposited in the hollow of an old tree which grew upon a little isle in the centre of a lake ; to which place of concealment he had retired for shelter. On the search becoming very close, Balmerino voluntarily resigned himself, after having only endured the life of a fugitive for two days. Tullibardine fell into the hands of a private gentleman, the commander of a troop of native militia, at one of the passes out of Dunbartonshire ; and Secretary Murray, after escaping from the Highlands, was taken in the house of his brother-in-law, Mr Hunter of Polmood, in Peeblesshire. They were all despatched, under safe custody, to London.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—THE LONG ISLAND.

He might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHARLES was left in the remote and desolate island of Benbecula, where he had arrived after a night voyage of no ordinary danger. His accommodations in this place were of the humblest description. A cow-house, destitute of a door, was his palace; his couch of state was formed of filthy straw and a sail-cloth; and the regal banquet, composed of oat-meal and boiled flesh, was served up in the homely pot in which it had been prepared. The storm continued for fourteen hours; and it was not till the third day after, (Tuesday, the 29th of April), that he could leave the island. They set sail for Stornoway, the chief port in the Isle of Lewis, where Donald MacLeod entertained hopes of procuring a vessel to convey the Prince to France. A storm, however, coming on, as on the former occasion, their little vessel was driven in upon the small isle of Glass, about forty miles northward of Benbecula, and fully as far distant from Stornoway. They disembarked about two

hours before daybreak, and, finding the inhabitants engaged in the hostile interest under the Laird of MacLeod, were obliged to assume the character of merchantmen who had been shipwrecked in a voyage to Orkney; Sullivan and the Prince calling themselves Sinclair, as father and son; the rest of the crew taking other names. They were entertained here by Donald Campbell, a farmer; who was so kind as to lend his own boat to Donald MacLeod, that he might go to Stornoway, in order to hire a vessel for the Prince's service. Donald set out next day, leaving the Prince in Campbell's house.

A message came from the faithful MacLeod on the 3d of May, intimating his having succeeded in his object, and requesting the Prince immediately to set forward. Another boat, therefore, being manned, Charles set sail next day for Stornoway. The wind proving contrary, he was obliged to land in Loch Seaforth, at the distance of thirty miles from Stornoway. All this way he had to walk on foot over a pathless moor, which, in addition to all other disadvantages, was extremely wet. It was fortunate, however, that he did not immediately reach his destined port, as the people there, apprised of his approach by a zealous Presbyterian clergyman of the Isle of Uist, had risen in arms against him, their imaginations possessed by an idea, that he would burn their town, carry off their cattle, and force a vessel into his service. Being misled by the ignorance of their guide, the disconsolate little party did not get near Stornoway till the 5th at noon; when, stopping at the Point of Arynish, about half a mile from town, they sent forward their guide to Donald MacLeod,

implored him to bring them out some refreshment. Donald soon came with provisions, and took them to the house of Mrs Mackenzie of Kildun, where the Prince went to sleep. Returning to Stornoway, Donald was confounded to observe the people all rising in the commotion alluded to. He exerted his eloquence, to show them the absurdity of their fears, representing the inability of the Prince with so small a band to do them the least injury, and finally threatening that, if they should hurt but a hair of his head, it would be amply and fearfully revenged upon them, in this their lonely situation, by his Royal Highness's foreign friends. By working upon their pity, alternately, and their fears, he succeeded in pacifying them; and all they at last desired was, that he should leave their country. Donald requested to have a pilot; but nobody could be persuaded to perform that service. He then returned to the house in which the Prince was reposing, and informed him of the disagreeable aspect of his affairs. Some proposed to fly instantly to the moors; but Charles resolved to stand his ground, lest such a measure should encourage his enemies to pursue. They soon after learned, that the boat, in which they came to Lewis, had been taken out to sea by two of the crew, while the other two had fled to the country, from fear of the people of Stornoway. They were, therefore, obliged to spend the afternoon, in a state of painful alarm, at Mrs Mackenzie's house.


The Prince, Sullivan, and O'Neal, had at this time only six shirts amongst them. They killed a cow during their residence at Kildun; for which the lady refused to take payment, till compelled by his Royal Highness. They also procured two

pecks of meal, with plenty of brandy and sugar. Edward Burke acted as cook, though the Prince occasionally interfered with his duties, and, on the present occasion, prepared with his own hands a cake of oat-meal, mixed with the brains of the cow. With these provisions, the whole party set sail next morning in the boat, which had returned ashore during the night. The Prince wished to go to Bollein in Kintail; but the men refused, on account of the length of the voyage. Soon after, four large vessels appearing at a distance, they put into the small desert Isle of Eiurn or Iffurt, near Harris, a little way north of Glass, where they had been a few days before.

The island was inhabited by only a few fishermen, all of whom fled to the interior at the approach of the boat, which they believed to be sent with a press-gang from the vessels within sight. They left their fish in large quantities drying upon the shore, to the great satisfaction of the wanderers, who made a hearty meal upon it.* The Prince was going to lay down money upon the place where they got the fish, but the ingenious Donald prevented him, by representing the necessity of acting up to their supposed character of a press-gang; adding, according to the report of Dugald Graham—

“ Is it not the man of war's men's way,
To take all things, but nought to pay? ”

Charles yielded to the suggestions of his sagacious counsellor, though not without violence to his conscience. His lodging here was a miserable hovel, the roof of which was so imperfect, that it had to be covered with a sailcloth. They lay upon the floor, keeping watch by turns.



After a residence of four days upon this little island, the party once more set sail, and, cruising along the shores of the Long Island, touched at Glass (where they had been before), with the intention of paying Donald Campbell for the hire of his boat. Before they had got time to land, four men came up, and it was thought necessary to send Edward Burke ashore to confer with them, before the Prince should hazard his person on the island. These fellows manifesting a desire of seizing the boat, Burke, to escape their clutches, was under the necessity of hastily jumping back into it, and pushing off from the shore. On account of the calm, they had to row all night, although excessively faint for want of food. About daybreak, they hoisted their sail to catch the wind, which then began to rise. Not having any fresh water, they were obliged, during this miserable day, to subsist upon meal stirred into brine. Charles himself is said to have partaken this nauseous food with some degree of satisfaction, observing that, if ever he mounted a throne, he should not fail to remember "those who dined with him to-day." It ought to be mentioned, that they fortunately were able to qualify the *salt-water dram-mock*, as it was called, with a dram of brandy.

Charles's route having been discovered by his enemies, the Long Island was now invested by a great number of English war-vessels, whilst the land was traversed by nearly two thousand militia; so that it seemed scarcely possible he should escape. He was actually chased for three leagues by an English ship, under the command of a Captain Fergusson; but escaped among the rocks at

the Point of Roundil, in the Harris. Soon after, on stealing out to pursue his course, the boat was espied and pursued by another ship; and it was with the greatest difficulty the crew got ashore upon Benbecula. But Providence seemed to guard him in all dangers; for scarcely had he landed, when a storm arose, and blew his pursuers off the coast. Charles, elated at the double escape he had made, could not help exclaiming to his companions, that he believed he was not designed to die by either weapon or water.

Soon after landing upon Benbecula, one of the boatmen began to search among the rocks for shell-fish, and had the good fortune to catch a crab, which he held up to the Prince with a joyful exclamation. Charles instantly took a pail or bucket, which they carried with them, and ran to receive the fish from the man's hands. They were fortunately soon able to fill this vessel with crabs; and they then directed their steps to a hut about two miles inland, Charles insisting upon carrying the bucket. On reaching the hovel, it was found to be one of the very meanest and most primitive description; the door being so low, that they were obliged to enter upon their hands and knees. Resolving here to remain for some time, Charles ordered his faithful servant Burke to improve the hovel by lowering the threshold. He also sent a message to the old Laird of Clanranald, the father of his youthful adherent, acquainting him of his arrival, and of his present hapless condition.

Clanranald, who had lived in the Long Island during the whole progress of the war, came immediately, bringing with him some Spanish wines,

provisions, shoes, and stockings. He found the youth who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hog-stye, and a thousand times more filthy; his face haggard with disease, hunger, and exposure to the weather; and his shirt, to use the expressive language of Dougal Graham, as dingy as a dishclout. He procured him six good shirts from Lady Clanranald, with a supply of every other convenience which was attainable; and after spending a day or two in the hut, it was determined that he should remove to a more sequestered and secure place of hiding, near the centre of South Uist.

Before removing, the Prince despatched Donald MacLeod to the Mainland, with letters to Lochiel and Secretary Murray, desiring to know the state of affairs in the country, and requesting from the Secretary a supply of cash for the purchase of provisions. On making application to Murray, whom he found with Lochiel near the head of Loch Arkaig, Donald was informed that he had only sixty louis-d'ors for the supply of his own necessities, and could not spare any for the use of his Royal Highness.³ The faithful messenger, having received letters from both gentlemen, and purchased two ankers of brandy at a guinea each, returned to the Long Island, where he arrived after an absence of eighteen days.

When Donald returned, he found the Prince in a better hut than that in which he had left him, having two cow-hides stretched out upon four sticks, as an awning to cover him when asleep. His habitation was called the Forest-house of

Glencoradale, being situated in a lonely and secluded vale, with a convenient access either to the hills or the sea, in case of a visit from the enemy. South Uist is remarkable above all the Hebrides for abundance of game, and Charles had here amused himself with field sports. He showed himself remarkably expert in shooting fowl upon the wing.⁴ Sometimes he also went out in a boat upon the creek near his residence; and, with hand-lines, caught a species of fish called *Lyth*. Most of his faithful boatmen still remained with him, and he was provided by Clanramald with a dozen of stout gillies to act as watchmen and couriers. The old gentleman, as well as his brother Boisdale, often attended him, to cheer his solitude and administer to his comforts.

After having spent several weeks in this fashion at Glencoradale, Charles was at last obliged to resume his former skulking mode of life, on learning that the myrmidons of Government, whose vessels cruized every where around, had now resolved to sweep over the whole of the Long Island from end to end, for the purpose of enclosing him in their toils.⁵ "It is impossible," says one who attended him, "to express the consternation which this intelligence occasioned among the Prince's attendants." The island invested by war-vessels, traversed by hundreds of soldiers, every ferry guarded, and no person permitted to leave the coast without a passport—escape seemed to be altogether impracticable. His usual good fortune, however, attended him; and, by the activity and vigilance of the people of the island, all of whom knew who and what he was, and took every means to assist

him, he at length evaded all the perils that environed him.

It was when thus hard pressed in South Uist, that Charles became indebted for his immediate preservation to Miss Flora MacDonald; a name which, according to the prediction of Dr Johnson, *will live in history*, and which no historian, it may be added, will ever mention without profound respect. This lady, the daughter of MacDonald of Milton, in the island of South Uist, and therefore a gentlewoman by birth, was then in the prime of life, possessed of an attractive person, and endowed with the invaluable accomplishments of good sense, sprightliness, and humanity. Her father having died during her infancy, her mother was married to MacDonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye, who was at the head of one of the corps of militia now patrolling South Uist. She was generally an inmate in the family of her brother, the proprietor of Milton; but, at present, she resided, on a visit, at Ormaclade, the house of Clanranald, to whose family she was nearly related. O'Neal being employed to ask her good services for the Prince, she expressed an earnest desire at least to see that celebrated personage; and was accordingly brought to an interview with his Royal Highness. She found him emaciated with bad health, though possessed of a wonderful degree of good humour and cheerfulness; and, unable to resist the influence of his presence, she at once agreed to do every thing in her power for his service.

When the project for his escape had been settled, Miss MacDonald repaired to her step-father, and demanded a passport for herself, a man-ser-

vant, and her maid, whom she entitled Betty Burke ; professing to be bound for Skye, on a visit to her mother. Captain MacDonald, unsuspecting of his step-daughter's design, granted the passport without demur, and even, at Miss Flora's suggestion, recommended Betty Burke to his wife as an excellent spinner of flax, and a good servant. She returned to the Prince, who now lay by himself in a little hut upon the shore, about a mile from the house of Ormaclade. She was accompanied by the Lady Clanranald and some other attendants, who carried a female disguise for the Prince.

On entering the hut, they found his Royal Highness engaged in roasting the heart and liver of a sheep upon a wooden spit ; a sight at which some of the party could not help shedding tears. Charles, always the least concerned at his distressing circumstances, though never, even in his lowest humiliation, compromising the idea of his lofty pretensions, jocularly observed, that it would be well, perhaps, for all kings if they had to come through such a fiery ordeal as he was now enduring. They soon after sat down to dinner, Miss MacDonald on his right hand and Lady Clanranald on his left. A small shallop had been previously made ready, and was now floating near the shore.

The party was soon after informed by a messenger, that General Campbell, with a great party of soldiers, had arrived at Ormaclade, in quest of Charles. Lady Clanranald judged it proper to go home, to amuse them. The commanding officer examined her very strictly ; but she readily excused herself, by the pretext that she had been visiting a sick child. She was afterwards taken

into custody, along with her husband; and both paid for their kindness to the Prince by a long confinement at London.

Soon after she had left the Prince, he and his company were dreadfully alarmed by seeing four wherries, full of armed men, sailing along close by the shore. They instantly extinguished a fire of heath and sticks which they had lighted to warm themselves, and sought concealment behind the rocks of the beach. The boats sailed past within musket-shot, without the sailors having perceived them.

It was on the evening of Friday, the 28th of June, that Charles set sail from the Long Island, where, during the last two months, he had encountered so many risks. He was dressed in attire suitable to his character as an Irish serving-girl—namely, a coarse printed gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of dun camblet, made in the Irish fashion, with a hood. His circumstances had rendered it necessary, some time before, that he should part with his faithful friends, Sullivan, O'Neal, Edward Burke, and Donald MacLeod; and, when he now embarked for Skye, he was only accompanied by Miss MacDonald, and a person named Neil MacEachan, neither of whom he had ever seen a week before. It is worthy of remark, that the last-mentioned person, who passed for Miss MacDonald's servant, but who was in reality a sort of preceptor in the family of Clanranald, was the father of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum, so much distinguished for military achievement and honourable bearing during the wars of Bonaparte.⁶

CHAPTER X.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—SKYE.

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
 And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
 The lovely young Flora sat sighing her lane,
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her ee.
 She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung;
 Away on the wave like a bird of the main,
 And, aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
 "Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again.
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and good,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!"
Jacobite Song.

THE weather continued fair till they had got several leagues from shore, when it became somewhat tempestuous. Exposed in an open boat to the cold night air, at the mercy of a raging sea, and at the same time haunted by the fear of man's more deadly hostility—the sensations of the little party cannot be supposed to have been very agreeable. Charles could not help perceiving the uneasiness of his attendants; and, anxious to compensate, by all the means in his power, for the pain which he occasioned to them, he endeavoured to sustain their spirits by singing and talking. He sung the lively old song, entitled

"The Restoration;" and told some playful stories, which yielded them considerable amusement.

When day dawned, they found themselves surrounded by a shoreless sea, without any means of determining in what part of the Hebrides they were. They sailed, however, but a little way farther, when they perceived the lofty mountains and dark bold headlands of Skye. Making with all speed towards that coast, they soon found themselves off Waternish, the western point of the island. Here an adventure occurred which had nearly proved the destruction of the Prince, and which ran nigh to involve the whole party in one dreadful fate. They had no sooner drawn near to the shore, than they perceived it become covered with a body of armed men, all of them clad in the sanguine garments which betokened such deadly danger to the princely fugitive. The boat was within shot of these men, before they were observed. When the boatmen at length perceived them, they lost no time in changing the direction of their oars. The soldiers called upon them to land, upon peril of being shot at; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and they exerted their utmost energies in pulling off their little vessel. The soldiers then put their threat in execution, by discharging a volley, the balls of which struck the water in every direction around, though fortunately without hitting the boat or any of its crew. The whole of the party, not excepting either the royal or the female individual, displayed a high degree of fortitude on this trying occasion. Charles at first called upon the boatmen "not to mind the villains," for so he termed the soldiers; and they assured him, that, if they cared at all, it was only

for him ; to which he replied, with undaunted lightness of demeanour, " Oh, no fear of me ! " He then entreated Miss MacDonald to lie down at the bottom of the boat, in order to avoid the bullets ; as nothing, he said, would give him at that moment greater pain than if any accident were to befall her. The truly noble woman whom he addressed, instead of obeying his wishes, declared that she was here with a purpose to save his life, and not to take care of her own—that she would consider herself degraded if she were to use any measure for her own safety, while the person of her prince was exposed ;—and she entreated that he would take care of a life which was so much more valuable than hers, by occupying the place of security which he had pointed out to her. Charles was astonished at the extravagant heroism of his conductress, and proceeded to use still more urgent entreaties, as the bullets were every moment coming in greater numbers from the shore. But she gave a decided negative to all that he could urge ; and he only at last prevailed upon her to take the measure of safety which he suggested, by agreeing to lie down along with her. The matter thus compromised, they ensconced themselves together in the bottom of the boat ; and the rowers soon pulled them out of all further danger. ¹

When once more fairly out to sea, and in some measure recovered from this alarm, Miss MacDonald, overcome with the watchfulness and anxiety of the night, fell asleep upon the bottom of the boat. Charles had previously rendered the kindest attentions to his amiable preserver, refusing to partake of a small quantity of wine which

Lady Clanranald had brought to him before embarking, upon the plea that it should be reserved for her, both on account of her sex, and the extraordinary hardships she was undergoing. He now sat down beside her, and watched with tender and anxious regard, lest the boatmen should happen to disturb her in the course of their awkward evolutions.

In the eagerness of Duke William's emissaries to take Charles upon the Long Island, where they had certain information he was, Skye, on which the Prince was now about to land, and which is at least sixty miles distant from that remote cluster of isles, was left comparatively unwatched. It is true, the MacDonalds and MacLeods, who chiefly possessed Skye, had remained well-affected to Government, and now formed a sort of militia for the ostensible purpose of capturing the great public enemy. But Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod, chiefs of the two clans, were in secret friendly to the Chevalier, having only refrained from joining him for prudential reasons, and would have been now very unwilling to injure him. The whole clans of course took their cue from the chiefs, and were equally inclined to be passive. There were only several troops of regular infantry upon the island, from whom any harm could be apprehended; and they, fortunately, were not very vigilant.

Proceeding to Kilbride, near the northern extremity of the island, the little party landed at a short distance from Moydstat, or Mugstat, the seat of Sir Alexander MacDonald. Sir Alexander himself was known to be absent, in attendance upon the Duke of Cumberland; but Flora had

taken care, before leaving Uist, to apprise his lady, by means of a friend named Mrs MacDonald, of her visit and its purpose. She, now, therefore, went forward to the house, along with Charles and Mr MacEachan, in full hope of meet- with a favourable reception. ²

Lady Margaret MacDonald, to whose honour the Prince's life was now to be intrusted, was the daughter of Alexander Earl of Eglintoun, an un- avowed Jacobite, and of Susanna, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Colzean, who had ranked among the most violent cavaliers of the preceding age. Descended from friends of the Exiled Fa- mily, and married to a chieftain who was every thing but an active partisan; educated in High Church principles, and possessed of an honourable and exalted mind; she could not fail to befriend the unfortunate wanderer who had now come to her shores. It was fortunate that her Ladyship possessed talent and presence of mind sufficient to second her predilections and benevolence.

Leaving Charles alone at a safe place in the neighbourhood of Moydhstat, his heroic conduc- tress went forward to the house, with MacEachan, to reconnoitre, and apprise Lady Margaret of his arrival. This precaution proved to have been ab- solutely necessary, for there were several British officers in the house with her ladyship, belonging to the parties left to patrol the island. Miss MacDonald, with an exertion of presence of mind which reflects the highest credit upon her, went into the room where these officers were sitting, and conversed with them about the news of the day, and the professed object of her journey.

She had previously consulted with Lady Margaret, regarding the disposal of the Prince; and her Ladyship had determined upon sending him to the neighbouring isle of Raasay, the laird of which was there in hiding with some select friends, in whose company the Prince would be quite safe.

Lady Margaret, being obliged to remain at home for the entertainment of her military guests, was obliged to depute Mr MacDonald of Kingsburgh, Sir Alexander's factor, who happened to be in the house, to receive and take charge of the Prince. Kingsburgh, who, like all the factors of great Highland families, was a gentleman, and one of the best of the clan, displayed the greatest anxiety to render his services in so good a cause, and promised to conduct Charles to his own house of Kingsburgh, which is about a dozen miles from Moydhistat. He therefore went out to the hill where Charles had been left, carrying some wine and provisions for his refreshment. Though he had been apprised by Miss MacDonald of the exact place where the adventurer was left, he could not find him for a considerable time, and began to fear that some unhappy accident had befallen him. At length, perceiving some sheep make a sudden start at a particular part of the shore, and rightly judging the cause, he made towards that place, and on approaching it gave a cough, which caused the object of his search to start out of his concealment. On perceiving the old gentleman, Charles rushed forward, with a large knotted stick in his hand, as if ready to knock him down; but, on learning who the intruder was, and for what purpose he had been sent, his Royal Highness at once

changed his threatening attitude for one of the blandest friendship. Kingsburgh then produced his provisions, of which Charles partook with great avidity, having ate nothing for many hours. They soon after set forward together towards Kingsburgh.

After having dined with Lady Margaret and the officers,³ and when the Prince and Kingsburgh could be supposed to have got a considerable distance from the house, Miss MacDonald rose to depart. Lady Margaret affected great concern at her short stay, and entreated that she would prolong it at least till next day; reminding her that, when last at Moydstat, she had promised a much longer visit. Flora on the other hand pleaded the necessity of getting immediately home to attend her mother, who was unwell, and entirely alone in these troublesome times. After a proper reciprocation of entreaties and refusals, Lady Margaret, with great apparent reluctance, permitted her young friend to depart.

Miss MacDonald and Mr MacEachan were accompanied in their journey by the lady (Mrs MacDonald) whom she had despatched as an avant-courier to Moydshtat, and by the male and female servant of that gentlewoman. All the five rode on horseback. They soon came up with Kingsburgh and the Prince, who had walked thus far on the public road, but were soon after to turn off upon an unfrequented path across the wild country. Flora, anxious that her fellow-traveller's servants, who were uninitiated in the secret, should not see the route which Kingsburgh and the Prince were about to take, called upon the party to ride faster; and they passed the two pedestrians at a trot. Mrs

MacDonald's girl, however, could not help observing the extraordinary appearance of the female with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and exclaimed, that she "had never seen such a tall impudent-like jaud in her life ! See," she continued, addressing Flora, "what lang strides she takes, and how her coats wamble about her ! I daur say she's an Irish woman, or else a man in woman's clothes." Flora confirmed her in the former supposition, and soon after parted with her fellow-travellers.

Kingsburgh and the Prince, in walking along the road, were at first a good deal annoyed by the number of country people whom they met returning from church, and who all expressed wonder at the preternatural height and awkwardness of the apparent female. In crossing a stream which traversed the road, Charles held up his petticoats indelicately high, to save them from being wet. Kingsburgh pointed out, that, by doing so, he must excite strange suspicions among those who should happen to see him ; and his Royal Highness promised to take better care on the next occasion. Accordingly, in crossing another stream, he permitted his skirts to hang down and float upon the water. Kingsburgh again represented that this mode was as likely as the other to attract disagreeable observation ; and the Prince could not help laughing at the difficulty of adjusting this trifling, and yet important matter. His conductor further observed that, instead of returning the obeisance which the country made to them in passing, by a curtesy, his Royal Highness made a bow, and also that, in some other gestures and attitudes of person, he completely forgot the lady, and assumed the man. "Your enemies," re-

marked Kingsburgh, "call you a pretender; but, if you be, I can tell you, you are the worst at your trade I ever saw." "Why," replied Charles, laughing, "I believe my enemies do me as much injustice in this as in some other and more important particulars. I have all my life despised assumed characters, and am perhaps the worst dissimulator in the world." The whole party, Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss MacDonald, arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House, about eleven at night.

The House of Kingsburgh was not at this time in the best possible case for entertaining guests of distinction; and, to add to the distress of the occasion, all the inmates had long been gone to bed. The old gentleman, however, lost no time in putting matters in proper trim for the production of a supper to the party. He introduced Charles into the hall, and sent a servant up stairs to rouse his lady. Lady Kingsburgh, on being informed of her husband's arrival, with guests, did not choose to rise, but contented herself with sending down an apology for her non-appearance, and a request that they would help themselves to whatever was in the house. She had scarcely despatched the servant, when her daughter, a girl of seven years, came running up to her bed-side, and informed her, with many expressions of childish surprise, that her father had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen,—and brought her into the hall too!" Kingsburgh himself immediately came up, and desired her to lose no time in rising, as her presence was absolutely necessary for the entertainment of his fellow-travellers. She was now truly roused, and even al-

armed ; the mysterious sententiousness of her husband suggesting to her that he had taken under his protection some of the proscribed fugitives who were then known to be skulking in the country.

As she was putting on her clothes, she sent her daughter down stairs for her keys, which she remembered to have left in the hall. The girl, however, came back immediately, declaring, with marks of the greatest alarm, that she could not go into the hall for fear of the tall woman, who was walking backwards and forwards through it, in a manner, she said, perfectly frightful. Lady Kingsburgh then went down herself, but could not help hesitating, when she came to the door, at sight of this mysterious stranger. Kingsburgh coming up, she desired him to go in for the keys ; but he bade her go in herself ; and, after some further demur, in at last she went.

On her ladyship entering, Charles rose up from a seat which he had taken at the end of the hall, and advanced to salute her. Her apprehensions were now confirmed beyond a doubt ; for, in performing the ceremony which was then so indispensable at the introduction of gentlemen to ladies, she felt the roughness of a male cheek ; and such were her feelings at the discovery, that she almost fainted away. Not a word passed between her and the unfortunate stranger. When she got out of the hall, she eagerly made up to Kingsburgh, and disclosed to him all her suspicions. She did not upbraid her husband for having been so imprudent, but, on the contrary, asked if he thought the stranger would know any thing regarding the Prince. Kingsburgh then took his

wife's hands into his own, and said seriously: "My dear, this is the Prince himself." She could not restrain her alarm when he pronounced these emphatic words, but exclaimed, "The Prince!—then we'll be a' hanged noo!" Kingsburgh replied, "Hout tout, we can die but once—could we ever die in a better cause? We are only doing an act of humanity, which any body might do. Go," he added, "and make haste with supper for his Royal Highness. Bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else you can quickly make ready." "Eggs, butter, and cheese!" repeated Mrs MacDonald, alarmed upon a new but not less interesting score—the honour of her housewifeship; "what a supper is that for a prince—he'll never look at it!" "Ah, my good wife," replied Kingsburgh, "you little know how this poor Prince has fared of late! Our supper will be a treat to him. Besides, to make a formal supper, would cause the servants to suspect something. Make haste, and come to supper yourself." Lady Kingsburgh was almost as much alarmed at her husband's last expression as she had been about her provisions. "*Me* come to supper!" she exclaimed, "I ken naething about how to behave before Majesty!" "But you must come," Kingsburgh replied; "the Prince would not eat a bit without you; and you'll find it no difficult matter to behave before him—he is so easy and obliging in conversation."

Supper being accordingly soon after prepared, and Miss Flora MacDonald introduced, Charles, who had always paid the most respectful attentions to that young lady—rising up whenever she entered the room, and giving her the *pas* in all

matters of precedence—placed her upon his right hand, and Lady Kingsburgh on his left. He ate very heartily, and afterwards drank a bumper of brandy to the health and prosperity of his landlord. When his repast was finished, and the ladies had retired, he took out a little black stunted tobacco-pipe which he carried about with him, and which, among his companions, went by the name of "*the cutty*;" and proceeded to take a smoke; informing Kingsburgh that he had been obliged to have recourse to that exercise, during his wanderings, on account of a toothach which occasionally afflicted him. Kingsburgh then produced a small china punch-bowl, and, in Scottish fashion, made up, with usquebaugh, hot water, and sugar, the celebrated composition called toddy; dealing it out to Charles and himself in glasses. His Royal Highness was pleased to express himself perfectly delighted with this beverage, and soon, with Kingsburgh's assistance, emptied the little bowl; after which it was again filled. The two friends, unequal in rank, but united in common feelings, talked over their drink in a style so familiar, so kindly, and so much to the satisfaction of each other, that they did not observe the lapse of time; and it was an hour not the earliest in the morning ere either talked of retiring. It might have been expected that Charles, from fatigue, and from a wish to enjoy once more the comforts of a good bed, to which he had been so long a stranger, would have been the first to propose this measure. On the contrary, Kingsburgh had to perform the disagreeable duty of breaking up the company. After they had emptied the bowl several times, and when he himself was become anxious for re-

pose, he thought it necessary to hint to the Prince, that, as he would require to be up and away as soon as possible to-morrow, he had better now go to bed, in order that he might enjoy a proper quantity of sleep. To his surprise, Charles was by no means anxious for rest. On the contrary, he insisted upon "another bowl," that they might, as he said, finish their conversation. Kingsburgh veiled his feelings as a host, so far as to refuse this request, urging that it was absolutely necessary that his Royal Highness should retire, for the reason he had stated. Charles as eagerly pressed the necessity of more drink; and, after some good-humoured altercation, when Kingsburgh took away the bowl, to put it by, his Royal Highness rose to detain it; and a struggle ensued, in which the little vessel broke into two pieces, Charles retaining one in his hands, and Kingsburgh holding the other. The plea was thus put at an end; and the Prince no longer objected to go to bed.⁴

After having retired from the supper-table, Lady Kingsburgh desired Miss Flora to relate the adventures in which she had been concerned with his Royal Highness. At the termination of the recital, her ladyship inquired what had been done with the boatmen who brought them to Skye. Miss MacDonald said they had been sent back to South Uist. Lady Kingsburgh observed that they ought not to have been permitted to return immediately, lest, falling into the hands of the Prince's enemies in that island, they might divulge the secret of his route. Her conjecture, which turned out to have been correct, though happily without

being attended with evil consequences, determined Flora to change the Prince's clothes next day.

So much did Charles enjoy the novel pleasure of a good bed, that, though he seldom during his distresses slept above four hours, he on this occasion slept about ten, not awaking till roused, at one o'clock next day, by his kind landlord. Kingsburgh inquiring, like a good host, how he had reposed, the Prince answered that he had never enjoyed a more agreeable, or a longer sleep, in his life. He had almost forgot, he said, what a good bed was. Kingsburgh begged leave to tell his Royal Highness, that it was full time to think of another march. It would be proper, he continued, for him to go away in the same dress which he wore when he entered the house, in order to avoid raising suspicions among the servants; but, as the rumour of his disguise might have taken air, it would be advisable to assume another garb by the earliest convenience. The only reformation he thought it would be allowable to make in his habiliments at present, was a change of shoes, those which the Prince had brought with him being worn so much that his toes protruded through them. Kingsburgh happened to have a pair in the house which he had never worn, and those he provided for the accommodation of his Royal Highness. When Charles had shifted the old for the new, Kingsburgh took up the former, tied them together, and hung them up in a corner of his house, observing, that they might yet stand him in good stead. Charles asked him what he meant by that; and the old man replied, "Why, when you are fairly settled at St James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put

you in mind of your night's entertainment, and protection under my roof." Charles smiled at the conceit of the good old gentleman, and bade him be as good as his word. Kingsburgh accordingly kept these strange relics of his royal visitor as long as he lived. After his death, and when all prospect of Charles's restoration to St James's was gone, his family permitted them to be cut to pieces, and dispersed among their friends. It is the recollection of his great grand-daughter, that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got, in their bosoms.

When the Prince had dressed himself as well as he could, the ladies went into his chamber, to put on his apron, and pin his gown and cap. Before Flora put on the cap, Lady Kingsburgh requested her in Gaelic to ask for a lock of his Royal Highness's hair. Flora, from bashfulness, desired her ladyship in the same language to prefer the petition herself. Charles observed their debate, and inquired its object, which was no sooner explained to him than he laid down his head upon the lap of his young conductress, and told her to cut off as much as she chose. Flora severed a lock, the half of which she gave to Lady Kingsburgh, and the other half retained for herself.

The Prince being now dressed, and having taken his breakfast, addressed himself to his departure. He had observed that Lady Kingsburgh, like most ladies of birth and fashion of her time, took snuff; and, on approaching her to take his leave, he asked to have "a pinch from her mull." The good lady took that opportunity of presenting the box to his Royal Highness, as "a keepsake." He accepted it with many thanks, rendering at the

same time his warmest acknowledgments of the kindness with which he had been treated under her ladyship's roof. After he had taken a tender farewell, she went up stairs to his bedroom, and folded the sheets in which he had lain, declaring that they should never again be washed or used, till her death, when they should be employed as her winding-sheet. She was afterwards induced to divide this valuable memorial of her distinguished guest, with the amiable Flora, who, it may be mentioned, many years afterwards, carried her moiety of it to America. In the course of her strangely adventurous life, and, though often reduced to situations of the greatest distress by the republican insurgents, she never parted with it till the day of her death, when her body was wrapped in its precious folds, and consigned with it to the grave.

Charles had already debated with Kingsburgh what course it would be advisable for him next to pursue; and a resolution had been made, that he should endeavour to get over to the adjacent Isle of Raasay, in order to throw himself upon the protection of the proprietor, who was understood to be skulking there for his concern in the insurrection. The Laird of Raasay was one of the few gentlemen of the name of MacLeod who had joined Charles; and as he was, moreover, a man of the purest honour, the course proposed seemed extremely eligible. Kingsburgh had already taken measures to get his guest conveyed across the narrow sound which divides Skye from Raasay. Early in the forenoon, he had despatched a faithful servant named Donald Roy, or MacDonald, to a place not far distant, where lived the young Laird

of Raasay, a gentleman who, having remained at home in possession of the estate, was not subject to the unhappy proscription which had overtaken his father. Donald Roy was empowered to disclose the Prince's secret to young Raasay, and beg his assistance in getting his Royal Highness transported over to his father's hiding-place.

Charles therefore set out from Kingsburgh, with the intention of walking to Portree, a little town opposite Raasay, about ten or twelve miles distant, where he had the cheerful prospect of finding a boat ready to convey him to that island. He was accompanied by his faithful friends, Flora and Kingsburgh; the last carrying under his arm a suit of male Highland attire for his Royal Highness's use. When they had got to a considerable distance from the house, Kingsburgh conducted the Prince into a wood, and assisted him in changing his clothes. The suit which he now put on, consisted, as usual, of a short coat and waistcoat, a philabeg and short hose, a plaid, a wig, and a bonnet. Kingsburgh hid his cast-off garments in a bush, designing to call for them in returning from Portree. That they might not tell against him, in case of a call from the military, he afterwards conveyed them to his house, and burnt the whole, except the gown. The preservation of the gown was owing to his daughter, who insisted upon keeping it as a relic of their Prince, and because it was a pretty pattern. It was a stamped linen or cotton gown, with a purple flower upon a white ground. A Jacobite manufacturer of the name of Carmichael, at Leith, afterwards got a pattern made from it, and sold an immense quantity of cloth, precisely similar in appearance, to the loyal ladies of Scotland.

When Donald Roy made application to young Raasay, he was mortified by the information, that old Raasay had left his hiding-place upon the island, and gone to Knoydart, a part of Glen-gary's estate, upon the Mainland. The young gentleman, however, though he had been reserved from the insurrection for the purpose of saving the estate, was as well affected to the Chevalier as either his father or his younger brothers, who led out the clan, and instantly proposed to conduct the Wanderer to Raasay, where he could at least remain concealed till the old gentleman's advice might be obtained for further procedure. Donald approved of the plan; but the difficulty was, how to get a boat. They could not trust a Portree crew, and all the Raasay boats had been destroyed or carried off by the military, except two, belonging to Malcolm MacLeod, a cousin of young Raasay, which he had somewhere concealed.

There was at that time in the same house with young Raasay, a younger brother, named Murdoch MacLeod, who had been wounded at the battle of Culloden, and was here slowly recovering. Murdoch, being informed of the business in hand, said he would once more risk his life for Prince Charles; and, it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a fresh-water lake in the neighbourhood, he, with his brother, and some women, brought it to the sea, by extraordinary exertion, across a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a steep precipice. The gallant brothers, with the assistance of one little boy, rowed this to Raasay, where they hoped to find Malcolm MacLeod, and get one of his

good boats, with which they might return to Portree and receive the Wanderer ; or, in case of not finding him, they were to make the small boat serve, though the danger was considerable.

Malcolm MacLeod, who was soon to act a conspicuous part in the deliverance of the Prince, had been a captain in his service, and fought at the battle of Culloden. Being easily found by his cousins, he lost no time in producing one of his boats, which he succeeded in manning with two stout boatmen, named John MacKenzie and Donald MacFriar. Malcolm, being the oldest and most cautious man of the party, suggested that, as young Raasay was hitherto a clear man, he should not on the present occasion run any risk ; but that he himself and Murdoch, who were already as black as they could be, should alone conduct the expedition. Young Raasay answered, with an oath, that he would go at the risk of his life and fortune. " In God's name, then," said Malcolm, " let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, now stopped short, and refused to move, till they should be informed of their destination. They were sworn to secrecy, and made acquainted with not only the extent of their voyage, but also its object ; after which, they expressed the utmost eagerness to proceed.

The boat soon crossed the narrow sound which divides Raasay from Skye, and, being landed about half a mile from the harbour of Portree, Malcolm and MacFriar were despatched to look for Prince Charles, who had by this time advanced, with Kingsburgh and Miss Flora MacDonald, to the little inn at Portree. Donald Roy effected a

meeting between the two parties ; and it was resolved that Charles should immediately embark. Before leaving the inn to do so, Charles asked the landlord to have silver for a guinea ; and, on it appearing that there was only thirteen shillings of silver to be found in all Portree, his Royal Highness was about to accept that sum in exchange for his gold ; when Donald judiciously prevented him, on the plea that such an extraordinary symptom of indifference to money would point him out as a great man, and perhaps occasion his destruction. Nothing, therefore, now remained to be done in Skye, but to take leave of the two faithful friends to whom he had been so much indebted during his stay upon the island. Kingsburgh professed his resolution to accompany him to the boat, but it was thought proper that he should part with Miss Flora MacDonald at the inn. He could not, without much agitation, bid farewell to that young lady, whose whole conduct, during the three days of their acquaintance, had been marked with so much heroism and generous affection, and who, indeed, must have not only made the strongest impression upon his heart, but exalted his opinion of her sex, and of human nature. He embraced her in the tenderest manner, thanked her for her extraordinary services, and concluded by presenting to her a miniature of himself, which he desired that she would ever keep for his sake. ⁵

He was then conducted towards the boat, in which young Raasay and his brother were at this time waiting with the greatest anxiety. Before going on board, he turned to take leave of his remaining friend, the generous Kingsburgh. He threw his arms round the neck of this excellent

old gentleman, thanked him warmly for his valuable services, and, reminding him of the pleasantry about the shoes, expressed a hope that they should yet meet to drink a festive cup in the palace of the Kings of England. Tears fell from the eyes of both, as they closed in a parting embrace; and the Prince was so much affected, that his nose gushed with blood. Kingsburgh expressed alarm at so singular a mark of sensibility, but Charles assured him it never failed to happen when he parted with dear friends. In expressing his thanks to the old gentleman, he said that he only wished he could have a MacDonald to go through with him all the way; it being impossible for him to find greater kindness, or more fidelity, among any other clan in the wide world.

When he entered the boat, and the names of all the individuals composing the crew, including young Raasay, were announced to him, he would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals. It was evening when Charles left Portree; ⁶ a haven which derives its name from having been touched at by King James the Fifth, during his celebrated tour through the Western Isles; and it may be supposed that the contrast between his great-great-great-great grandfather's pomp on that occasion, and his own present humble state, must have afforded the unfortunate Prince matter for the most painful reflections. He slept a little on the passage to Raasay, and, after a voyage of ten miles, landed, about daybreak on the 1st of July, at a place called Glam. As almost all the houses in Raasay had been burnt by the soldiery, and as some were not

eligible as places of concealment, it was not without difficulty that the Prince was accommodated. A resolution was at length made, that the whole company should lodge in a little hovel which some shepherds had lately built, though it could afford them absolutely nothing but shelter from the open air. Bundles and beds of heath being strewed upon the ground, they sat down to a meal composed of provisions which had been sent along with the Prince from Kingsburgh. It was observed, with delight, by the Highlanders, that Charles would not eat wheaten bread or drink brandy, so long as there remained any oat-bread or whisky, which he enraptured them by terming "his own country bread and drink."

Though there were no parties of military upon Raasay, and although all the inhabitants were well-affected, it was thought proper by Charles's attendants to use the utmost caution. Watches were established upon the tops of all the neighbouring heights, and no one of the party appeared in public except young Raasay, who was, as already mentioned, a clear man. Donald Roy being stationed upon Skye, to give intelligence in case of any annoyance from that quarter, the Prince might have almost considered himself secure upon this wild and secluded island. Laying the wretchedness of his lodging out of the question, he might also be esteemed as by no means in the worst possible predicament as to living. Young Raasay was in the midst of his own flocks, and had only to use insidious means, to procure his Royal Highness, and the whole party, plenty of fresh provisions.

The Prince's bed of state was here one made, in the primitive Highland fashion, of heather, with the stalks upright, and the bloom uppermost. He enjoyed long, but not unbroken slumbers; often starting, and giving unconscious expression to the feelings and imagery of his dreams. Malcolm MacLeod, who watched him on these occasions, informed Mr Boswell, that his half-suppressed exclamations were sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, and occasionally in English; though the ingenious tourist could not help questioning Malcolm's ability to distinguish at least two of these tongues. One of his expressions in English was, "Oh God, poor Scotland!" his mind having probably been then engaged in lamenting the military tyranny, by which, in consequence of his unfortunate enterprise, a great part of the nation was then so bitterly agonized.

The only stranger, besides the Prince, then known to be upon the island of Raasay, and of course the only person from whom they apprehended particular danger, was a man who had come about a fortnight before for the ostensible purpose of selling a roll of tobacco. The tobacco had been long sold, and yet the man wandered about, apparently reluctant to quit the island. Nobody knew any thing about him, and he was suspected to be a spy. One day, John MacKenzie came running down from the place where he had been watching, with the alarming intelligence that this mysterious individual was approaching the hut. The three gentlemen who attended the Prince, young Raasay, Murdoch MacLeod, and Malcolm, immediately held a council of war upon

the subject, the result of which was, that the man should be put to death without ceremony. The mind of Charles shrunk with horror from a proposal, which, though involving no violation of humanity according to the ancient Highland code, seemed cruel in the extreme to a person who had been educated in a climate where life was held in greater estimation. Assuming a grave, and even severe countenance, he said, "God forbid that we should take away a man's life who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own." The gentlemen, however, persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. In the midst of the debate, John MacKenzie, the watchman, who sat at the door of the hut, said in Erse, "He must be shot:—you are the king; but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose." Charles, seeing his friends smile, asked what the man had said; which being reported to him in English, he observed that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation he was in, laughed loud and heartily.⁷ Fortunately, the unknown person walked past without perceiving that there were people in the hut. Malcolm MacLeod afterwards declared that, had he stopped or come forward, they were resolved to despatch him; that he would have done so himself, although the victim had been his own brother! Dougal Graham, indeed, reports that young Raasay had his pistol ready-cocked for the purpose.

After a residence of two days and a half upon the island of Raasay,⁸ informing his friends that he did not think it advisable ever to remain long in one place, and that he had hopes of finding a

French ship at Skye, he desired to be conveyed back to that island. The whole party accordingly set sail, on the evening of the 3d of July, in the same open boat which had brought them over to Raasay. Before they had proceeded far, the wind began to blow hard, and to drive so much seawater into their vessel, that they begged to return, and wait a more favourable opportunity. But the Prince insisted upon proceeding, in spite of every danger; exclaiming that Providence had not brought him through so many perilous chances to end his life in this simple manner at last. To encourage them, he sung a lively Erse song; being now pretty well acquainted with that language. They continued their voyage, notwithstanding the water came into the boat in such quantities, as to require the utmost exertions of Malcolm to keep it from sinking them. After a rough voyage of about fifteen miles, they landed safe, about eleven o'clock at night, at a place called Nicholson's Great Rock, near Scorobreck in Troternish, Isle of Skye. There being no convenient landing-place, the party had to jump out into the surf, and haul the boat ashore; Charles who was already drenched to the skin, and encumbered with a large great coat, was the third man to fling himself into the sea for this purpose.

After disembarking on this difficult and inhospitable coast, the only lodging which the party could find to solace them for all the fatigues and discomforts of their voyage, was a lonely cow-house belonging to Mr Nicholson of Scorobreck, a mansion about two miles distant. Here, without either fire to dry them, or food wherewith to satisfy their hunger, they passed a most wretched

night. In the morning, young Raasay was despatched to see Donald Roy, and procure intelligence; and his younger brother was desired by the Prince, with much earnestness, to take the boat, and keep it ready at a place about seven miles off, till he himself should come up, as he intended it should carry him upon a business of great consequence. He also presented the young gentleman with a case containing a silver spoon, knife, and fork, which he desired him to keep till they next met. These orders were given, in order to get rid of the two MacLeods; whom, according to his constant custom during his wanderings, he did not wish to apprise of his future motions, as he generally took care to conceal the place whence he had come from all the people into whose hands he successively intrusted himself. As soon as he was fairly left alone with Malcolm, he left the cottage, desiring that faithful retainer to follow him.

When they walked about a mile, Malcolm made bold to ask his Royal Highness where he intended to go. "Malcolm," answered the Prince, impressively, "I commit myself entirely to you; carry me to MacKinnon's bounds in Skye;" meaning that portion of the island which belonged to the Chief of MacKinnon, the only one of the three great proprietors of Skye who had been concerned in his late enterprise. Malcolm objected, that such a journey would be dangerous, on account of the soldiers who patrolled the island; but Charles answered, that there was nothing now to be done without danger. "You, Malcolm," he continued, "must now act the master, and I the man." Accordingly, taking the bag which contained his linen,

and strapping it over his shoulders; and having changed his vest, which was of scarlet tartan, with a gold twist button, for Malcolm's, which was of a plain ordinary tartan, he desired his faithful companion to go in advance as a gentleman, while he trudged behind in the character of a humble gilly or servant. Malcolm acquiesced in the plan; and they set forward in this fashion towards MacKinnon's country, which was distant a long day's journey, and could only be reached from this point by traversing a very wild and mountainous tract.

Malcolm, though himself an excellent pedestrian, as most of his countrymen then were, used afterwards to own that, in this long and painful journey, he found himself far excelled by Prince Charles, whose rapidity of motion was such, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be restrained to his proper station in the rear. His Royal Highness informed Malcolm, that, trusting to his speed of foot, he felt little apprehension on the score of being chased by a party of English soldiers, provided he got out of musket-shot; though he owned he was not just so confident of escaping any of the Highland militia who might fall in with him. Malcolm asked him what they should do, if surprised before getting to the proper distance. "Fight, to be sure," was the Prince's reply. "I think," rejoined Malcolm, "if there were no more than four of them, I would engage to manage two."—"And I," added Charles, "would engage to do for the other two."

In walking over the mountains, they kept as much as possible out of sight of houses; but they occasionally met a few country people wandering about. On these occasions, Charles took care to

display the demeanour of a servant ; touching his bonnet when spoken to by his apparent master, and also when addressing him. Having asked Malcolm, if he thought he should be known in his present disguise, and Malcolm having replied he would, he said, " Then I'll blacken my face with powder."—" That," said Malcolm, " would discover you at once."—" Then," said he, " I must be put into the greatest dishabille possible." He therefore put his wig into his pocket, tied a dirty napkin over his head, with his bonnet above it, tore the ruffles from his shirt, and took the buckles out of his shoes, making his friend fasten them with strings. Malcolm, saying that he still thought he might be recognised, he remarked, that " he had so odd a face, that he believed no man ever saw it but he would know it again." Malcolm's own remark on the circumstance (made in after life) went to the same effect, that " nothing could disguise the majestic mein and carriage of the *true prince*."

The only nourishment which the two pedestrians had during their long walk, was derived from a bottle of brandy carried by Malcolm, with the assistance of the way-side springs. This source of comfort becoming exhausted before the end of their journey, all except a single glass, the Prince insisted that his companion should drink the same, protesting that he could better endure to want it. When he had fairly drained the bottle, Malcolm hid it in the ground, where he afterwards found, and resumed possession of it in quieter times.

After a journey of more than thirty English miles, they arrived in the evening at Ellagol, near Kilmaree, in the country of MacKinnon, where

they happened to meet two of that clan, who had been engaged in the insurrection. The men stared at the Prince for a little, and, soon recognising him, fairly lifted up their hands and wept. Malcolm immediately put them upon their guard, lest such an expression of sympathy, though honourable to them, should discover their Prince to his enemies. He also swore them to secrecy upon his naked dirk, after the fashion of the Highlanders, and requested them to go away, without taking further notice of his Royal Highness. It is needless to say that they kept their word.

Being now near MacKinnon's house, Malcolm asked the Prince if he wished to see the Laird. Charles answered that, with the highest respect for the worth and fidelity of MacKinnon, he did not think him the person precisely fitted for his present purpose; and he wished rather to be conducted to the house of some other gentleman. Malcolm then determined that he should go to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr John MacKinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the Mainland, where he wished to claim the assistance of MacDonald of Scothouse. They accordingly proceeded to this house, which they reached at an early hour in the morning.

Leaving Charles at a little distance, till he should reconnoitre the premises, Malcolm entered the house himself, and saw his sister, who informed him that her husband had gone out, but was expected back every minute. He intended, he said, to spend a day or two in her house, provided there were no soldiers in the neighbourhood. She assured him he would be perfectly safe. Then he informed her that he had brought a brother-in-dis-

tress along with him, one Lewis Caw, ^s the son of a surgeon in Crieff, whom he had engaged, from pity, as his servant, and who had unfortunately fallen sick during their journey. Mrs MacKinnon, with all the hospitality of a Highlander, and all the benevolence of a woman, desired he might be instantly brought in and entertained.

Charles being immediately introduced, the lady of the house could not help observing, as he entered, "Poor man! I pity him. At the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." She provided the two with a plentiful Highland breakfast, during which Charles sat at a respectful distance from the table with his bonnet off, partaking only of the inferior articles. Malcolm, moved by the Prince's humility, requested him to draw near the table and eat along with him, as there was no company in the house. But Charles answered, he knew better what became a servant; and it was only after an earnest entreaty, that, making a profound bow, he at length permitted himself to take advantage of so kind an offer. When their meal was concluded, an old woman came in, with warm water, after the mode of ancient Highland hospitality, to wash Malcolm's feet. When she had done, that gentleman desired her also to wash those of the poor man who attended him. She refused; saying, with much warmth, in the periphrastic language of the Gaël, "Though I have washed your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" This woman was only a servant, but, with true Highland pride, she considered it a degradation to perform a menial office to a person of her own rank. Malcolm,

however, by working upon her feelings of pity, at length prevailed upon her to undertake the office, as a matter of charity. Still, though complying, she felt a certain degree of indignation at the service, and could not help treating Charles's legs a little more roughly than she had done those of her mistress's brother. She indeed rubbed so hard, that his Royal Highness at last made a violent remonstrance on the subject. He had besmeared his legs a good way up, in a bog which he had the misfortune to fall into; and on the old woman scrubbing the soft skin above his knees, he could not refrain from an exclamation expressive of pain. "Filthy fellow," said the beldame, who, like Pistol eating his leek, had sworn and washed, and washed and sworn, "it ill sets the like of you to take offence at any thing my father's daughter could do to you."

The two travellers afterwards went to sleep, while Mrs MacKinnon took her station on the top of a neighbouring hill, to watch the approach of the least danger. Charles only slept two hours, but Malcolm, having suffered more from fatigue, continued in bed a good while longer. On rising, he was astonished to find his indefatigable companion dandling and singing to Mrs MacKinnon's infant, with an appearance of as much cheerfulness and alacrity as if he had endured neither danger nor fatigue. The old woman sat near him, sullenly looking on. Malcolm could not help expressing his surprise at so extraordinary a sight, when the Prince exclaimed with light gaiety, and half forgetting his assumed character, "Who knows but this little fellow may be a captain in my service yet?" "Or you rather an old sergeant in his com-

pany," said the beldame, disgusted at once at the extravagant ambition implied by the "filthy fellow's" remark, and provoked at the slight promotion which it promised to her charge, for whom, like all other nurses, she of course thought no lot in life too good.

Malcolm, now hearing that his brother-in-law was approaching the house, went out to meet him, in order to sound his disposition in regard to Prince Charles. After the usual salutations, pointing to some ships of war which lay at a distance, he said, "What, MacKinnon, if the Prince be on board one of those?" "God forbid," was MacKinnon's devout answer. Malcolm, then assured that he might be trusted, asked, "What if he were here, John? Do you think he would be safe?" "That he would," answered MacKinnon; "we should take care of him." "Then, John," said Malcolm, "he is in your house." MacKinnon, in a transport, was for running in immediately and paying his obeisance; but Malcolm stopped him, till he should compose himself, and he tutored to preserve his Royal Highness's incognito. When he was fairly instructed as to his behaviour, Malcolm permitted him to enter; but no sooner had the warm-hearted Highlander set his eyes upon the unfortunate Prince, than he burst into tears, and had to leave the room.

During the course of the day, a consultation being held as to the best means of transporting Charles to the Mainland, it was agreed that John MacKinnon should go to his chief and hire a boat for that purpose. He was enjoined to conceal the fact of the Prince's being in his house, from that old gentleman, and to pretend that the

boat was intended for the use of his brother-in-law alone. He went accordingly; but the force of clanship proved too much for his discretion; and he disclosed the secret. The chief, delighted with the intelligence, at once got ready his own boat, and, with his lady, set out to pay his respects to the wanderer. On John returning to the house, and confessing what he had done, Charles felt somewhat uneasy, but resolved to make the best of the circumstances. He went out and received the old chief; and the whole party then partook of an entertainment of cold meat and wine, which Lady MacKinnon laid out in a neighbouring cave upon the shore.

It was now determined that Charles should be conducted by the old Laird and John MacKinnon to the Mainland, while Malcolm should remain in Skye, to interrupt or distract the pursuit which would probably be made after him. It was about eight o'clock at night, when the party repaired to the water's edge, where the boat was lying ready to sail. At that moment, two English men of war hove in sight, apparently bearing towards them; and Malcolm, in high alarm, counselled the Prince to delay his voyage till next morning, more especially as the wind was favourable to the enemy, which it would not be to his boat. Charles, however, would not listen to his suggestions; urging, with enthusiastic vehemence, the result of former good fortune, and that he felt confident the wind would change in his favour the moment that he required its good services. He then wrote a short note to Murdoch MacLeod, apologising for his non-appearance at the place he had appointed, and informing him, that he had now got safe off the

island at another place. He next took out his purse, and desired Malcolm's acceptance of ten guineas, along with a silver stock-buckle. The generous Highlander positively refused to take the money, which he saw from the slenderness of the Prince's purse could ill be spared; but Charles at length prevailed upon him to do so, asserting that he would have need of it in the skulking life he was now leading, and at the same time expressing a confidence that he would get his own Exchequer supplied on reaching the Mainland. "Malcolm," he then said, "let us smoke a pipe together before we part." A light was instantly procured from the flint of Malcolm's musket, and the two feud, though unequal companions, took a last parting smoke from "the cutty." When they had finished, Charles presented the stump which had done him so much good service, to Malcolm, as a sort of token of affectionate comradeship, desiring him to think of the giver whenever he should use it. Malcolm gratefully accepted the gift, which Charles could the better spare that he had got a newer and more commodious pipe at Mr MacKinnon's house.

After a tender and long-protracted adieu, the Prince went into the boat, which, with the chief and Mr John MacKinnon, immediately put out to sea, under the management of a few stout rowers. The affectionate Malcolm sat down upon the side of a hill, partly to watch the proceedings of the two tenders, and partly that he might see his dearly beloved Prince as long as distance and eye-sight would permit. He afterwards used to tell, with the true superstitious reverence of a

stickler for the *jus divinum*, that, precisely as the Prince predicted, he had not gone far out to sea, when the wind shifted in such a manner as to part him effectually from the inimical vessels; a fact by which he acknowledged himself to have been convinced of the truth of what his Royal Highness had only said in sport, or by way of a gay bravado—that Providence made a point of favouring him.

Malcolm returned home next day by the way of Kingsburgh; where he related the Prince's late adventures to a grateful and admiring audience. He had to inform Lady Kingsburgh of one circumstance, which must have given her unqualified pleasure. During his travels with the Prince, his Royal Highness had expressed a high sense of the value of her Ladyship's present—the snuff-box already mentioned. He had asked the meaning of the device which adorned the lid, a pair of clasped hands, with the words "Rob Gib;" which Malcolm explained as emblematic of sincere friendship, and as alluding to a circumstance in which an ancestor of the Prince was concerned. Rob Gib was the court-fool of Scotland in the reign of James the Fifth, and, with that sarcastic wit for which some of his profession have been so remarkable, used to observe, that all the official courtiers served his Majesty for selfish ends, except himself, who, for his part, had no other contract with the king than "stark love and kindness." The Prince expressed himself an ardent admirer of the principle symbolised by the device, and declared he would endeavour to keep the box as long as he lived.

Malcolm, being asked his opinion of the Prince,

as one who had seen him in the extremes of both prosperous and adverse fortune, replied, that "he was the most cautious man he ever saw, not to be a coward, and the bravest, not to be rash." Amidst all the conflicting opinions regarding Charles's courage, this is perhaps the most satisfactory and nearest the truth which has been uttered, and, granting it to have been appropriate to his Royal Highness, he must be acknowledged to have possessed the character of a perfect soldier.

About ten days after he had parted with the Prince, Malcolm was apprehended, put aboard a ship, and conveyed to London. Kingsburgh was also made prisoner, and conveyed first to Fort Augustus, and afterwards to Edinburgh Castle, where he lay a year and a day. The same party of soldiers (which had come to Skye in consequence of information forced from the boatmen on their return to South Uist) captured the gallant Flora MacDonald. All these three persons, at a time when the Habeas Corpus Act of Scotland was not suspended, were detained a twelvemonth without trial, and then discharged without being asked any questions; a violation of the liberty of the subject which seems to have been passed over unnoticed, in the terror with which the recent bloody triumphs of Government had inspired the people, or which was perhaps rather owing to the maxim then apparently paramount in the public mind of England, that all the natives of Scotland had forfeited their rights as British subjects, and were now slaves subjected to military law. On being discharged from jail, Miss MacDonald was provided with a post-chaise, to convey her back to

Scotland, by a Jacobite lady of quality resident in London; and, being desired to choose a person who might accompany her, named her fellow-sufferer, Malcolm. "And so," Malcolm used afterwards to observe, triumphantly, "I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a braw post-chaise with Miss Flora MacDonald!"¹⁰

CHAPTER XI.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—MAINLAND.

"The muir-cock that crows o'er the brow of Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clanronald,
Unawed and unhunted, his eyrie can claim ;
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore ;
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea ;
But, oh ! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in the country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more :
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me."

Flora MacDonald's Lament.

CHARLES, after having spent upwards of two months in the Isles, was now returning to the Mainland, where dangers as great awaited him. The country opposite Skye, upon which he intended to land, was that wild district where he had first reared the standard of his enterprise, and whose population was so entirely and so zealously devoted to him. In every respect it was well calculated to afford him shelter, except that it was in a great measure laid waste, and that the soldiery had subjected it to a peculiarly sharp system of surveillance. Hunted, however, as he had been, out of the Hebrides, and relying upon the

fidelity of the people, which he had previously experienced on so many different occasions, he hesitated not to throw himself once more upon its protection. It eventually appeared that he could not have adopted a wiser course.

This district, as already mentioned, is indented in a remarkable manner by lochs or arms of the sea, which, stretching into the land from ten to twenty miles, form a series of mountainous promontories, from five to ten miles in breadth. For want of a better illustration, it may be compared to the fingers of the hand, stretched out and separated. Let the reader place his hand in this manner on a table, and, imagining the spaces betwixt his fingers to represent the sea, while the digits themselves rise eminently up like the hills between, he will have a tolerably good idea of the territory. Let him further conceive the space between his thumb and fore-finger to be Loch Heuru, that betwixt his fore and third finger to be Loch Nevish, that betwixt his mid and fourth to be Loch Morer, and that betwixt the fourth and the fifth to be Lochnanouagh, while the exterior of that digit represents Loch Sheil; and he will be better able to understand the nature of the dangerous circumstances in which Prince Charles was soon to be involved.

After a rough night voyage of thirty miles, during which they passed and were hailed by a boat containing armed militia, but which could not stop to inspect their company on account of the storm, Charles landed safe, with the boat's crew, about four in the morning of July 5th, at a place called Little Mallag, on the south side of Loch Nevish. Here the whole party slept three nights in the

open fields. The old Laird and one of the boatmen at length went in search of a cave for a lodging, and Charles, along with John MacKinnon and the other three men, took to the boat, and rowed up the Loch. In doubling a point, they had the misfortune to be espied and pursued by a boat's party of militia. In the chase which ensued, Charles was mainly indebted for his preservation to the zeal of his honest friend MacKinnon, who, by voice and example so animated the rowers, that they speedily outstripped the enemy. When they had got to some distance, and escaped observation by doubling another point, the boat was put to shore, and Charles, with John and one other companion, nimbly ascended the hill, while the rest remained to treat with the pursuers in case of being followed to their landing-place. On arriving at the summit of the hill, they had the satisfaction to see the boat which occasioned the alarm, returning from its fruitless pursuit.

The Prince slept three hours on this eminence, and then returning to the boat, was rowed first across the loch to a little island near the seat of MacDonald of Scothouse, and afterwards back to Mallag, where he rejoined the old Laird. The whole party then set out for the seat of MacDonald of Morer, which was situated at the distance of seven or eight miles, across the promontory, betwixt Loch Nevish and Loch Morer. This journey, according to the familiar but not unapt illustration of the spread hand, was simply a movement across the terminating joint of the mid finger. Passing a shieling, in the course of the journey, and being espied by some people, the Prince, apprehensive of recognition, desired John MacKinnon

to fold his plaid for him in the correct Highland fashion, and throw it over his shoulder, with his knapsack upon it. Then, tying a handkerchief about his head, and assuming a menial air, he declared himself once more a servant. At this shieling the party was refreshed by a draught of milk from the hand of a grandson of MacDonald of Scothouse. Pursuing their journey, they came to another shieling, where they procured a guide to conduct them to Morer House, the object of their journey. On arriving there, the house was found to be burnt, and its master reduced to the necessity of living in a bothy or hut hard by. Nevertheless, Morer, who had been an officer in the Prince's army, received his guests with all the kindness of a loyal-hearted Highlander, and, when he had given them such entertainment as his situation would permit, conducted them to a cave, where they might be assured of concealment. Here they slept ten hours, during which their kind landlord went in quest of young Clanranald, whom however he did not find. At his return, Charles expressed a resolution to part with the venerable Laird of MacKinnon, whose health and strength were inadequate to the fatigues of the journey, and to go with only John MacKinnon to Borodale, where he conceived himself sure of good entertainment. Morer having added his son, a boy, to the party, and provided a guide, Charles left the cave in the evening, crossed Loch Morer into Arasaig, and reached Borodale early in the morning. ¹

The reader must now conceive Charles to have crossed over another finger, and to be established, as it were, on the lower or south side of the external joint of the third from the thumb. He must

also now suppose the roots of the fingers to be all closed up, and traversed by a line of soldiers, so as to complete the insulation of the promontories, and enclose the unhappy wanderer within a circle of danger, from which it seemed impossible that he should escape alive. In more plain language, intelligence of his arrival at Loch Nevish having by this time reached the Royal army, and they being assured that he must be skulking upon one or other of the promontories parallel with that arm of the sea, they had drawn a strong and well appointed chain of posts betwixt the head of Loch Hourn and the head of Loch Shiel, certain of either capturing him in an attempt to pass through them, or driving him again back to sea, where he was equally liable to be taken up by the British cruisers. This chain consisted of single sentinels, planted within sight of each other. By day, these men were perpetually on the look-out for travellers, none of whom were permitted to pass without examination; and, by night, large fires being lighted at all the posts, they crossed continually from one to another, so as to leave no piece of ground within a space of twenty miles for more than a few minutes at a time unvisited. This system has an appearance of such excessive vigilance, that, at first sight, wonder is excited how the Prince should have been able to baffle it. Yet it had *one fault*; and by taking advantage of it, an escape was achieved. The sentinels, it will be observed, crossed each other at the points exactly between the fires, each man going forward to his comrade's fire, and then returning to his own. Of course, after passing each other, *their backs were mutually turn-*

ad towards each other, and the space between them for a certain time left unobserved.

Charles, on being brought to Borodale, found the master of that house residing, like Morer, in a bothy, near the blackened ruins of his mansion. John MacKinnon, in handing the Prince over to Borodale, said expressively, "I have done my duty, do you yours." "I am glad of the opportunity," was Borodale's answer, "and shall not fail to take care of his Royal Highness." John then returned home, and was captured just as he landed at his own house in Skye. Being conveyed to Kilvory, along with two of his rowers, who were taken with him, he was there examined, or rather required to disclose the place of the Prince's concealment. On his refusing to do this, one of the men was seized, stripped naked, tied to a tree, and scourged with a cat-o'-nine-tails, till the blood gushed out of both his sides, in order to make him confess; and MacKinnon himself was threatened with similar treatment. However, he resisted all the cruel importunities of his captors, who were at length obliged to send him on board a transport, which conveyed him to London, where he remained in confinement till July 1747.

From Borodale Charles despatched one of his host's sons for MacDonald of Glenaladale, a gentleman of the Clanranald sept, who had accompanied him in his expedition as the major of that regiment. Soon after, learning that his aged friend, the Laird of MacKinnon, had been taken in his neighbourhood, he thought it necessary to shift his quarters; and accordingly, Borodale conducted him to a cave four miles to the eastward, which, being almost inaccessible, and known only

to a few persons in the country, seemed to promise the most effectual possible concealment. He was accompanied to this place by Borodale and his son Ronald, who had been a lieutenant in Clanranald's own company.

Glenaladale, receiving the Prince's letter from the hands of its youthful bearer, on the 20th of July, lost no time in obeying its behest. Borodale next day received a letter from a gentleman of the district of Morer, his son-in-law, informing him that the fact of the Prince's concealment on his lands was beginning to be whispered about, and representing that, as it would evidently be dangerous for him to remain any longer where he was, the writer of the letter had prepared a more eligible place of concealment in Morer, to which his Royal Highness ought immediately to repair. Ronald MacDonald was sent to reconnoitre this place, the Prince resolving to remain where he was till assured by that young gentleman of its superiority to his present hiding-place. Next day, however, an alarm arising that a tender was hovering upon or approaching the coast, his Royal Highness thought proper to anticipate the report of his new quarter-master, by leaving the cave, and setting out towards Morer. Accompanied by Glenaladale, Borodale, and John, the younger son of the latter, he travelled till he came to a place called Corriebeine Cahir, where he was met by Borodale's son-in-law, who told him that Clanranald had come to a place not many miles off, in order to conduct his Royal Highness to a safe place, which he had prepared for that purpose. Charles was extremely anxious to throw himself upon the protection of this kind and faithful adherent; but the lateness

of the evening, and his comparative proximity to the place prepared for him in Glen Morer, determined him to prefer that lodging for the night. Accordingly, he proceeded on his original route, intending to effect a junction with Clanranald next day.

Borodale, who had gone on before as an advanced guard, learning through the course of the night that General Campbell, with several men of war and a considerable body of troops, had anchored in Loch Nevish, while Captain Scot had brought another party into the lower part of Arisaig, waited upon the Prince next morning (the 23d) with that alarming intelligence, which obliged him to decamp immediately, without attempting to join Clanranald. Being now completely surrounded with his enemies, and they being aware that they had environed him, it was necessary that he should take the most cautious measures. Leaving Borodale and another of his train behind, and only accompanied by Glenaladale and other two MacDonalds, so that the party might be as little conspicuous as possible, he set out early in the forenoon, and by mid-day reached the top of a hill called Scoorveig, at the eastern extremity of Arisaig, where he stopped to take some refreshment, while one of his attendants (John MacDonald, brother to Glenaladale), went to Glenfinnin for intelligence, and to appoint two men stationed there to join the Prince that evening on the top of a hill called Swerninck Corrichan, above Locharkaig, in Locheil's country. The Prince soon afterwards set out, with his two remaining friends, and about two o'clock came to the top of a hill called Fruigh-vain. Here observing some men driving cattle, Glenaladale walked

forward to inquire the reason, and soon after returned with intelligence that they were his tenants flying before the approach of a strong body of troops, who had come to the head of Locharkaig, to prevent the Prince from escaping in that direction. It was of course impossible to pursue that route, and the wanderers immediately despatched a messenger to Glenfinnin, which was only about a mile off, to recal Glenaladale's brother and the two men who were to have gone to Locharkaig. Glenaladale likewise sent a man to a neighbouring hill, for Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who had removed thither with his effects on the approach of the soldiers, and, from his acquaintance with the country, promised to be an excellent guide. While they waited the return of these messengers, one of the tenants' wives, pitying the condition of her landlord, came up the hill with some new milk, for his refreshment. The Prince, perceiving her approach, covered his head with a handkerchief, and assumed the appearance of a servant who had got a headach. The day was excessively warm, and the milk, of course, grateful to the palate of a way-worn traveller; but Glenaladale used afterwards to confess, that he could as well have spared the officious kindness of the good woman. It was with some difficulty, moreover, that he could get her dismissed without the pail in which she had brought the milk, so as to enable him with safety to give the Prince a share more suitable to his real than his supposed rank. *

The messenger who had been sent to Glenfinnin, soon after returned, without having found Glenaladale's brother or the two men, (they hav-

ing run off towards the place where they expected to find the party), but brought intelligence that an hundred of the Argyle militia were approaching the very hill on which the Prince was stationed. On this alarming news, the terrified party dislodged without waiting for Glenpean, and set forward on their perilous journey. About eleven at night, as they were passing through a hollow way between two hills, they observed a man coming down one of the hills towards them; upon which Charles and young MacDonald stepped aside, while Glenaladale advanced to discover whether he was friend or foe. This person turned out to be the very man they were most anxious to see, Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who had made all haste to overtake them after receiving their message. Glenaladale immediately brought him to the Prince, who had lodged one night in his house soon after the battle of Culloden, and to whom he now recounted all he knew regarding the position of the King's troops. Then assuming the character of their guide, he set forward with them through a road so wild and rugged as to be almost impervious even in daylight.

Travelling all night with untiring diligence, they arrived next morning (July 24th), at the top of a hill in the Braes of Locharkaig called Mamnyn-Callum, from whence they could perceive their enemy's camp, distant about a mile. Cameron knew that this hill had been searched the day before, and, therefore, conjecturing that it would not be again searched that day, counselled that they should take up their abode there till the evening, and endeavour in the mean time to procure the refreshment of sleep. They reposed for two hours, after which the whole

party except the Prince got up to keep sentry. They had not been long awake when they were alarmed by the appearance of a man at a little distance. Cameron, on account of his acquaintance with the country and its people, was selected to approach and accost this person, who, to the great joy of the whole party, turned out to be no other than Glenaladale's brother. This gentleman had no sooner discovered, on the preceding day, that the Prince did not keep his appointment, than he began to wander in a state of extreme alarm through the country, in search of either his Royal Highness, or of intelligence regarding his fate. The same apprehensions which he had entertained regarding the party, they had entertained regarding him; and it was now with sensations of the utmost pleasure that these unfortunate gentlemen mutually congratulated each other upon a meeting which they had so little reason to expect.

Charles remained, with his trusty little band, upon the hill Mamnyn-Callum, all that day, without experiencing any disturbance from the soldiers. They set out about nine in the evening towards the south, and at one in the morning (July 25th), came to Corrinangaul, on the confines of Knoidart and Locharkaig. Here Cameron hoped to fall in with, and procure provisions from, some of the people who had fled before the face of the encroaching soldiery. The party had been but poorly fed during their harassing and perilous march, and they now possessed only a little butter and some oatmeal, which they could not prepare for want of fire.

For two days the Prince had now been skirting

along the interior of that chain of sentries, which has been described as extending from Loch Hourn, to Loch Sheil. In his dreary and stealthy night journies, he could distinctly see the fires which marked the posts of the enemy, and even hear the stated cries of the sentinels, as they slowly crossed backwards and forwards. These fires were placed at brief intervals, and every quarter of an hour, a patrolling party passed along to see that the sentinels were upon the alert. It seemed scarcely possible that his forlorn little party should evade or break from a toil whose meshes were at once so strong and so closely set. Yet the want of provisions, and the fear of being soon inextricably environed, rendered it unavoidably necessary that they should make the attempt, though it were only to anticipate their fate.

This desperate enterprise being fixed for the succeeding night, Glenaladale and Glenpean ventured down to some shielings, in search of provisions, while the Prince and the other two MacDonalds remained upon the hill. The shielings were found to have been abandoned, and the two commissaries returned without their errand. It was then judged safe to shift from their present situation to a secret place upon the brow of a hill, at the head of Lochnaigh, which was about a mile from the position of the troops, and where they might expect to spend the intervening day in greater security. Here they slept for some time. After awaking, Glenpean and Glenaladale's brother were sent off to the hill above them, in quest of food, while Glenaladale and the younger MacDonald watched over the Prince, who still remained asleep. The commissaries did not return till the afternoon,

when two small cheeses proved all that they had been able to procure throughout the country. This was very dry food; and, as they did not know when they might get more, they were obliged to use it very sparingly. To increase the mortification of the unhappy Prince, the commissaries reported that a troop of a hundred men were coming up the opposite side of the hill, in search of the fugitive country people, and that they possibly might light upon their place of concealment.

Under these distressing circumstances, it was his Royal Highness's wisest, or rather his only policy, to remain as closely concealed as possible. Notwithstanding, therefore, that the soldiers searched very narrowly, and all round him, he kept perfectly close, with his company, till eight in the evening, when, the search being done, they set out out at a quick pace towards the steep hill called Drumachosi. On reaching the top of this eminence, they discerned the fires of a camp directly in their front, which they thought they could scarcely shun. Resolved, however, to make the attempt at all hazards, they approached the dreaded object till they could actually hear the soldiers talking to each other. Then creeping up the next hill, they spied the fires of another camp, which also seemed to lie directly in their path. Here they at last determined to make the attempt.

Cameron, at this juncture, with the true generosity of a Highlander, proposed to go forward himself, and, as it were, *prove* the possibility of escape, before permitting the Prince to hazard his more precious person. "If I get safe through," he remarked, "and also return safe, then you may venture with greater security, and I shall be

all the better fitted to conduct you." Be it remarked, he made this courageous proposal in the face of an omen which, though ridiculous enough, was perhaps sufficient to have unmanned a person who, with equal superstition, had not so noble or so exciting a cause to brace his nerves. He began to complain that his nose was *itchy*—a clear sign, he averred, that they had great dangers to go through. Charles, notwithstanding his perilous circumstances, could not help laughing at this fantastic alarm, though he must have been, at the same time, deeply impressed with admiration of the devotedness and real bravery of the Highlander.

Glenpean having put the passage to the proof, and, to the great joy of the company, returned in safety, the whole set forward, headed by him as guide. It was now about two o'clock in the morning, and the brilliancy of the fires was beginning to fade before the advancing lights of day. Betwixt the two posts which they intended to cross, there was a small mountain-stream, whose winter torrents had, in the course of ages, worn a deep channel among the rocks. Up this deep and narrow defile, at the moment when the sentinels were returning to the fires, and had their backs turned towards the place, the party crept, upon all fours, with the stealthy caution and quiet of a party of Indian savages. A few minutes sufficed to carry them to a place where they were completely screened from the observation of the enemy.

Having thus escaped from one of the greatest dangers which had yet environed him, Charles, whose spirits always displayed the elasticity cha-

racteristic of his country, gaily addressed Glenpean with an inquiry after the welfare of his nose. The good gentleman confessed it was a great deal better since they had passed the sentries, but that it was still "a wee yenky." The Prince accepted the reservation as a hint that they were not yet altogether out of danger.

After walking about two miles, they came to a place on the Glenelg side of the head of Loch Hourn, where, finding what they considered a well-concealed spot, they called a halt and partook of some refreshments. As already mentioned, the commissariat was in a truly miserable state. Animal spirits, however, compensated every privation to Charles. Cutting a slice of cheese, which he covered with oatmeal, and seasoning that dry fare with a drink from the neighbouring spring, he contentedly stretched the form upon the cold ground, whose home, in the words of the old song, "should have been a palace." He passed the whole of the succeeding day in this place, without any improvement in his food.

It was now resolved, as the West Highlands had become so unsafe a place of residence, to repair northwards to a portion of the Mackenzies' country, which, on account of the loyalty of the inhabitants, had not been subjected to a military police. They decamped for this purpose about eight o'clock at night, when, to their indescribable alarm, they discovered that they had spent the day within cannon-shot of two of the enemy's posts, and that at this moment a company of soldiers was employed in their immediate neighbourhood in driving some sheep into a but for slaughter. This, however, only hastened their march;

and about three o'clock in the morning (July 27th), they reached Glenshiel, a wild vale in the estate of the Earl of Seaforth. The little provision they had had, being now entirely exhausted, Glenaladale and Lieutenant MacDonald (Borodale's son), were sent out upon the commissariat department, while Charles remained behind, with Cameron and the elder Lieutenant MacDonald, Glenaladale's brother. While Glenaladale was inquiring among some country people about a guide to conduct them to Pollew, where he learned that some French vessels had lately been seen, a Glengary man came running up, having been chased by soldiers out of his own country, where they had killed his father the day before. Glenaladale knew this man at first sight, and being aware that he had served in the Prince's army, and was a man of honour, resolved to keep him in reserve as a guide to Glengary's country, in case he should not succeed in his present quest. Having then furnished himself with some provisions, he returned to the Prince; and as soon as they had refreshed themselves, the whole party retired to a secure place on the face of an adjacent hill, in order to sleep. Getting up about four in the afternoon, they dismissed their faithful guide, Cameron, who could no longer be of any service. Soon after, Glenaladale, observing the Glengary fugitive passing in his way back to his own country, slipped out of his den, and, without disclosing his purpose, used arguments with the man to induce him to remain in a bye place till such time as he could be sure of a guide to Pollew. He then returned to the Prince, who approved of his precaution. About seven o'clock, the man whom he had employed to procure a guide to Pol-

lew, brought intelligence, that the only French vessel which had been there was gone, and that a guide could not have been procured, even though that had not been the case. Glenaladale immediately dismissed the messenger, and brought this intelligence to the Prince, whose course it was now resolved to change in the way proposed. Accordingly, the Glengary man being introduced to his Royal Highness, and having undertaken the high office, the whole party set out late at night towards the south, designing to form a junction, if possible, with Lochiel and some other chiefs, who, it was understood, still remained secure even in the vicinity of the enemy's forts. ³

Charles experienced at this juncture one of those providential deliverances, which induced so many of his adherents to believe that his life was under the immediate and constant care of Heaven, and which may at least be allowed to render the narrative of his wanderings one of the most remarkable ever penned. Before proceeding very far on this night's journey, Glenaladale, clapping his hand upon his side, declared he had lost his purse. As this contained forty guineas, which the Prince had confided to him for the purchase of provisions, and which was the sole stock of the company, Glenaladale was extremely perplexed at the loss, and proposed to return to the place from whence they had just set out, in order to search for it. Charles opposed this measure, and used many entreaties to prevent it; but Glenaladale insisted upon the necessity of recovering a commodity so indispensable to them, and accordingly went back along with the younger lieutenant, while the Prince,

with Glenaladale's brother and the guide, remained behind to await their return. While Glenaladale was absent, Charles spied an officer and two private soldiers advancing under arms along the path which they had just left. Trembling with joy at so signal a deliverance, he and his friends retired behind a rock, where they could see the motions of the soldiers, without being seen by them. The men passed by, unconscious of the prize which had so nearly fallen into their hands. Though rejoicing in their own preservation, Charles and his two companions remained in a state of great anxiety for the safety of Glenaladale and his companion, who might chance to meet the enemy in their turn. On coming to their last resting-place, these two gentlemen found the purse, but, upon opening it, discovered, to their mortification, that the gold was gone. "Reflecting," continues Glenaladale's Journal, "that it might have been taken away by a little boy whom their landlord had sent with a present of milk to Glenaladale, and whom they had left at the place where the purse was forgotten, they went back a mile farther to their landlord's house, whose name was Gilchrist MacRath, and through his means got the boy to restore all back, which he did to a trifle." Fortunately, in returning to the Prince, they took a different route, and thus escaped the little party of soldiers, who must otherwise have met them. When the company was thus once more reunited in safety, they could not help returning thanks to Providence, which had first provided them with a good guide, and then ordered an accident which saved all their lives. Charles was now so thoroughly impressed with a belief of his immunity from danger,

that he said he believed he "should not be taken though he had a mind to it."

They travelled all the remainder of the night, till they came to a hill-side above Strathcluanie, where, choosing a secret place, they rested till three o'clock in the succeeding afternoon, (July 28). Then setting out again, they had not walked above a mile along the hill-side, till their feelings were agonized by hearing several shots fired on the top of the hill, which they rightly judged to be occasioned by the soldiers chasing and murdering the poor people who had fled thither with their cattle! They now steered their course northward, and, late at night, reached the top of a high hill betwixt the Braes of Glenmorriston and Strathglass, where they lodged all night, the Prince reposing in an open cave, so narrow as not to permit him to stretch himself. This was one of the most uncomfortable nights Charles had ever spent. The rain had fallen heavily and incessantly, during the whole of the preceding day, and he was of course wet to the skin. There was no possibility of a fire to dry him. Without food, and deprived of sleep by the narrowness and hardness of his bed, the only comfort he could obtain was the miserable one of smoking a pipe. Thus was the man, whose birth, according to the general laws of nations, entitled him to the possession of a throne and a palace—who, indeed, according to the feudal system, upon which this country was originally constituted, had just as unalienable a right to its sovereignty as any landed proprietor within its bounds had to his peculiar inheritance—reduced to be, in all probability, the most wretched and destitute person who that night rested within the four seas of Britain.

Charles next morning reached the retreat which had been pointed out to him upon the hill of Corambian, after having been for eight-and-forty hours without food. Seven men occupied this place, being neither more nor less than robbers. They had no house or hut to reside in, but sheltered themselves in a rocky cave upon the side of the hill, from whence they sallied occasionally to provide themselves with necessaries. Such men as these were common at that time in the Highlands, and for some years afterwards, being generally persons who had been proscribed for their concern in the insurrection, and who had therefore no other means of livelihood than by depredation. It affords a lively proof of the desperation of Charles's circumstances, that he should have been compelled to trust his life to men of such disorderly habits.

On approaching their den, Glenaladale and the guide went forward, leaving Charles and the other two MacDonalds. Six out of the seven men were present, and having killed a sheep that day, were just sitting down to dinner. Glenaladale said he was glad to see them so well provided, and they gave him a hearty welcome to share in their good cheer. Glenaladale said he had a friend with him, for whom he must ask the same favour. They inquired who this friend was, and he answered that it was his chief, young Clanranald. Nobody, they said, could be more welcome to them than young Clanranald, for whom they were willing to purchase food at the point of their swords. Glenaladale, assured of their fidelity, then went back for Charles, who immediately drew near. No sooner did they see the unfortunate Prince, than they recognised him under his disguise, and fell down

on their knees to do him homage. On being introduced to their cave, he lost no time in satisfying his hunger, which had by this time become almost intolerable.

The condition in which Charles was at this period, has been commemorated by Mr Hume, from the report of Hugh Chisholm, one of the robbers, who was in Edinburgh a good many years afterwards. ⁴ Upon his head he had a wretched yellow wig and a bonnet. His neck was cinctured by a dirty clouted handkerchief. His coat was of coarse dark-coloured cloth; his vest of Stirling tartan, much worn. A belted plaid was his best garment. He had tartan hose, and Highland brogues tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt, and he had not another, was of the colour of saffron. His good landlords soon provided him with a change of attire. Learning that a detachment of the King's troops, commanded by Lord George Sackville was ordered from Fort Augustus to Strathglass, and knowing that they must pass at no great distance from their habitation, they lay in wait for it, at a part of the road suitable for their purpose, permitted the soldiers to pass and get out of sight, and then, attacking the servants with the baggage, seized some portmanteaus, in which they found every thing which the Prince required.

Charles remained in this cave three days, when they thought proper (August 2,) to remove to another about two miles off. He remained altogether about three weeks in the company of these men, during which they made several movements, but none of material importance. They sometimes

went to Fort Augustus, which was never many miles from their place of residence, and, procuring what intelligence they could among the inhabitants, occasionally brought the newspapers of the day for Charles's perusal. About this time a circumstance occurred which tended to slacken the search which had hitherto been made for his Royal Highness. A young gentleman of Edinburgh, by name Roderick MacKenzie, who had been engaged in the Prince's service, was skulking in the Braes of Glenmorriston, when he was surprised by a party of soldiers. Being a tall genteel youth, and somewhat resembling the Prince in features, he might have passed for that personage with people not accustomed to see them together. He endeavoured to make his escape ; but, being defeated in the attempt, he assumed a noble and undaunted air, and met his fate with the exclamation, " You have killed your prince ! " The soldiers, overjoyed at their good fortune, and convinced that this was the object of their search, cut off his head, and brought it to Fort Augustus. Being there shown to various persons who had seen Charles, it was universally affirmed to be the head for which so much money had been offered. The Duke of Cumberland is said to have then set off to London, with the ghastly but valuable object stowed in his chaise ; certain that he had at length accomplished the great object of his campaign, and extinguished for ever the most formidable rival of his family. It was not till he reached London, that the head was proved to be supposititious. By that time, many of the troops had been withdrawn from the Highlands, and Charles was in a great measure safe from those that remained. ⁵

On the 18th of August, Charles despatched Peter Grant, the most active of his seven attendants, from Glenmorrison, where he then was, to Lochaber, with a message to any of the gentlemen of the name of Cameron whom he might meet, informing them that he wished to put himself under their protection. Grant went to Lochaber, and found Cameron of Clunes, who agreed to meet his Royal Highness on a particular day at a place near the head of Glencoich, where he had a little hut in a secret place for his own security. Charles set out with all his attendants, in number amounting to ten, on a very stormy night, and travelling along the tops of the mountains, reached Drumnadial, a high mountain on the side of Loch Lochie, which commands an extensive view of the country. There they rested all day, and Grant was despatched again, to see if Clunes had come to the place appointed. Charles and his attendants remained upon the hill, and as they had no provisions, and durst not stir to search for any, they were in great distress for want of food. Grant at length returned, with intelligence that Clunes, not having found Charles at the time appointed, had gone away. In his return he had shot a buck, and secured it in a concealed place. At night they all set out for the place where the buck lay hid, and made a delicious meal of it, without bread or salt. Next morning, having despatched another messenger to search for Clunes, that gentleman came with his three sons. The faithful robbers then committed his Royal Highness to the care of his new protectors, and took their leave of him, all except Hugh Chisholm and Peter Grant, who remained with him some time longer.

Charles was now informed by Clunes, that all

the ferries of the rivers and lakes were so strictly guarded, that it was impossible for him at present to reach the countries of Rannoch and Badenoch, where Lochiel and Cluny were; and that it was absolutely necessary he should remain where he was, till the vigilance of the guards abated. Clunes had a hut in a wood hard by, at the bottom of Locharkaig, to which he conducted the Prince. Charles and Clunes skulked securely about this place for several days. When the weather was rough, and there were no troops apparent in the neighbourhood, they lodged in the hut; when otherwise, they remained upon the hill.

About this period, Lochiel and Cluny, who had hitherto remained concealed in the country south of the Chain, judging that the Prince must be north of that tract of country, despatched MacDonald of Lochgary and Dr Cameron (Lochiel's brother) to learn what they could concerning him. These messengers, well acquainted with the passes, made their way in safety to the north of the lakes, and very soon met Clunes, who told them he would conduct them to the object of their search.

Charles was at this moment sleeping on the hill, with one of Clunes's sons, while Peter Grant held watch. Grant happened to nod upon his post, and did not perceive the approaching party till they were very near. He instantly flew to awaken the sleepers. The party had a formidable appearance; for, besides Clunes, Lochgary, and Dr Cameron, there were two servants; and at a little distance they looked like armed militia. Grant and young Cameron counselled an immediate flight to the top of the hill in the face of the enemy; but Charles resolved rather to keep close behind the loose

stones amidst which they were skulking, and to fight the enemy in ambuscade. He represented that, in case of a flight, the militia would soon get within gun-shot, and bring them down without resistance. "I am a good marksman," he said, "and can charge quick. I am therefore sure to do some execution." With Grant's assistance, he thought he might reduce the enemy to a level in point of numbers before coming to close quarters. Then he took out a brace of pistols which he had not previously shown, and expressed a hope to make these serviceable in the close struggle. Every thing considered, he hoped that they would repulse the advancing party, or at least die like brave men with arms in their hands. Grant acceded to a resolution so much in unison with his own dauntless spirit, and they had presented their muskets along the stones, and were almost on the point of firing, when fortunately the peculiar form of Clunes was distinguished in the party, which assured them they had nothing to fear.

Joy immediately took the place of desperation, and Charles could not help returning thanks to Heaven for having prevented him from destroying so many dear friends. His satisfaction was increased by receiving a message from his beloved friend Lochiel, for whose recovery, of which the Doctor informed him, he thrice audibly thanked the Deity. At this period, he has been described as wearing a shirt extremely soiled, an old black tartan coat, a plaid, and a philabeg. He was bare-footed, and had a long beard. In his hand he carried a musket, and he had a dirk and pistol by his side. Notwithstanding the fatigues he had gone through, and though he had not enjoyed the

luxury of a bed for several months, but had slept continually in the open air, he was both healthy and cheerful. His attendants had killed a cow the day before, and were preparing a portion of it when Dr Cameron approached. At dinner he ate very heartily of this fare, and enjoyed himself over the novel luxury of some bread, which had been procured for his use from Fort Augustus.

Charles now expressed a wish to cross the Chain and join Lochiel; but this measure was considered premature by his attendants, on account of a statement having recently appeared in the newspapers, that he had gone over Corryarrack with Lochiel and thirty men, which would undoubtedly occasion a vigilant search in those parts. He was advised to remain where he was, as in all probability the attention of the troops would be withdrawn from the north of the Chain, while it was directed with proportionate closeness to the south. In the mean time, Dr Cameron ventured into Lochaber to procure intelligence, and Lochgarry posted himself upon the isthmus, betwixt the east end of Loch Lochy and the west end of Loch Linnhe, to watch the motions of the troops. The Prince, at the same time, despatched his faithful attendant Glenaladale, who had shared every privation with him for a month past, to await the arrival of the French vessels which he now expected at Lochnanuagh in Arisaig, and to apprise him of that event whenever it should take place.

A few days after this dispersion of his friends, while Charles was sleeping upon the mountain side, with his few remaining attendants, he was roused at eight o'clock in the morning by a child, who exclaimed she saw a body of *red-coats*.

Looking down into the vale, the Prince accordingly saw a troop of soldiers demolishing the hut, and searching the adjacent woods. This occurred in consequence of information which had been communicated to Fort Augustus. The party, in great alarm, ascended the face of the mountain, along the deep channel of a winter torrent, which prevented them from being seen. They then travelled to another hill called Mullantagart, which is prodigiously steep, high, and craggy. On the top of that eminence they remained all day without a morsel of food. In the evening, one of Clunes's sons came, and told them that his father would meet them at a certain place in the hills somewhat distant, with provisions. Charles set out for this spot, which was only to be reached by the most inaccessible paths. Toiling along amongst rocks and stumps of trees, which tore their clothes and limbs, they at length proposed to halt and rest all night. But Charles, though the most exhausted of the party, insisted upon keeping their appointment with Clunes. After proceeding some way farther, Charles had to acknowledge himself utterly incapable of farther exertion; when the generous Highlanders took hold of his arms and supported him along, though themselves tottering under the influence of this unparalleled fatigue. Almost perishing with hunger, and sinking under the dreadful exertions of the night, they at last reached their destination; where, to their great relief, they found Clunes and his son, with a cow which they had killed and partly dressed. Here they remained for a few days, till Lochgary and Dr Cameron arrived with the welcome intelligence, that the passes were not now so strictly

guarded, and that he might safely venture at least a stage nearer to Lochiel.

The Prince now crossed Locharkaig, and was conducted to a fastness in the fir-wood of Auchnacary, belonging to Lochiel. Here he received a message from that chieftain and MacPherson of Cluny, informing him that they were in Badenoch, and that the latter gentleman would meet him on a certain day at the place where he was, in order to conduct him to their habitation, which they judged the safest place for him. Impatient to see these dear friends; he resolved not to wait for Cluny's coming, but to set out with such guides as he had. Accordingly, he decamped on the 28th of August, and, travelling all night, came next day to a place called Corineuir. He crossed the Chain or great Glen of Albyn in safety, and joined Lochiel at a place called Mallanauir, in that part of Badenoch which adjoins to the Braes of Rannech.

Lochiel had resided in this part of the country for several months, accompanied by Cluny, the proprietor of the ground, and Dr Stewart Thriep-land, a gentleman of Perthshire. By this time he was almost recovered from the wounds received in his ankles at the battle of Culloden, but was still unable to walk without assistance. When Charles came to see him, he was residing in a miserable little hut, with MacPherson of Breakachie, Allan Cameron, his principal servant, and two servants of Cluny. On seeing the Prince approach with his party of four persons under arms, he had nearly fallen into the same mistake which Charles and Peter Grant had lately escaped so narrowly—he took them for a party of militia, of whom he knew there was a troop stationed only four or five miles

off. Under that apprehension, he had prepared his firearms, of which he possessed a considerable quantity, and was on the point of firing off a volley, when he recognised some of the persons composing the dreaded little band. On perceiving that the Prince was among the number, he hobbled out as fast as he could to greet and welcome him. The meeting of these two friends is said to have been extremely affecting—so much did they love and admire each other, and so glad were they mutually to meet, after having been so long parted. Lochiel attempted to kneel before his beloved Prince; but Charles, touching him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Oh no, my dear Lochiel; we do not know who may be looking at us from yonder hills; and, if they see any such motions, they will immediately conclude that I am here." Lochiel then conducted him into the hut, where he found a better larder than he had had any experience of ever since the battle of Culloden. There was plenty of mutton, an anker of whisky containing twenty Scots pints, some good beef sausages made the year before, plenty of butter and cheese, and a large well-cured bacon ham. The first thing he called for was a dram, which he drank to the health of all present. Some minced collops were then dressed for him with butter, in a large sauce-pan which Lochiel and Cluny always carried about with them, and which was the only fire-vessel they had. "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince," cried Charles, as he devoured the collops out of the pan with a silver spoon. He seemed quite elevated with the pleasures of the day—with meeting Lochiel, and

him, and gave him a direction to Clunes's place of concealment. On finding that gentleman, a message was instantly despatched to Benalder; and Glenaladale then returned to Lochmannagh, to inform the ships' crews that Charles would be with them as soon as possible.

Charles, on receiving this delightful intelligence, immediately left the Cage, with Lochiel, Lochgary, John Roy Stuart, and several other friends; and, travelling only by night, reached Moidart upon the 19th. As care had been taken to inform as many brethren in distress as were within reach, of the opportunity of escape which now presented itself, a considerable company soon assembled upon the shore opposite to the vessels. Charles was destined, like the hare which returns after a hard chase, to the original form from which it set out, to leave Scotland, where he had undergone so long and so deadly a chase, precisely at the point where he had first set his foot upon its territory. Under what different auspices did he first see the wild hills around Lochnanuagh fourteen months before! He was then in the hey-day of hope—a kingdom lying open before him ready to be reaped by his sword—friends thronging around him with hopes as high as his own—and the country, by its tranquillity, apparently inviting him to proceed. Now, ragged and forlorn—his person shattered by the inclemencies of nature, and his mind agonized by the dejection of his fortunes—he stood amidst a troop of half-starved and half-naked fugitives, of whose misfortunes he was in one sense the cause—the country all round him teeming to his alarmed imagination with fiends thirsting for his life—and every thing seeming to inform him that the bril-

Nant hopes he had so long entertained were now for ever extinguished.⁶ With a judicious affectation of resolution, he proclaimed to the friends whom he left, that he would soon be back from France, with a force which should set his pretensions at rest; he also hoped to fight yet one other glorious battle by the side of his brave Highlanders, and then to reward them for the valour, the fidelity, and the kindness, which they had so devotedly displayed in his behalf. But the wretchedness of his present appearance was strangely inconsistent with the magnificence of his professed hopes. The many noble spirits who had already perished in his behalf, and the unutterable misery which his enterprise had occasioned to a wide tract of country, returned to his remembrance, and, looking round him, he saw the tear starting into many a brave man's eye, as it cast a farewell look back upon the country which it was never again to behold. To have maintained a show of resolution, under circumstances so affecting, was impossible. He had drawn his sword in the energy of his harangue; but he now sheathed it, with a force which spoke his agitated feelings; he gazed a minute in silent agony, and finally burst into a flood of tears. Upwards of an hundred unfortunate gentlemen accompanied him on board; when the anchor being immediately raised, and the sails set, the last of the Stuarts was quickly borne away from the country of his fathers.

Thus did Charles end a series of adventures, such as few princes had ever encountered before him. His career was distinguished at first by extravagant daring and miraculous success. The

sun of his fortune afterwards declined amidst a shower of blood. Then, a proscribed fugitive, with a price set upon his head, he spent five months in a state of perpetual alarm, enduring fatigues, hunger, and exposure to the elements, enough to have killed most men. The dangers which he escaped during that period were manifold. His preservation is in a great measure to be ascribed to his own sagacity and fortitude ; but it could never have been achieved without the concurrence of the generous people amongst whom he was cast. The constancy displayed by the Highlanders on this occasion was beyond all praise. They showed that a rude state of society is not without its virtues, and that poverty can sometimes be incorruptible. Charles's life was intrusted to several hundred individuals, many of them in the lowest grade of humble life, and some of them even belonging to what modern civilization would term the vicious. Yet not one seems to have ever so much as entertained the idea of giving him up, but all endeavoured, to the utmost of their power, to further his escape, even at the risk of their own lives. The generosity of their behaviour is said to have recommended them, for the first time, to the respect of the English people ; who saw from this, that unswerving principle, and pure and lofty feeling, might reside under the tartan and blue bonnet of Scotland, as well as beneath the silk and fine linen of the South.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIALS AND EXECUTIONS.

Tit. O reverend tribunes ! gentle aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse this doom of death,
And let me say, who never wept before,
My tears have been prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh noble father, you lament in vain !
The tribunes hear you not,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Titus Andronicus.

LONG before Charles's escape, a multitude of his followers, less fortunate than him, had met a cruel and bloody death upon the scaffolds of England. The vengeance of Government, after their final victory, had been precisely apportioned to their previous panic and pusillanimity ; and, in the emphatic language used by Johnson on the occasion, it was now necessary that statutes should reap the refuse of the sword. We are never so apt to commit an act of inhumanity as during the surprise and agitation which follows personal danger ; and even the annoyance of a harmless fly will sometimes provoke us to an act at which, in cooler moments, we would shudder. On the same principle, the rulers of this time, though perhaps r-

naturally cruel, displayed a blood-thirstiness and immitigable desire of vengeance, which no doubt appeared justified by the occasion, but of which they must have afterwards repented.

The officers of the English regiment taken at Carlisle were the first victims of this sanguinary calenture. Eighteen of these unfortunate gentlemen, at the head of whom was Townly their Colonel, were tried before a Grand Jury, at the Court-house on St Margaret's Hill, Southwark, in the county of Surrey, on the 15th of July, and four following days. All were condemned to death except one ; and, on the 29th of the month, an order came to their place of confinement, ordering the execution, on the succeeding day, of nine who were judged to be most guilty, namely, Francis Townly, George Fletcher, Thomas Chadwick, James Dawson, Thomas Deacon, John Berwick, Andrew Blood, Thomas Syddal, and David Morgan ; the other eight being reprieved for three weeks.

These ill-fated persons were roused from sleep at six o'clock in the morning of July 30th, to prepare for their execution. On coming down into the courtyard of their prison, they ordered coffee to be got ready for their breakfast. The firmness which they displayed throughout the whole scene was very remarkable. Only Syddal, of all the rest, was observed to tremble when the halter was put about his neck ; and he, to conceal his agitation from the spectators, took a pinch of snuff. When their irons had been knocked off, their arms pinioned, and the ropes adjusted about their necks, they were put into three sledges, to each of which three horses were attached. In the first

sledge, along with Townly, Blood, and Berwick, the executioner sat with a drawn scimeter. The procession was accompanied by a party of foot-guards.

Kennington Common was the place appointed for their execution; and as the spectacle was expected to be attended with all those circumstances of barbarity awarded by the English law of treason, the London mob had assembled in extraordinary numbers to witness it. A pile of faggots and a block were placed near the gallows; and while the prisoners were removing from their sledges into the cart from which they were to be turned off, the faggots were set on fire, and the guards formed a circle round the place of execution. The prisoners were not attended by clergymen of any persuasion; but Morgan, who had been a barrister-at-law, read prayers and other pious meditations from a book of devotion; to which the rest seemed very attentive, joining in all the responses and ejaculations with great fervour. Half an hour was spent in these exercises, during which they betrayed no symptoms of irresolution; though their deportment was said to be perfectly suitable, at the same time, to their unhappy circumstances. On concluding prayers, they took some written papers from their books, and threw them among the spectators. These were found to contain declarations, to the effect that they died in a just cause, that they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but their deaths would be avenged, together with some expressions which were considered treasonable. They likewise delivered papers severally to the sheriff, and then threw away their hats,

some of which were gold-laced—for they were all dressed like gentlemen; and it is said that these pieces of dress were found to contain other treasonable papers. Immediately after, the executioner pulled their caps out of their pockets, put them on, and drew them over their eyes; and then they were turned off. When they had been suspended three minutes, the soldiers went in under the bodies, drew off their shoes, white stockings, and breeches; and the executioner pulled off the rest of their clothes. When they had been stripped perfectly naked, the last-mentioned official cut down Mr Townly, and laid him on the block. Observing the body to retain some signs of life, he struck it several violent blows upon the breast, for the humane purpose of rendering it totally insensible to what remained. These not having the desired effect, he cut the throat. The ~~severals~~ were first cut off, and thrown into the fire. Then cutting open the body, he took out the bowels and heart, which he also threw into the fire, and finally, with a cleaver, separated the head from the body, and put both into a coffin. Mr Morgan was next cut down, and after him the rest, the executioner unbowelling and beheading them one by one, as he had done Mr Townly. On throwing the last heart into the fire, which was that of James Dawson, he cried with a loud voice, "God save King George!" and the spectators responded with a shout. When this barbarous ceremony was concluded, the mutilated bodies were conveyed back to prison on the sledges; and the heads of Townly and Fletcher were three days after affixed upon Temple-Bar, while those of Deacon, Berwick, Chadwick, and Syddal, were

preserved in spirits, in order to be disposed in the same way at Carlisle and Manchester. Townly's body was buried at Pancras ; but those of the others were interred in the burying-ground near the Foundling Hospital.

The mob of London had hooted these ill-fated gentlemen on their passage to and from their trials ; but at the execution they looked on with faces betokening at least pity for their misfortunes, if not also admiration of their courage. A circumstance, observed at the time, excited a good deal of commiseration amongst the crowd. This was the appearance at the place of execution of Charles Deacon, a very youthful brother of one of the culprits, himself a culprit, and under sentence of death for the same crime, but who had been permitted to attend the last scene of his brother's life in a coach, along with a guard. Another circumstance still more affecting came afterwards to the knowledge of the public. James Dawson, the son of a gentleman of Lancashire, and who had not completed his studies at St John's College, Cambridge, was attached to a young lady, of good family and fortune, at the time when some youthful excesses induced him to run away from college and join the insurgents. Had he been acquitted, or if he could have obtained the Royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was fixed by the parents of both parties to have been that of their marriage. When it was ascertained that he was to suffer the cruel death which has just been described, the inconsolable young lady determined, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friends, to witness the execution ; and she accordingly followed the sledges, in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend.

She got near enough to see the fire which was to consume her lover's heart, besides all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagancies which her friends had apprehended. She also succeeded in restraining her feelings during the progress of the bloody tragedy. But when all was over, and the shouts of the multitude rung her lover's death-peal in her ears, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying, "My dear, I follow thee, I follow thee—sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together," fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.²

Previous to this period, bills of indictment having been found, by the Grand Jury of Surrey, against the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, and Lord Balmerino, these three noblemen³ were tried by the House of Peers, on Monday the 28th of July. This high solemnity was conducted with great state. A hundred and thirty-five peers were present. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke acted on the occasion, as Lord High Steward, or president of the Assembly. Westminster Hall was fitted up in a most magnificent manner for the purpose. Mr George Ross was appointed solicitor for Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and Mr Adam Gordon for Cromarty, at their own request.

The three Rebel Lords, as they were styled, proceeded from the Tower, early in the forenoon, towards Westminster Hall; Kilmarnock in Lord Cornwallis's coach, attended by General Williamson, Deputy-Governor of the Tower; Cromarty in General Williamson's coach, attended by Captain Marshall; and Balmerino in another coach, accompanied by Mr Fowler, Gentleman-Goaler,

who had the axe covered by him. A strong guard of soldiers paraded along side of the coaches. The Court, who had likewise moved in a procession from the House of Peers to the Hall, being duly met, and proclamation having been made for the appearance of the prisoners, they were brought to the bar, preceded by the Gentleman-goaler, who carried the axe with its edge turned away from them. When reciprocal compliments had passed between the prisoners and their peers, the indictments were read ; to which Kilmarnock and Cromarty successively pleaded " Guilty," recommending themselves to the King's mercy. Balmerino, before *pleading* to his indictment—that is to say, before avowing himself guilty or not guilty,—asked the Lord High Steward if it would avail him any thing to prove that he was not at the siege of Carlisle, as specified in the indictment, but ten miles distant. His Grace answered, that it might or might not be of service, according to the circumstances ; but he begged to remind his Lordship that it was contrary to form to allow the prisoner to ask any questions before pleading ; and he therefore desired his lordship to plead. " Plead ! " cried Balmerino, who knew nothing of the technicalities of an English court, and whose bold blunt mind stood in no awe of this august assembly ; " why, I am pleading as fast as I can." The Steward explained what was meant by pleading, and his Lordship then pleaded, " Not guilty." The court immediately proceeded to his trial, which was soon despatched. King's counsel were heard in the first place, and five or six witnesses were then examined in succession ; by

whom it was proved, that his Lordship entered Carlisle, though not on the day specified, at the head of a cavalry regiment, called from his name Elphinstone's Horse, with his sword drawn. The prisoners had no counsel; but Balmerino himself made an exception, which was overruled. The Lord High Steward then asked if he had any thing further to offer in his defence; to which his Lordship answered, that he was sorry he had given the Court so much trouble, and had nothing more to say. On this, the Lords retired to the House of Peers; and, the opinion of the Judges being asked touching the overt act, they declared that it was not material, as other facts were proved beyond contradiction. They then returned to the Hall; where the Steward, according to ancient usage, asking them one by one, (beginning with the youngest baron), "My Lord of ———, is Arthur Lord Balmerino guilty of high treason?" each answered, clapping his right hand upon his left breast, "Guilty, upon my honour, my Lord." The prisoners were afterwards recalled to the Bar, informed of the verdict of the Court, and remanded to the Tower till the day after next, when they were again to appear, in order to receive sentence. The House immediately broke up, and the prisoners were conveyed back to prison, with the edge of the axe turned towards them.

When the Court met again, on the 30th, the Lord High Steward made a speech to the prisoners, and asked each of them, "If he had any thing to offer why judgment of death should not pass against him?" To this question, Kilmar-nock replied, in a speech expressive of the deepest contrition for his conduct, and imploring the Court

to intercede with the King in his behalf. He represented, that he had been educated in Revolution principles, and even appeared in arms in behalf of the present Royal Family; that, having joined the insurgents in a rash moment, he had immediately repented the step, and resolved to take the first opportunity of putting himself into the hands of Government; for this purpose, he had separated himself from his corps at the battle of Culloden, and surrendered himself a prisoner, though he might easily have escaped. He, moreover, endeavoured to make merit with the Court, for having employed himself solicitously during the progress of the insurrection, in softening the horrors which the war had occasioned in his country, and in protecting the Royalist prisoners from the abuse of their captors. Finally, he made a declaration of affection for the reigning family, not more incredible from his past actions than it was humiliating in his present condition; and concluded with an asseveration, that, even if condemned to death, he would employ his last moments in "praying for the preservation of the illustrious House of Hanover." The Earl of Cremarty pronounced a speech of nearly the same complexion, but concluding with a more eloquent appeal to the clemency of his Majesty. "Nothing remains, my Lords," he said, "but to throw myself, my life, and fortune, upon your Lordships' compassion. But of these, my Lords, as to myself, is the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife, with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties; I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy and regard for his parents hurried him down the stream of

rebellion; I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parents' punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my Lords, be pledges to his Majesty; let them be pledges to your Lordships; let them be pledges to my country, for mercy; let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears; let the powerful language of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion; let me enjoy mercy, but no longer than I deserve it; and let me no longer enjoy life than I shall use it to efface the crime I have been guilty of. Whilst I thus intercede to his Majesty, through the medium of your Lordships, let the remorse for my guilt as a subject—let the sorrow of my heart as a husband—let the anguish of my mind as a father—speak the rest of my misery. As your Lordships are men, feel as men; but may none of you ever suffer the smallest part of my anguish. But if, after all, my Lords, my safety shall be found inconsistent with that of the public, and nothing but my blood can atone for my unhappy crime; if the sacrifice of my life, my fortune, and family, is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands of public justice; and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me; not mine, but thy will, O God, be done."

The mind of Balmerino was superior to such humiliation as this. When the question was put to him, he pleaded, that an indictment could not be found in the county of Surrey, for a crime laid to be committed at Carlisle in December last, in regard that the act ordaining the rebels to be tried in such counties as the King should appoint, which was not passed till March, could not have a retrospective effect; and he desired to be allowed counsel.

On this, the Earl of Bath asked if the noble Lord at the bar had had any counsel allowed him, and was answered that he had never desired any. Balmerino replied, that, all the defences which had occurred to him or his solicitor having been laid before a counsellor, and by him judged to be trifling, he had not chosen to give the court needless trouble ; and that the above objection had only been hinted to him an hour or two before he was brought into Court. After some altercation, the Court assigned Messrs Wilbraham and Forrester, as counsel to his Lordship, and adjourned till the 1st of August.

Being again brought to the bar on that day, the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty were again asked if they had any thing to propose why judgment of death should not pass upon them, and answered in the negative. The Lord High Steward informed Balmerino that, having started an objection, desired counsel, and had their assistance, he was now to make use of it, if he thought fit. His Lordship answered that his counsel having satisfied him there was nothing in the objection that could do him service, he declined having them heard ; that he would not have made the objection, if he had not been persuaded there was ground for it ; and that he was sorry for the trouble he had given his Grace and the Peers. All the prisoners having thus submitted to the Court, the Lord High Steward made a long and pathetic speech, which he concluded by pronouncing sentence in these words : " The judgment of the law is, and this High Court doth award, that you William Earl of Kilmarnock, George Earl of Cromarty, and Arthur

Lord Balmarino, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower from whence you came ; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution ; when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck ; but not till you are dead ; for you must be cut down alive ; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your faces ; then your heads must be severed from your bodies ; and your bodies must be divided each into four quarters ; and these must be at the King's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls ! " After sentence was passed, the prisoners were withdrawn from the bar, and the Lord High Steward, standing up uncovered, broke his staff, and announced that his commission was dissolved.

The Earl of Kilmarnock, who was only in his forty-second year, and extremely anxious for life, immediately presented a petition for mercy to the King, together with others to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland, entreating them to intercede in his behalf with their Royal Father. The tenor of these petitions was much the same with that of his speech, equally penitential and humble, and equally unworthy of his birth, rank, and former character. That to the Duke contained a vindication of himself from some aspersions which had reached his Royal Highness, and which he understood had prejudiced that personage against him. It had been whispered that the Earl was concerned in the order said to have been found in the pocket of a prisoner after the battle of Culloden, and that, moreover, he had exercised sundry other cruelties upon the prisoners in the hands of the insurgents. Both of these charges he

distinctly denied—and probably with truth; though the assertion that he had voluntarily surrendered himself to Government, contained in his speech, and in the petition to the King, was afterwards confessed by himself to have been made only with the view of moving his Majesty to mercy.

The Earl of Cromarty, whose share in the insurrection had been much less conspicuous, and who had not, like Kilmarnock, added ingratitude to his other misdemeanours, made similar efforts to obtain the Royal grace. The Countess went about, after the sentence had been pronounced, delivering petitions in person to all the Lords of the Cabinet-Council; and on the following Sunday, she went in mourning to Kensington Palace, to petition Majesty itself. When the interesting condition of this lady is considered, it must be allowed that a more powerful mode of intercession could not have been adopted. She way-laid the King as he was going to chapel, fell upon her knees before him, seized the hem of his coat, and, presenting a petition, fainted away at his feet. His Majesty raised her up with his own hand, received her petition, and gave it to the Duke of Grafton, who was in attendance; desiring Lady Stair, who accompanied Lady Cromarty, to conduct her to an apartment where care might be taken of her. A day or two after, the Dukes of Hamilton and Montrose, the Earl of Stair, and several other courtiers, interceded with his Majesty in the unfortunate Earl's behalf.

Balmerino made no effort to save his life, but behaved after this period as one who had resigned himself to death, and who despises those who are

to inflict it. On learning that his two brothers in affliction had made their applications for mercy, he said, with a sneer, that, as they had such great interest at court, they might have squeezed his name in with their own. On a gentleman calling upon him a week after his sentence, and apologizing for intruding upon the few hours which his Lordship had to live, he replied, "Oh, Sir, no intrusion at all—I have done nothing to make my conscience uneasy. I shall die with a true heart, and undaunted; for I think no man fit to live, who is not fit to die; nor am I any ways concerned at what I have done."

The Earl of Cromarty received a pardon on the 9th of August, and on the 11th an order was signed in council for the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Cromarty and Kilmarnock had both alike hoped for pardon, and most people expected that Balmerino would be the only victim. But the resentment of the King at Kilmarnock's ingratitude, and the unfavourable impression which the Duke of Cumberland had received of his character, together with the gross prevarications upon which he had grounded his claims for mercy, determined, it was supposed, that he should also perish. Two writs, therefore, passed the Great Seal on the 12th, empowering the Lord Cornwallis, Constable of the Tower, to deliver the bodies of the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino to the Sheriffs of London, for execution, on the 18th.

Nothing could mark more strongly the different characters of these two unfortunate noblemen, than the way in which each respectively received

intelligence of this final order. It was communicated to Kilmarnock by Mr Foster, a dissenting or Presbyterian clergyman, who had spent some time before with his Lordship in religious exercises, and in some measure prepared his mind for the dreadful announcement. When the words of doom fell upon the ear of the culprit, their force was softened by the religious consolations with which they were accompanied; and Kilmarnock received them with the tranquillity and resignation of a true Christian. Balmerino, on the contrary, heard the news with all the unconcern and levity with which he might have some months before received an order for some military movement. He was sitting at dinner, with his lady, when the warrant arrived; and, on her starting up distractedly and swooning away, he coolly proceeded to recover her by the usual means, and then, remarking that it should not make him lose his dinner, sat down again to table as if nothing had happened. He could even scarcely help chiding her for the concern she had displayed in his behalf, requesting her to resume her seat at table, and absolutely laughing when she declared her inability to eat. The gentle piety and resignation of Kilmarnock excited universal admiration and pity among the Whigs, while the indifference of Balmerino was hailed, by his own party, as the heroism of a martyr.

The day appointed for the execution was Monday the 18th of August. On the Saturday preceding, General Williamson thought proper to give Kilmarnock an account of all the circumstances of solemnity and outward terror which would accompany it. He informed his Lordship

that, about ten in the morning, the Sheriffs would come to demand the prisoners, who would be delivered to them at the gate of the Tower; that from thence, if their Lordships thought proper, they should walk on foot to the house appointed on Tower-hill for their reception, where the rooms would be hung with black, to make the more decent and solemn appearance, and that the scaffold would also be covered with black cloth; that his Lordship might repose and prepare himself, in the room fitted up for him, as long as he thought convenient, remembering only that the warrant for execution was limited to one o'clock; that, because of a complaint made by Lord Kenmore in 1716, that the block was too low, it was raised to the height of two feet; that, to fix it the more firmly, props would be placed directly under it, that the certainty or decency of the execution might not be obstructed by any concussion or sudden jerk of the body. In all this Lord Kilmarnock expressed his satisfaction. But, when informed that two mourning-hearses would be placed close by the scaffold, so that, when the heads were struck off, the coffins might soon be taken out to receive the bodies, he said it would be better to have the coffins upon the scaffold, for, by that means the bodies would be sooner removed out of sight. Being further informed, that an executioner was provided, who, besides being expert, was *a very good sort of man*, he exclaimed, "General, this is one of the worst circumstances that you have mentioned. I cannot thoroughly like, for a work of this kind, your good sort of men. One of that character must be tender-hearted and compassionate; and a rougher and less sensible

person would be much more fit for the office." He then requested that four persons might be appointed to receive the head, when it was severed from the body, in a red cloth, in order that it might not, as he had been informed was the case in some former executions, roll about the scaffold, and be thereby mangled and disfigured; adding, that this was a small circumstance in comparison, but he was not willing that his body should be exposed to any unnecessary indecency after the just sentence of the law had been executed. Throughout this trying conversation, his Lordship is said to have maintained as much composure as the least compassionate reader can do in perusing a mere report of it. General Williamson advised him, in conclusion, to think frequently on the circumstances of his death-scene, in order that they might make the less impression when presented to his senses.

At six o'clock in the morning of the day of execution, a troop of Life-guards, a troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, and about a thousand Foot Guards, drew themselves up on 'Tower Hill,' in the form of a battledore—the round part enclosing the scaffold, and the handle, formed by two lines, extending to the lower gate, with a proper space between for the procession to pass. About eight o'clock, the Sheriffs of London, their Under-Sheriffs, and their officers, namely, six sergeants at mace, six yeomen, and the executioner, met at the Mitre Tavern, in Fenchurch Street, where they breakfasted. They soon after went to the house hired by them for the reception of the prisoners, which was about thirty yards distant, and in front of which the scaffold had been erected. At ten o'clock, the block was fixed, covered with black

cloth, and several sacks of saw-dust were provided, to be strown upon the scaffold. Soon after, the two coffins were brought upon the scaffold: These were covered with black cloth, ornamented with gilt nails, and upon that of Kilmarnock was a plate with this inscription, "*Gulielmus Comes de Kilmarnock decollatus, 18^o Augusti 1746, Ætat. sue 42,*" with an Earl's coronet over it; while Balmerino's bore, "*Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino decollatus, 18^o Augusti 1746, Ætat. sue 58,*" surmounted by the coronet of a Baron.

These preparations over, the officers to whom the management of the execution was by law assigned, went in procession to the Tower, and knocked at the gate, when the Warder within asked, "Who's there?" and was answered by an officer, "The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex." According to ancient usage, the Warder asked, "What do they want?" and the officer answered, "The bodies of William, Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur, Lord Balmerino." The Warder said, "I will go and inform the Lieutenant of the Tower." When General Williamson consequently informed the Earl of Kilmarnock that the Sheriffs were waiting for the prisoners, his Lordship, having completely prepared himself for the terrible announcement, was not in the least degree agitated, but said, calmly, "General, I am ready, and will follow you." In going down stairs, he met Balmerino at the first landing-place, who embraced him affectionately, and said, "My Lord, I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." The two unfortunate noblemen were then conducted to the Tower-gate, and delivered over to the Sheriffs, who gave receipts to the De-

puty-Lieutenants for their persons. As they were leaving the Tower, the Deputy-Lieutenant, according to custom, cried, "God bless King George!" to which Kilmarnock made a bow, while the inflexible Balmerino exclaimed, "*God bless King James!*" The procession moved in a slow and solemn manner towards the house prepared for the reception of the Lords; Kilmarnock attended by Mr Sheriff Blackford, with Messrs Foster and Home, two Presbyterian clergymen, and Balmerino supported by Mr Sheriff Cockayne, accompanied by the chaplain of the Tower and another minister of the Episcopalian persuasion. As they were moving along, some person was heard to exclaim from the surrounding crowd, "Which is Balmerino?" when that nobleman instantly turned half round, and politely said, "I am Balmerino." Two hearses and a mourning coach followed the procession, adding an inexpressible solemnity and gloom to a scene already as melancholy as can be conceived.

On arriving within the area around the scaffold, the two Lords were conducted into separate apartments in the house fitted up for their reception, where their friends were admitted to see them. The walls of this house were hung with black, as well as the passage leading from it to the scaffold, and the scaffold itself, at the expense of the Sheriffs. When the pageant had come to the scaffold, the troops which lined the road from the Tower closed in behind the rest, and the scaffold was thus surrounded by soldiers six deep.

About eleven o'clock, Lord Kilmarnock received a message from Lord Balmerino, requesting an interview; which being consented to, Balmerino

was introduced into Kilmarneock's apartment. The conversation which took place, is reported by Mr Foster to have been precisely as follows :—BALMERINO. "My Lord, I beg leave to ask your Lordship one question."—KILMARNOCK. "To any question, my Lord, that you shall think it proper to ask, I believe I shall see no reason to decline giving an answer."—B. "Why, then, my Lord, did you ever see or know of any order, signed by the Prince, to give no quarter at Culloiden?"—K. "No, my Lord."—B. "Nor I, neither; and therefore, it seems to be an invention to justify their own murders."—K. "No, my Lord, I do not think that inference can be drawn from it; because, while I was at Inverness, I was informed by several officers that there was such an order, signed 'George Murray;' and that it was in the Duke's custody."—B. "Lord George Murray! Why, then, they should not charge it upon the Prince." His Lordship then took his leave, embracing his fellow-prisoner with great tenderness, and saying to him, "My dear Lord Kilmarneock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay all this reckoning alone. Once more, farewell for ever!"

Lord Kilmarneock spent nearly an hour after this conversation, in devotion with Mr Foster and the gentleman attending him, and in making declarations that he sincerely repented of his crime, and had resumed at this last hour his former attachment to the reigning family. His rank giving him a dreadful precedence in what was to ensue, he was led first to the scaffold. Before leaving the room, he took a tender farewell of all the friends who attended him. When he stepped upon the scaffold, notwithstanding all his previous at-

tempts to familiarise his mind with the idea of the scene, he could not help being somewhat appalled at the sight of so many dreadful objects ; and he muttered in the ear of one of the attendant clergymen, " Home, this is terrible ! " He was habited in doleful black, and bore a countenance which, though quite composed, wore the deepest hue of melancholy. The sight of his care-worn but still handsome figure, and of his pale resigned countenance, produced a great impression upon the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The executioner himself was so much affected, that he was obliged to drink several glasses of spirits, to brace his nerves for the work of death.

From a rare contemporary print of the Execution of Lord Kilmarnock, it appears that the scaffold was very small, and that there were not above six or seven persons altogether upon it at the time his Lordship submitted to the block. The block is a piece of wood, considerably higher than may be generally supposed ; the culprit only requiring to kneel and bend a little forward in order to bring his neck over it. The cloth which originally covered the surrounding rails, is turned up in such a manner as to give the spectators below an uninterrupted view of the dreadful circumstances of the scene. The culprit appears kneeling at the block, without his coat and waistcoat, and the frill of his shirt hanging down. The figures upon the scaffold, all except one of awfully important character, are dressed in those full dark suits of the fashion of King George the Second's reign, which our grandfathers used to call by the dignified appellation, " a stand of mournings ; " and most of

them have white handkerchiefs at their eyes, and express, by their attitudes, the most violent grief.

It was a little after mid-day when the unhappy Kilmarnock approached the scene of his last sufferings. After mounting the scaffold, and taking leave of Mr Foster, who chose to retire, he stripped off his upper clothes, turned down his shirt, and arranged his long dressed hair, (previously in a bag), under a large napkin of damask cloth, which he had brought for the purpose of forming it into a cap. He also informed the executioner, to whom he gave a purse containing five guineas, that he would give the signal for the descent of the axe, about two minutes after he should lay his neck upon the block, by dropping a handkerchief. Then he went forward and knelt upon a black cushion, which was placed for the purpose before the block. Whether to support himself, or as a more convenient posture for devotion, he happened to lay his hands upon the surface of the block, along with his neck; and the executioner was obliged to desire him to let them fall down, lest they should be mangled or break the blow. Being informed that the neck of his waistcoat was in the way, he rose once more upon his feet and with the help of one of his friends, (Mr Walkingshaw of Scotstoun,) had that garment taken off. This done, and the neck being made completely bare to the shoulder, he again knelt down as before. Mr Home's servant, who held a corner of the cloth to receive his head, heard him at this moment remind the executioner that he would give the signal in about two minutes. That interval he spent in fervent devotion, as appeared by the motion of his hands, and now and

then of his head. Having then fixed his neck down close upon the block, he gave the signal; his body remained without the least motion till the descent of the axe; which went so far through the neck at the first blow, that only a little piece of skin remained to be severed by the second.

The head, which immediately dropped into the cloth, was not exposed in the usual manner by the executioner, in consequence of the prisoner's express request, but deposited with his body in the coffin, which was then delivered to his friends, and deposited in the hearse. The scaffold was then cleaned, and strewed with fresh saw dust, so that no appearance of a former execution might remain to offend the feelings of Lord Balmerino; and the executioner, who was dressed in white, changed such of his clothes as were bloody.

The Under-sheriff then went to the apartment of Balmerino, who, upon his entrance, said that he supposed Lord Kilmarnock was now no more, and asked how the executioner had performed his duty. Being informed upon this point, he remarked that it was well done. He had previously maintained before his friends a show of resolution and indifference which perfectly astonished them; twice taking wine, with a little bread, and desiring them to drink him "a degree to heaven." He now said, "Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life;" saluted them with an air of cheerfulness which drew tears from every eye but his own; and hastened to the scaffold.

The appearance of Balmerino upon this fatal stage produced a very different sensation among

the spectators from that occasioned by Kilmarneock. His firm step, his bold bluff figure, but above all his dress, the same regimental suit of blue turned up with red, which he had worn throughout the late campaign, excited breathless admiration, rather than any emotion of pity, and made the crowd regard him as a being of a superior nature. So far from expressing any concern about his approaching death, he even reproved the tenderness of such of his friends as were about him. Walking round the scaffold, he bowed to the people, and inspected the inscription upon his coffin, which he declared to be correct. He also asked which was his hearse, and ordered the man to drive near. Then looking with an air of satisfaction at the block, which he designated as his "*pillow of rest*," he took out a paper, and, putting on his spectacles, read it to the few about him. It contained a declaration of his unshaken adherence to the House of Stuart, and of his regret for ever having served in the armies of their enemies, Queen Anne and George the First, which he considered the only faults of his life deserving his present fate.

Finally, he called for the executioner; who immediately appeared, and was about to ask his forgiveness, when Balmerino stopped him, by saying "Friend, you need not ask forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable." Presenting the fellow with three guineas, he added, "Friend, I never had much money; this is all I now have; I wish it was more for your sake; and am sorry I can add nothing to it, but my coat and waistcoat." He took off these garments, and laid them upon his coffin for the executioner.

In his immediate preparations for death, this singular man displayed the same wonderful degree of coolness and intrepidity. Having put on a flannel-vest which had been made on purpose, together with a cap of tartan, to denote, he said, that he died a Scotsman, he went to the block and, kneeling down, went through a sort of rehearsal of the execution, for the instruction of the executioner; showing him how he should give the signal for the blow by dropping his arms. He then returned to his friends, took a tender farewell of them, and, looking round upon the crowd, said, "I am afraid there are some who may think my behaviour bold; but, (addressing a gentleman near him), remember Sir, what I tell you; it arises from a confidence in God, and a clear conscience."

At this moment, he observed the executioner standing with the axe, and, going up to him, took the fatal weapon into his own hand and felt its edge. On returning it, he showed the man where to strike his neck, and animated him to do it with vigour and resolution; adding, "for in that, friend, will consist your mercy." With a countenance of the utmost cheerfulness, he then knelt down at the block, and, uttering the following words:—"O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless the Prince and the Duke, and receive my soul,"—dropped his arms for the blow. The executioner, recollecting the deliberation of Lord Kilmarnock, was thrown out by the suddenness with which the signal was given in the present case, and gave his blow without taking accurate aim at the proper place. He hit the unfortunate nobleman between the shoulders; depriving him in a great measure,

it was supposed, of sensation, but by no means producing death. It has been said by some who witnessed this dreadful scene, that the unfortunate man turned his head half round, and gnashed his teeth either with rage or pain, while his eyeballs glared dreadfully, in the face of the executioner. If this was the case, it fortunately did not prevent the man from recovering his presence of mind; for he immediately brought down another blow, which went through two-thirds of the neck. Death immediately followed this stroke, and the body fell away from the block. It was presently replaced by some of the by-standers; and a third blow completed the work.

The fate of these unfortunate noblemen excited more public interest than perhaps any other thing connected with the insurrection. The Jacobites, together with all such as were of a bold temperament, applauded the behaviour of Balmerino; while the Whigs, and all persons of a pious disposition, admired the placid and devout resignation of Kilmarnock. Every member of the state seemed to have chosen his favourite nobleman, in whose behalf he was prepared to talk, dispute, and even to fight. Innumerable publications appeared regarding them, informing the public of their history, and discussing their respective and very opposite characters. Among these it is remarkable, that no one did justice, either to the profound humility and sorrow-struck contrition of Kilmarnock, or to the dauntless magnanimity and serenity of Balmerino. One set cants about Kilmarnock's long prayers and death-wrung petitions to King George: the other talks with indignation of Balmerino's continued rebellion and his soldier-like levity. It

is still more remarkable, perhaps, that no publication of the time advocated the propriety of showing mercy to these or to any other of the rebels. All the fugitive writers seem to have been impressed, on this occasion, with a terrible idea of the power of Government, and to have thought that the only way in which they could make sure of their own lives was to permit the law to be gorged with other victims. Almost the only remonstrance which appears to have been made, was the simple insertion in one or two of the Jacobite Journals, of the well known passage in *Measure for Measure* :

- No ceremony that to the great belongs,
- Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
- The Marshal's truncheon, nor the Judge's robe,
- Becomes them with one half so good a grace,
- As *Mercy* does. ——— Alas ! alas !
- Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
- And he that might th' advantage once have took,
- Found out the remedy. How would you be,
- If he, which is the top of judgment, should
- But judge you as you are ? Oh, think on that,
- And *Mercy* then will breathe within your lips,
- Like men new made.—
- To-morrow ? Oh ! that's sudden ; spare him, spare him !
- He's not prepared for death. 5

James Nicholson, Walter Ogilvie, and Donald Macdonald, forming a selection from the Scottish officers taken at Carlisle, were the next victims of the offended State. They were condemned at St Margaret's Hill, on the 2d of August (along with Alexander MacGrowther, who was afterwards reprieved), and executed at Kennington Common on the 22d. Nicholson had kept a coffee-house at Leith, and was a man in middle life ; but Macdonald and Ogilvie were both young men of good families, the first a cadet of the family of

Keppoch, and the other a native of the county of Banff. They were conducted to the place of execution in a sledge, guarded by a party of horse grenadiers and a detachment of the foot-guards. MacDonald and Nicholson appeared at the last solemn scene in their Highland dress. They spent an hour in devotion upon the scaffold, and were then executed ⁶ in precisely the same manner with Francis Townly and his companions, except that they were permitted to hang fifteen minutes before being dismembered; the horrid circumstances of the former execution having been found too much, even for the feelings of the unsensitive crowd, which usually assembles on such occasions.

During the course of the two ensuing months, many trials took place at St Margaret's Hill, without any of the prisoners receiving sentence of death. But, on the 15th of November, judgment was at length pronounced upon no fewer than twenty-two persons, who had been convicted singly at different times; and out of these five were ordered for execution on the 28th of November. The names of the unfortunate persons were John Hamilton, Alexander Leith, Sir John Wedderburn, Andrew Wood, and James Bradshaw. Hamilton had been governor of Carlisle, and signed its capitulation; Leith was an aged and infirm man, who had distinguished himself by his activity as a captain in the Duke of Perth's regiment; Sir John Wedderburn had acted as receiver of the Excise duties and cess raised by the insurgents; Andrew Wood was a youth of little more than two-and-twenty, who had displayed great courage and zeal in the regiment of John Roy Stewart; and Bradshaw was a respect-

able and wealthy merchant of Manchester, who had abandoned his business, and spent his fortune in the cause for which he was now to lay down his life.

The execution of these gentlemen, which took place on the 28th of November, was attended with some affecting circumstances. Before nine o'clock in the morning, the servants of the keeper unlocked the rooms in which Sir John Wedderburn, Mr Hamilton, and James Bradshaw were confined, and, uttering the awful announcement that they were to die, desired them to prepare themselves for the Sheriff, who would immediately come to demand their persons. Although this was the first certain intelligence they had of their fate, they received it with calmness, and said they would soon be ready to obey the Sheriff's request. They then took a melancholy farewell of a fellow-officer of the name of Farquharson, who had been respited, and was confined on the same side of the prison. The keeper's servants proceeded to rouse the rest of the doomed men, besides one of the name of Lindsay, who was as yet expected to share their fate. When they were told to prepare for the sheriff, Wood inquired if Governor Hamilton had been finally consigned to execution; and being answered in the affirmative, remarked, "that he was sorry for that poor old gentleman." They were led into the fore part of the prison, and provided with a slight refreshment. On account of the policy of Government in granting reprieves at the last hour, Bradshaw still hoped to be pardoned, and endeavoured, on this occasion, to display a confident cheerfulness of manner. Wood, entertaining no such expectations, called for wine, and drank the health of his political idols, boldly

renouncing to each his treasonable title. Lindsay's reprieve arrived at the moment when he was submitting to have his hands tied, and produced such an effect upon his feelings as almost to deprive him of the life which it was designed to save. The sanguine Bradshaw, whose halter was just then thrown over his head, eagerly inquired "if there was any news for him."—"The Sheriff is come, and waits for you!" was the awful answer knelled upon the poor man's ear.

They were drawn to the place of execution in two sledges, Bradshaw shedding tears of disappointment and wretchedness. They arrived at the root of the fatal tree a little after noon, and the execution immediately took place, in the midst of a vast crowd of spectators. Bradshaw, and also Sir John Wedderburn, were observed to look earnestly at the gallows as they drew near to it. The whole prayed for King James, and declared they did not fear death. Bradshaw was tied up first,⁷ and the rest as they were taken out of the sledges. The waggon was drawn away from beneath them, while they were yet imploring the Almighty to receive their souls. On being cut down, their bowels were taken out and thrown into a fire which blazed near the gallows. Their bodies were afterwards surrendered to their friends.

In the meantime, this bloody work had been proceeding with still greater energy at Carlisle and York, where it was thought necessary to try the most of the insurgents who had been taken at Culloden, by the forms of an English court of Oyer and Terminer, instead of placing them at the mercy of their countrymen, who were now too generally suspected of disaffection to be intrusted

with a commission so important. Carlisle, the principal scene of their misdeeds in England, was selected for the trial of most of the prisoners, as a place more likely than any other to produce a jury of the stamp required by Government. The result proved that, however much the Scottish people might labour under the imputation of humanity, their Cumbrian neighbours were not in the least degree tinged with that disloyal vice.

About the beginning of August, a herd—for such it might be termed—of these ill-starred persons was impelled, like one of their own *droves* of black cattle, from the Highlands towards Carlisle, where, on being imprisoned, they were found to amount to no less than three hundred and eighty-five. To try so many individuals, with the certainty of finding almost all of them guilty, would have looked something like premeditated massacre; and might have had an effect upon the nation very different from what was intended. It was therefore determined that, while all the officers, and others who had distinguished themselves by zeal in the insurrection, should be tried, the great mass should be permitted to cast lots, one in twenty to be tried, and the rest to be transported. Several individuals refused this extrajudicial proffer of grace, and chose rather to take their chance upon a fair trial. The evidences were chiefly drawn from the ranks of the King's army. Bills of indictment were found against a hundred and nineteen individuals; and the 9th of September was appointed the day of trial.

The time which intervened between the indictment and trial of the Carlisle prisoners, was occupied

by the Judges, at York where the Grand Jury found bills of indictment against seventy-five insurgents there confined, whom the Judges appointed to be tried on the 2d of October. Notice has already been taken of the countenance which was given to the bloody proceedings of Government by a party in the nation, and the publications by private individuals, in which severity to the vanquished Jacobites was not only inculcated, but insisted on. The reader will learn, with equal surprise and horror, that even the pulpit was occasionally made a vehicle for such inhuman sentiments. A dreadful instance occurred here, on the 21st of August, when the chaplain of the High Sheriff of York profaned the Christian faith, and that glorious minster by preaching, before the Judges, a sermon, the spirit of which is sufficiently indicated by its text—[*Numbers*, xxv. 5.]—"And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, Slay ye every one his man that were joined unto Baal-peor!"

The Judges again sat down at Carlisle on the 9th of September; on which, and the two following days, most of the hundred and nineteen prisoners were arraigned. On the 12th, the Grand Jury sat again, and found bills against fifteen more. Out of the *hundred and thirty-three* persons in all, thus brought to the bar at Carlisle, *one* obtained delay, on account of an allegation that he was a peer, *eleven* pled guilty when arraigned, *thirty-two* pled guilty when brought to trial, *thirty-seven* were found guilty, *eleven* found guilty, but recommended to mercy, *thirty-six* acquitted, and *five* remanded to prison to wait for further evidence.

The trials at York commenced on the 2d of October, and ended on the 7th, when, out of the

seventy-five persons indicted, *two* pled guilty when arraigned, and *fifty-two* when brought to trial, *twelve* were found guilty, *four* found guilty, but recommended to mercy, and *five* acquitted. Seventy in all received sentence of death. The process of all these trials appears to have been extremely simple. Most of the prisoners endeavoured to take advantage of the notorious slavery in which the clans were held by their chiefs, by pleading that they had been forced into the insurgent army against their will ; but their defence was in every case easily repelled.

Before the middle of October, an order was sent to Carlisle for the execution of thirty, out of the ninety-one persons there imprisoned under sentence ; ten at Carlisle on the 18th (October), ten at Bampton on the 21st, and ten at Penrith on the 28th. But of the first ten, one was afterwards reprieved. The names of the remaining nine were Thomas Coppock,^s Edward Roper, Francis Buchanan of Arnprior, Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, Donald MacDonald of Tyerndrich, John Henderson, John MacNaughton, James Brand, and Hugh Cameron. They were executed, according to order, with all those circumstances of barbarity which had already attended the former executions. Out of the ten who were appointed to die at Bampton, only six eventually suffered ; James Innes, Patrick Lindsay, Ronald MacDonald, Thomas Park, Peter Taylor, and Michael Delard ; one having died in prison, and the remaining three having been reprieved. Mercy was also extended to three of the ten who were designed for execution at Penrith. The names of those who suffered at the latter place, were

Robert Lyon, David Home, Andrew Swan, James Harvie, John Robottom, Philip Hunt, and Valentine Holt.

In addition to the twenty-two persons thus executed in the west of England, other twenty-two suffered at the city of York; namely, on the 1st of November, Captain George Hamilton, Daniel Fraser, Edward Clavering, Charles Gordon, Benjamin Mason, James Main, William Collony, William Dempsey, Angus MacDonald, and James Sparks; on the 8th of the same month, David Roe, William Hunter, John Endsworth, John MacLean, John MacGregor, Simon Mackenzie, Alexander Parker, Thomas Macginnies, Archibald Kennedy, James Thomson, and Michael Brady; and, on the 15th, James Reid. Eleven more were executed at Carlisle on the 15th of November; namely, Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunnipace, Charles Gordon of Dalpersy, Patrick Murray, goldsmith in Stirling, Patrick Keir, Alexander Stevenson, Robert Reid, John Wallace, James Michell, Molineux Eaton, Thomas Hays, and Barnaby Matthews.

All these unhappy individuals are said to have behaved, throughout the last trying scene, with a degree of decent firmness which perfectly astonished the beholders. Every one of them continued, till his last moment, to justify the cause which had brought him to the scaffold; and some even declared that, if set at liberty, they would act in the same manner as they had done.⁹ They all prayed in their last moments for the Exiled Royal Family, particularly for Prince Charles, whom they concurred in representing as a pattern of all manly excellence, and as a person calculated

to render the nation happy, should it ever have the good fortune to see him restored.

The lives of nearly eighty persons had now been destroyed, in atonement of the terror into which the State had been thrown by the insurrection; and the appetite of the common people for bloody spectacles had been satiated almost to loathing. There yet remained, however, a few individuals, who, having excited the displeasure of Government in a peculiar degree, were marked as unfit for pardon. The first of these was Charles Ratcliffe, younger brother to the Earl of Derwentwater who had been executed in 1716, and who had himself only evaded the same fate by making his escape from Newgate. This gentleman, taking upon himself the title of Earl of Derwentwater, was made prisoner, in November 1745, on board a French vessel on its way to Scotland with supplies for Prince Charles. After lying a year in confinement, he was brought up to the Bar of the King's Bench (November 21, 1746), when the sentence which had been passed upon him thirty years before, was again read to him. He endeavoured to perplex the Court regarding his identity; but it was established satisfactorily, and he was condemned to be executed on the 8th of December. That day he came upon the scaffold in a suit of scarlet, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with gold, a gold-laced waistcoat, white silk stockings, and a white feather in his hat; and conducted himself, throughout the dreadful scene, with a manly courage and proud bearing, which seemed to indicate, that he held

the malice of his enemies and the stroke of death in equal scorn.

The last of all *the martyrs*, as they were styled by their own party, was Lord Lovat. This singular old man was impeached by the House of Commons on the 11th of December; his trial took place before the House of Peers on the 9th of March 1747, and several successive days. On this momentous occasion, he seems to have exerted all the talents for dissimulation and chicanery which had carried him through life with so much distinction. But the evidence produced against him was of that kind which no artifice could invalidate. He was confronted with a prodigious number of letters, which he had written to the Exiled Family, and in particular to the Young Chevalier, promising them his assistance, and negotiating the proposed elevation of his family to a dukedom. These had been procured from Murray of Broughton, who, preferring to live the life of a dog to dying the death of a man, had engaged with Government to make all the discoveries in his power for his own pardon. Lovat could make no effective stand against such documents, and, although he uttered an exculpatory and palliative speech of some eloquence, he was condemned to die.

During the space of a week which intervened between his sentence and its execution, he maintained, without the least interruption, that flow of animal spirits and lively conversation for which he had been so remarkable throughout his life. He talked to the people about him of his approaching death, as he would have talked of a journey which he designed to take; and he made the circum-

stances which were to attend it the subject of innumerable witticisms and playful remarks. When informed, in the forenoon before he left the prison, that a scaffold had fallen near the place of execution, by which many persons were killed and maimed, he only remarked, "The mair mischief, the better sport." He was so weak as to require the assistance of two persons in mounting the scaffold. Here he maintained the same show of indifference to death. He felt the edge of the axe, and expressed himself satisfied with its sharpness. He called the executioner, gave him ten guineas, and told him to do his duty with firmness and accuracy; adding, that he would be very angry with him, if he should hack and mangle his shoulders. He professed to die in the Roman Catholic faith, and spent some time in devotion. One of his last expressions was the "*Dulce et decorum*" of Horace. With the same cool resignation, he submitted to the executioner, who, fortunately, performed the work by one blow.

It remains to be stated that an Act of Indemnity was passed in June 1747, granting the King's pardon to all who had committed acts of treason previous to the year 1745, except about eighty persons, whose names were specified.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRINCE CHARLES IN FRANCE.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Julius Cæsar.

PRINCE CHARLES terminated his voyage at the small port of Roscort, near Morlaix, after having sailed in a fog through the midst of the British fleet, then cruising on the coast of Bretagne. Immediately on stepping ashore, he is said to have sunk down upon his knees, and returned thanks to Heaven for having preserved his life through so many dangers. He and his company were still dressed in the miserable attire which they had worn in Scotland ; but they were speedily refitted by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

Intelligence no sooner reached the French court that he was landed, than the Castle of St Anthoine was fitted up for his reception, and his brother, attended by a great number of young noblemen, set out from Paris, to meet and congratulate him. On arriving at that capital, he did not stop for any refreshment, but drove on to Versailles. The King was at that time engaged in council upon affairs of importance ; but when he heard that the Prince was come, he immediately rose and came

out to give him welcome. The fame of Charles's proceedings in Scotland had made a strong impression upon the breast of this monarch, as upon the nation in general, ever so strongly disposed to admire deeds of extravagant heroism; and in now meeting the gallant youth who had braved and suffered so much, he could not help embracing him with emotions of the tenderest nature. "My dearest Prince," he exclaimed, "I thank Heaven for the great pleasure of seeing you returned in safety, after so many fatigues and dangers; you have proved yourself possessed of all the qualities of the heroes and philosophers of antiquity, and I hope you will one day receive the reward of such extraordinary merit." After spending a quarter of an hour in conversation with the King, Charles passed to the apartment of the Queen, who received him with the same demonstrations of respect and affection. As he was withdrawing from the palace, the whole court crowded around him, to express the admiration which they entertained for his exploits, and the satisfaction with which they saw him once more safe in France. Scarce could they have testified greater joy, was the observation of an eye witness, or expressed themselves in terms more warm, had the Dauphin himself been engaged in the same dangerous expedition, and returned from it in safety.

Subsequent events gave rise to a supposition that Louis XV was but little sincere in his expressions of welcome. It would appear, however, that the monarch really entertained a strong personal regard for Charles, and that to previous friendship was now added a feeling of a still warmer nature, a generous admiration of the con-

stancy and fortitude which he had displayed in his late campaign. If his Most Christian Majesty afterwards consented to sacrifice Charles to a necessity in state policy, it must be held to have been only one of those unfortunate circumstances in which monarchs are obliged to violate their own feelings for the sake of their country.² There was still less reason for supposing the kindness of the Queen to be equivocal. Her Majesty was prepossessed in favour of Charles, on account of his resemblance to his mother, who had been her early and most intimate friend. She is thus said to have regarded him rather with the fondness of a mother than the favour of a queen. This affection for him was heightened by her interest in his fate. She beheld him with all that indefinable mixture of love and respect with which it seems so strikingly the characteristic of the female heart to treat those who acquire a name for "the dangers they have passed." She is said to have often detained him in her chamber for hours together, relating to her and her attendant ladies the strange and varied adventures he had met in Scotland; and with so lively a feeling of pity were these recitals usually attended, that he seldom failed to leave the fair assemblage drowned in tears.

The attentions which he received at court, and even the applause which his appearance every where excited amongst the public, agreeable as both must have been to a youthful mind, were entirely neutralized by the intelligence which was every day arriving, of the cruelties exercised by the British Government upon his unfortunate adherents. In the language which a poet afterwards put into his mouth, "nought could

seem pleasant, and nought could seem fair, " so long as his mind was occupied with the gloomy sensations which naturally arose from that cause. He was nevertheless obliged, soon after his arrival, to pay a public and ceremonious visit to the French King, in the character with which his father had invested him, that of Regent of Scotland, England, and Ireland, the interview which he had already had being only private and *incognito*. On this occasion, he moved in procession from his Castle of St Anthoine, with the Scottish gentlemen who had come over with him; Lords Ogilvie and Elcho, together with the venerable Glenbucket, and Kelly his Secretary, in one coach; he himself in the next, along with Lord Lewis Gordon and the elder Lochiel; the third contained four gentlemen of his bed-chamber; and young Lochiel and some other gentlemen followed on horseback. The whole made a very respectable appearance, especially Charles himself, who wore a dress as remarkable for its costliness and splendour as his late attire was shabby and wretched. His coat was of rose-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver tissue. His waistcoat was of rich gold brocade, with a spangled fringe set on in scallops. The cockade in his hat and the buckles in his shoes were diamonds. The George at his bosom, and the order of St Andrew, which he wore at one of the button-holes of his waistcoat, were illustrated with large brilliants. " In fine," says the good Jacobite who records his appearance, " he glittered all over like the star which appeared at his nativity." He supped with the Royal Family; and all his friends and attendants were entertained at

various tables, which had been appointed for them, according to their rank.

Whatever was the extent of friendship which the French King entertained for Charles, it was destined soon to give way before the more powerful influence of politics. The only motive which he had ever had for urging the claims of the House of Stuart against the reigning family, or for entertaining Charles at his court, lay in his wish to annoy, by this means, a powerful enemy, and in a certainty that, by resigning him at some period, he might make a peace, when such could not otherwise be well obtained. It has been already seen that, after he had succeeded in fairly embroiling Britain in a civil war, he left Charles in a great measure to work out his own fate; contented with having achieved the object of the moment, and as indifferent to the fate of the tool as the archer is to that of the arrow which he drives through the mail of his foeman. Now that Charles was returned, although he felt personally an affection for the gallant young man, he had no scruple in seeking to employ him once more in the same heartless policy. He embodied several regiments of the exiled cavaliers, at the head of which he placed Lochiel, Lord Ogilvy, and others who had distinguished themselves in the late insurrection. He removed the minister who was chiefly blamed for having withheld the supplies promised to Charles when in Scotland, and put another in his place, whose attachment to the Stuart family was unquestionable. He posted the new regiments at Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais; and caused the report of a new invasion to be loudly proclaimed.

Charles, however willing in his turn to veil his

better feelings to the dictates of policy, had too much good sense not to comprehend the true motive and object of these preparations, and too much pride not to resent them. He told the French ministry in plain terms that the force provided was quite insufficient, and that he would neither hazard his own person nor those of his friends in so romantic an expedition. He also took care to declare in public, that he would never again set his foot within the British territories, unless called by the people, or with a force sufficient to overawe all opposition, and save the effusion of blood, too much of which, he added, had already been shed. Louis, however, achieved in some measure the object of his policy; for, in consequence of the preparations which seemed to be making on the French coast for an invasion, the British troops were prevented from embarking for Flanders so early in the year as they were required.

It may here be mentioned, that Charles never was heard to express any satisfaction on account of the numerous victories which France gained over Britain and her allies, during this unfortunate war. He either affected, or did feel as a Briton, and, considering the honour of that country as his own, regretted every incident which tended to degrade her in the eyes of Europe. He even expressed himself in this manner to the Royal Family and the ministers; and never permitted any Frenchman to follow the bent of his nature in his presence by depreciating the English, without retorting some reflexion upon the French, which at once silenced him.

Though thus uncajoled by the French, he did not think it necessary altogether to reject the slender assistance they offered him, but, on their representing that they could give no more at present, declared he would wait their time, and in the meanwhile proposed to apply to some other friendly courts for additions to his armament. He proposed Spain; and the French ministers had no hesitation in sanctioning the measure, because they knew that that country was then even more unable than themselves to increase his force. He was aware of this himself; but thought it advisable to sound his most Catholic Majesty regarding his affection to the interests of the House of Stuart.

Accordingly he visited Madrid, where he was most kindly received by the King, Queen, and Queen-Dowager. That he procured no levies, was abundantly plain, from the event; but the King is said nevertheless to have treated him with great attention. Besides contributing fifty thousand pistoles towards the object of his enterprise, he presented him with a fine gold-hilted sword, set with brilliants. The Queen, moreover, gave him a small box adorned with her picture, and a ring valued at fifteen hundred pistoles.

Charles remained only five or six days in Madrid, but was absent from Paris four months; a space which it was supposed he had employed in visiting two other courts friendly to his interests. Before his return, an incident had taken place which is said to have occasioned him the greatest uneasiness. His younger brother, Henry Benedict, had been induced, during this interval, to accept of a cardinalate, which was offered to him

by the Pope. The diminished prospect which now remained of the restoration of his family, and the desire of enjoying an independent revenue, were the urgent and sufficient motives which sanctioned this step. But Charles rightly judged that nothing could have been contrived better calculated to increase the dislike of the English people to his dynasty, and was accordingly so much incensed at his brother, that for some time he forbade his name to be mentioned in his company.

It would have perhaps been better for Charles if he had imitated the prudent conduct of his brother, and at once renounced the pretensions which were destined to occasion him so much pain and calamity. He might have now retired with a good grace into the shades of private life, and spent many respectable years in the enjoyment of that fame,³ which he had certainly acquired by his Scottish campaign. Nothing, in that case, would have been remembered of him, but the glory of that enterprise alone, and, like a child who dies before its character, good or bad, has been developed, he would have been esteemed for expected good, more than for known evil. Unfortunately, his ambitious and restless spirit caused him to persist in his claims, till they had become in a great measure ridiculous, and finally occasioned an incident which degraded him in the eyes of all Europe.

It would appear, that so long as he was upheld by the admiration of the public, and whilst the prospects of his cause were still not altogether clouded, his spirit maintained its full tide of pride, and seemed as incapable as ever of stooping beneath the character he affected. A scheme was

conceived by Cardinal Tencin, the French minister, for restoring his family through the intervention of France, on condition that Ireland was to be yielded as an appanage of that kingdom; and the Cardinal, who had been raised to his present distinguished situation entirely by the influence of the House of Stuart, had an interview with Charles, to disclose the project. Scarcely had he concluded the proposal, when the fiery Chevalier started from his seat in the greatest rage, and repeatedly exclaiming, "*Non, Monsieur le Cardinal ! tout ou rien ! point de partage !*"—(No, no, Lord Cardinal ! all or nothing ! no partitions !)—strode through the room with the air of a man who has been insulted on the keenest point. The Cardinal, alarmed at his demeanour, entreated him not to mention the project to the King or ministry, as it was entirely an idea of his own, which he had conceived out of his great affection for the Exiled Family. Charles assured him he should not so much as think of it.

But the period at length arrived when this spirit was to be effectually controlled, and the unhappy Stuart was to fall the victim of that heartless policy whose tool he had already so conspicuously been. Towards the end of the year 1747, France began to be heartily tired of a war, which, though attended with innumerable victories, was leading to no result, except the impoverishment of her purse, and the stagnation of her commerce; and some overtures of peace were made to the British Government. The latter incidents of the war had been decidedly favourable to this state, inasmuch that many who previously looked upon it as absurd, were now willing that it should be conti-

need; but the enormous expense which it cost, and the danger in which it had involved the very Government itself, determined the ministry to enter into the terms proposed by France. A treaty was accordingly signed at Aix-la-Chapelle (October 18, 1748), by which, upon the simple grounds that each state should resign all its conquests, it was resolved to conclude the war. By one article it was stipulated, that France should finally acknowledge the right of the House of Hanover to the Crown of Great Britain, and that, in terms of a treaty entered into in 1718, she should utterly renounce all alliance with the Pretender and his family, and not permit the residence of these persons upon her dominions.

During the twelvemonth which intervened between the proposal and final settlement of this treaty, all Charles's friends expected that he would anticipate the necessity of his fate, by retiring from a kingdom where he had met with so little faith. The world was even prepared in some measure to treat him with the pity which his circumstances seemed to demand; and in France, at least, where he was in the highest degree beloved, his motions were watched with intense interest. To the astonishment of all, he never himself expressed the least chagrin regarding his fate, or even seemed to entertain a supposition that he was to be sacrificed. According to a custom followed by his grandfather and father at all treaties in which Great Britain was concerned, he had presented a protest against the proceedings of Aix-la-Chapelle; but he took no notice of the particular stipulation which promised so much distress to him-

self. He even took measures to prove his indifference to that paction. He hired a splendid hotel upon the *Quai de Theatin*, in order, he said, to be near the play, opera, and other diversions of Paris; and he threw into his air a still higher strain of gaiety than he had ever formerly displayed. Whenever the agitating question of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was mentioned, he affected to feel no personal interest in its objects, but either fell a singing, or took an opportunity to change the conversation.

Thus apparently resolved to brave his fate, he did not even refrain from paying his customary visits to the court; though, it was remarked, he now sought to avoid personal rencontres with the King. At this time he adopted a measure, which seemed not only to avow his sentiments negatively, but to urge them positively, and that in a style which, though pardonable and perhaps even laudable, was to the last degree imprudent. He caused a medal to be struck, on the obverse of which was delineated the emblematical figure Britannia, with a busy seaport, and a fleet of war-vessels by her side, and the emphatic legend, "*Amor et Spes Britannia*," [the Love and Hope of Britain.] By this he evidently meant a compliment to Britain and her navy, at the expense of France, whose bad successes at sea had been the chief reason of her suing for peace. But that the insult was effective in the proper quarter, was proved by the ministers complaining of it to the King, and demanding that some notice should be taken of it. Louis, probably conscience-struck at the bad faith he had kept with Charles, is said to have answered, without warmth, that no doubt the Prince had rea-

some for his conduct, and could not well be called to account for them.

This affair made a considerable noise in Britain as well as in France, as the medals were extensively dispersed, and the implied satire every where understood. Although it was of such a nature as to forbid the French court from resenting it in a public manner, it did not pass altogether without reproof. The Prince of Conti, who was accounted the proudest man of his day in all France, and who felt it with peculiar keenness, one day met Charles in the Luxembourg Gardens, and immediately made allusion to the device of his famous medal. Assuming an air of pleasantry, but at the same time speaking with a sneer, this noble personage remarked that the device was perhaps scarcely so applicable as had been generally thought, in as much as the British navy had not proved the best possible friends to his Royal Highness. Charles instantly replied to this taunt, in a manner which silenced the Prince. "*Cela est vrai, Prince !*" he said, "*mais je suis nonobstant l'ami de la flotte, contre tous ses ennemis ; comme je regarderai toujours la gloire d'Angleterre comme la mienne, et sa gloire est dans la flotte.*" (True, Prince ! but I am nevertheless a friend to the navy against all its enemies ; as I shall always look upon the glory of England as my own, and her glory is in her navy.)

When the King perceived that Charles made no motion to leave his dominions, he despatched the Cardinal de Tencin, with instructions to hint to him, in as delicate a manner as possible, the necessity of his taking that step. The Cardinal performed his office with the greatest discretion, and

endeavoured with all his eloquence to palliate the conduct of his master. But Charles treated him only with evasive answers, and he was obliged to withdraw without having obtained any satisfactory account of his Royal Highness's intention. The King waited for some days, in the hope that Charles would depart ; but was then obliged to despatch another messenger, with still more urgent entreaties. The person selected for this purpose was the Duke de Gesvres, Governor of Paris, who, besides instructions to urge his departure, carried a *carte blanche*, which the Prince was requested to fill up with any sum he might please to demand as a pension, in consideration of his obeying the King's wishes. When this ambassador disclosed his proposals to Charles, he is said to have treated them with unequivocal marks of contempt, crying that "pensions were quite out of the question in the present case, and that he only wished the King to keep his word." The Duke pointed out the necessity of the negotiations which required his departure from France ; but Charles, on the other hand, insisted upon the previous treaty between his most Christian Majesty and himself, by which they had become mutual allies. The Duke de Gesvres being thus unsuccessful, the Count de Maurepas and the Pope's nuncio were one after another sent upon the same errand, and the King even wrote a letter to him with his own hand, but all without effect.

As no attempt was made by either party to conceal these strange proceedings, they soon became known over all Europe. In Paris, they excited a degree of interest such as no public event was ever before known to occasion. For a person in

such peculiar circumstances, to thwart the intentions and disregard the power of the Grand Monarch, was esteemed in that region a most extraordinary instance of daring, and almost caused Charles to be regarded as something superior to his kind. His exploits in Scotland, and the fascinating graces of his person, had previously disposed the Parisians to this extravagant degree of admiration, and it was completed when, to these charms, was added that arising from his unmerited distresses. He now became an object of even more attraction than the King himself, to this generous and romantic people. Whenever he appeared upon the public walks, the whole company followed him. When he entered the theatre, he became the sole spectacle of the place. On all occasions, he seemed the only person who was insensible to the sorrows of his fate; and, while he talked with his usual gayety to the young noblemen who surrounded him, no one could speak of him without admiration, and few behold him without tears. ⁴

The public feeling so liberally excited in his favour was by no means agreeable to the King, and far less to the ministry, who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing the Prince into this distressing predicament. There were other personages whom it yet further offended. These were, the Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart, two British noblemen, then residing in Paris, as hostages to guarantee the restoration of Cape Breton to its original proprietors the French, in terms of the late treaty. Charles was known to have commented with bitterness upon the meanness of the British Government in giving hostages to France; and the two noblemen could not help, moreover, feeling

personally piqued at the respect which was everywhere shown to the public enemy of their country, while they themselves were treated with ill-suppressed contempt. They therefore complained to the French Monarch, that he had not executed one important article of the treaty. His Majesty gave them for answer, that he only awaited the return of a messenger from Rome, with an answer to a letter which he had written to the old Pretender, demanding that Charles should be withdrawn by paternal authority from the kingdom, before taking active measures to that effect.

The messenger mentioned by the King, returned on the 9th of December (1748), with a letter from the old Chevalier, enclosing another, under a flying seal, addressed to his son, in which he commanded the Prince to obey the King's wishes. His Majesty, after having read the last epistle, sent it to Charles, by way of giving him a last chance of declaring his submission to the Royal authority; but the inflexible Prince, though always said to have entertained the utmost respect for his father, thought proper to hold out even against his commands. He declared openly, that no pensions, promises, or advantages whatever, should induce him to renounce his just rights; that, on the contrary, he was resolved to consecrate the last moments of his life to their recovery. The King no sooner learned that he was still unwilling to depart, than he called a Council of State, where it was determined to arrest him, and carry him out of the kingdom by force. Louis was still so averse to treat his unfortunate ally with disrespect, and still entertained so warm an affection for him, that, when the order for his arrest was presented for his

signature, he exclaimed, with unaffected sorrow, "Ah, pauvre prince ! qu'il est difficile pour un roi d'être un véritable ami !" — (Ah, poor prince ! how difficult it is for a king to be a true friend !) — The order was signed at three o'clock in the afternoon, but it was blazed all over Paris before the evening. A person of the Prince's retinue heard, and carried him the intelligence ; but he affected not to believe it. Next day, as he was walking in the Tuilleries, a person of condition informed him that he would certainly be seized that very day, if he did not prevent it by an immediate departure ; but, resolved to brave the very extremity of his fate, he treated the intelligence as chimerical, and, turning to one of his followers, ordered a box to be hired for him that night at the opera.

The preparations made for his arrest were upon a scale proportioned to the importance of his character, or rather were dictated by the extent of public favour which he was supposed to enjoy. No fewer than twelve hundred of the Guards were drawn out and posted in the court of the Palais-Royal ; a great number of sergeants and grenadiers, armed in cuirasses and helmets, filled the passage of the Opera-house ; the Guet, or City Police, were stationed in the streets to stop all carriages. The Sergeants of the Grenadiers, as the most intrepid, were selected to seize the Prince. Two companies of grenadiers took post in the court-yard of the kitchens, where the Duke de Biron, commander of the French Guards, and who was commissioned to superintend, waited in a coach, disguised, to see the issue of the enterprise. The Mousquetairs had orders to be ready to mount on horseback ; troops were posted upon the road

from the Palais-Royal to the state-prison of Vincennes, in which the Prince was to be disposed. Hatchets and scaling-ladders were prepared, and locksmiths directed to attend, in order to take his Royal Highness by escalade, in case he should throw himself into some house, and there attempt to stand out a siege. A physician and three surgeons, moreover, were ordered to be in readiness to dress whoever might be wounded.

Into this well-prepared and formidable trap, Charles entered with all the unthinking boldness of a desperate man. Scorning the repeated warnings he had received, and disregarding a friendly voice which told him, as he passed along in his carriage, that the Opera-house was beset, he drove up as usual to that place; where he no sooner alighted on the ground, than he was surrounded by six sergeants dressed in plain clothes, who seized his person; one taking care of each limb, while other two crossed their arms, and bore him off the street into the court-yard of the Palais-Royal; the soldiers in the mean time keeping off the crowd with fixed bayonets, and seizing the few persons who attended him. When he was brought into the court-yard, Major de Vaudreuil, who had been deputed to act by the Duke de Biron, approached his Royal Highness, and said, "Prince, your arms; I arrest you in the name of the King." Charles immediately presented his sword; but, that not satisfying his captors, they searched his person, and found a pair of pistols and a poniard, together with a penknife and a book, all of which they removed. They then bound him with silk cord, of which the Duke had provided ten ells on purpose, and hurried him into a hired coach, which was immediately driven

off, attended by a strong guard. Another party in the mean time entered his palace, and arrested all his followers and servants, who were immediately conveyed to the Bastile, though soon afterwards liberated. Charles was conveyed to the castle of Vincennes, and thrust into an upper room of narrow dimensions, where he was left to seek repose, attended by only a single friend—the faithful Neil MacEachan, who, with Flora MacDonald, had accompanied him in his journey through Skye. So long as he was in the presence of the soldiers or any officers of the French government, he had maintained a lofty air, and spoken in a haughty tone, as if to show that he was superior to his misfortunes; but, when finally left in this desolate chamber, with only a friend to observe him, he gave way to the tumult of painful feeling which agitated his breast. Throwing himself upon a chair, according to the report of MacEachan, as afterwards communicated to a family in Skye, he clasped his hands together, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, “Ah, my faithful mountaineers! you would never have treated me thus: would I were still with you!”—his mind apparently reverting at this moment of peculiar distress to the transient glories of his late brilliant, though unhappy enterprise.

The ill-fated Prince was soon after conveyed out of the French dominions, which he never again entered. He spent the remainder of his life chiefly at Avignon, a city in Provence, but belonging to the Pope. He did not immediately resign all hope of a restoration to the throne of his ancestors, but on the contrary, entered into at least one conspiracy, which was set on foot for that purpose by

his English adherents in the year 1753. On that occasion he even ventured to visit London, in order to transact the business of the proposed insurrection. The King knew of his arrival in the capital, but adopted the wise resolution not to molest him. The conspiracy, though said to have involved many of the most honourable names in England, did not arrive at any head; being probably repressed by a well-timed act on the part of Government—the execution of Dr Archibald Cameron. Charles is affirmed to have taken the opportunity of his visit to London, to make open renunciation of the Catholic faith, for the satisfaction of his friends. It is also said—for these facts hang but on vague authority—that he was once more in the metropolis at the period of the Coronation of George the Third, and that he caused the challenge of the King's knight on that occasion, to be answered by a female adherent, who threw her glove down into the arena, after the champion had deposited his gauntlet. Perhaps nothing could have better emblemized the weakness of his pretensions or prospects, in opposition to the monarch then crowned, than the light trifle which he charged with them, as contrasted with the mailed and ponderous strength of the object which represented the claims of his rival.

Charles, in his latter years, was degraded by the vices of a disappointed and aimless man. After his transactions in Scotland, during which he displayed so much moderation and humanity, and after the numerous testimonies of his dying adherents, which paint him with so many excellencies, it is impossible to doubt that he originally possessed both a noble mind and a good heart.

If, after miseries, such as it is the lot of few men to bear, and haunted by a fate than which none can be considered more deplorable, he sunk from the gallant and generous prince into the domestic tyrant and the sot, he is not perhaps to be either wondered at or condemned. In ordinary life, instances are seen every day, of men who entered into life with good prospects, and principles equally good, but whom some unlucky accident has "spited at the world," and finally precipitated down the long descent of folly and crime. If pity and pardon are to be allowed to such errors—and they cannot easily be withheld—the same may surely be extended to the feelings of a man, whose misfortunes were not only many times greater in degree, but took their rise in his birth, and continued with his existence.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

Sir, I have heard another story—
He was a most confounded Tory,
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died,
SWIFT.

BEFORE proceeding to delineate the deathbed scene of Jacobitism, it may be necessary to recapitulate its early history and character.

Jacobitism may be simply described as a revival, after the Revolution, of the Cavalier spirit which obtained during the great Civil War and the Commonwealth. Its name imports, that it advocated the rights of the unfortunate James, as opposed to the usurpation of his nephew William. In a more extended view of its principles, it advocated the rights of a legitimate monarch, without regard to the circumstance of his being a Catholic, and somewhat arbitrary; while the Whig principle, to which it was opposed, maintained that a right lay in the people, to prefer a king who would enter into engagements with them to respect the national liberties and religion.

As in almost all questions which divide man-

kind at large, both parties were to a certain extent right, and to a certain extent wrong. The Jacobites paid a respect to the person of their legitimate monarch, which refused all alliance with reason, and which was in fact superstitious; being founded, however, upon certain passages of Scripture, which seem to assert the sacred nature of the kingly office. On the other hand, the Whigs, in utterly denying the superiority of a born over a chosen monarch, did not take into account the general prepossession of the nation in favour of the rights of primogeniture; a prepossession not perhaps abstractly rational, but which is certainly expedient, and which is indeed sanctioned by the customary law of the country. It may be urged against the Jacobites, that they would have contentedly seen the nation subjected to an arbitrary despot; but the Whigs are at least as blameable, for having brought upon their country a century of civil dissention, and entailed upon their posterity a number of grievous obligations, among which an overwhelming national debt is not the least.

Such were the contending principles, and such the respective faults, of the two parties into which the British community was split during the greater part of the eighteenth century; the Jacobites exclaiming in favour of a deposed and expatriated line of princes, and incessantly complaining of the expense which was occasioned to the nation by the sovereigns of its election; the Whigs, canting with equal fervour about the evils of Popery and despotism, which a restoration of the legitimate line must unavoidably occasion.

In considering the various merits of the parties, it must be allowed, that, whatever were the demerits of the Jacobites, they were personally disinterested—whatever the merits of the Whigs, they were ungenerous and self-seeking. The temperament of mind required for the formation of a Jacobite, seems to be that inconsiderate and poetical sort, which finds gratification in the joy of others, and is disposed to forego all earthly good for the sake of a visionary idol. The Whig, on the other hand, appears to have been characterised only by that vulgar good sense which keeps shops and makes money,—which postpones every more noble emotion to the desire of personal comfort, and which is only anxious for the public good in so far as it is itself to be thereby gratified.

These characteristics of the parties are distinctly observable in their respective controversial publications; more especially in those which relate to the later periods of their history, when Whiggism had become a principle more grossly triumphant, and Jacobitism a spirit more pure and melancholy. During the reign of William, which they considered only a regency, and that of Anne, which was expected to terminate in the recall of the true heir, the Jacobites had little to distinguish them from the common-place of an ordinary party. But when the accession of so vigorous a monarch as George the First, and the disaster of 1715, had rendered that event problematical, and when all the mean and the interested had deserted to the successful party, they began to display features of a more pure and worthy kind. It was then that they produced that body of excellent poetry, in which their loves and hates, their wit and satire,

are so admirably portrayed, and which now holds so high a place in the anthology of their country.

The romance of the party may be said to have reached its height in 1745, when it was found strong enough to induce from ten to fourteen thousand men, in Scotland alone, to risk the dreadful pains of high treason, not to speak of the perils of war. Enough has already been written to show the height to which its romantic nature was then carried ; and it only remains to be shown, by what " cold gradations of decay," it declined and perished.

The insurrection of 1745 was no sooner suppressed by the stern course of policy which has been described, than the members of the legislature began to take into consideration a number of measures, by which it was proposed not only to prevent any such revolt for the future, but to annihilate, if possible, the spirit which excited it. These measures were in a general sense salutary, and, in the estimation of at least one party of the nation, absolutely indispensable. But it is to be regretted, by every one who can appreciate the mild Government of the Brunswick dynasty, or the security which it has given to the national liberties, that they were also tyrannical in spirit, and severe in execution. The old remark, that a suppressed rebellion strengthens the hands of a Government, held good in this instance ; and perhaps the best apology which can be offered for both the military and civil cruelties of this period, is that no man, or body of men, can well manage a sudden accession of arbitrary power.

The first act of the legislature, as a matter of course, related to the Scottish mountaineers, whose

share in the war had been so pre-eminently conspicuous. It was denominated the Disarming Act, and proceeded upon two acts of George the First, which had aimed at the same object, without, as it but too obviously appeared, having produced the desired effect. In order that this enactment might not be defeated like its predecessors, penalties of a peculiarly severe nature were imposed upon all who should directly or indirectly endeavour to evade it. If any man, residing within the Highland line, should fail to deliver up his arms before the 1st of August 1747, or if any man should attempt to conceal arms either in his house, or in the fields, he was to be, for the first offence, fined in fifteen pounds, and imprisoned without bail till payment. If payment was not made within one month, he was to be transported to America as a common soldier; if able to serve; if not able to serve, he was to be imprisoned for six months, and then only liberated on finding security for his good behaviour during the next ten years. If the offender was a woman, she was to be fined in the same sum, imprisoned till payment, and afterwards confined for six months. A second offence against this ungracious law, was to be visited with no less a punishment than transportation for seven years.

Not only were the Highlanders deprived of their arms, but their very dress was proscribed, and by still severer penalties. The same act ordained that, after the 1st of August 1747, if any person, whether man or boy, within the same tract of country, were found wearing the clothes commonly called "the Highland clothes," that is, the plaid, philabeg, trews, shoulder-belts, or any part

whatsoever of the Highland garb, or if any person were found to wear a dress composed of tartan or party-coloured cloth, he should be imprisoned six months without bail, for the first offence, and, on its repetition, be transported for seven years.

It was thus hoped, that not only would the Highlanders be incapable of again levying war against the State, but that, their distinction as a nation being destroyed, they would with all haste become obedient servants to Government, like the rest of the community. As might have been expected, the result was very different. The clans were, it is true, effectually prevented from ever again plotting against the House of Hanover. But they were not induced to regard that family, or their government, with any additional degree of favour. On the contrary, their previous disaffection was exasperated by these harsh measures into absolute hatred. "Even the loyal clans," says Dr Johnson, "murmured, with an appearance of justice, that, after having defended the King, they were forbidden for the future to defend themselves, and that the sword should be forfeited which had been legally employed." But, if the loss of their arms occasioned discontent, the change of their dress produced feelings still less favourable to the existing Government. Had the whole race been decimated, as their lively historian General Stuart remarks, more violent grief, indignation, and shame, could not have been excited among them, than by this encroachment upon their dearest national prejudices. It may be said, in conclusion, that, if the Highlanders have eventually become good servants to the State, and undistinguishable in dress and demeanour from the

rest of the population, no part of the blessing is to be ascribed to either of these most ungenerous and unjust enactments.

The next Act of the Legislature also regarded the Highlands, though, for the sake of uniformity, it was extended to the whole of Scotland. This was the celebrated Act for abolishing heritable jurisdictions. It was supposed that, by putting an end to the power which all landed proprietors had hitherto possessed, of judging in civil and criminal cases among their dependents, the spirit of clanship would receive a mortal blow. Accordingly, it was resolved to buy up all these petty jurisdictions from the proprietors, and to vest them in Sheriffs, who should be appointed by the King. It was also resolved, that the hereditary Justiciarship of Scotland, vested in the family of Argyle, should be purchased, and transferred to the High Court and Circuit Courts of Justiciary, and that all Constabularies should be abolished, except the office of High Constable. This Act was not carried into effect, without considerable remonstrance on the part of the country. It was by some represented, that the affections of the Highlanders to their chiefs was independent of local jurisdictions; in proof of which it required only to be stated, that some of the insurgent leaders in the late war were not in possession of lands, but exerted only a claim of kindred over their troops. There was injustice, moreover, in extending to all Scotland a severe law, which was only aimed at a small portion of the country. But the strongest argument against the measure, lay in the power which it was calculated to throw into the hands of Government.

The whole sum granted by Parliament in exchange for the heritable jurisdictions, was a hundred and fifty-two thousand pounds, one of the cheapest purchases of patronage and power ever made. By the nation at large, the measure was contemplated as a last stab to the independence of Scotland, previously almost destroyed by the Union. So completely, however, were the people then overawed by military and civil power, and so much were the hands of Government strengthened by their late triumph, that it passed with but little opposition through both Houses of Parliament.

If the power of the State had been exerted, at this momentous crisis, only upon objects which seemed essential to the amelioration of the country, even although some harshness and not a little fantastic alarm had been shown, there would not now be much cause to censure its proceedings. Unfortunately, the two Acts already mentioned were accompanied by another, which, while it had no such noble end in view as was proposed for the rest, could only be understood as dictated by the spirit of revenge. The Act alluded to was one for the suppression of such Episcopalian ministers in Scotland, as did not mark their allegiance to the existing government, by taking the oaths and praying for the King by name. The Episcopal Church had ceased to be the established religion of the country, when its supporters, the Stuarts, ceased to reign over Britain. Previously to that period, it had been unpopular among the lower orders of people, originally on account of a superstitious prejudice which they had against formalities, and, latterly, on account of the injudicious persecutions which it was the innocent occa-

sion of bringing upon the presbyterian or dissenting church. Want of popular favour joined at the Revolution with another circumstance, to procure its downfall. King William, before leaving Holland, had promised, in a declaration, to maintain it in all its privileges, and, when he had settled himself at London, he was prepared to keep his promise. On proceeding, however, to sound the bishops as to their affection to his government, he found them obstinate in their adherence to the former monarch, alleging, with great show of reason, that, as they had already sworn to be faithful to James and his heirs—for such was then the tenor of the oath of allegiance—they could not in conscience transfer their fealty to him. William then saw fit to establish the Presbyterian Church, the members of which, he understood, had already testified their abhorrence of the late government by desecrating the fanes of Episcopacy, and rabbling out its clergy. From this time, the Episcopalian form of worship was marked as the religion of the Jacobites, and subjected to a variety of restrictions and persecutions, not more at the hands of the reformed government than at those of the common people. It continued, however, to be the faith of by far the greater part of the wealth, rank, and intelligence of the country, down to the year 1745, when, as already mentioned, its chapels sent forth not a few enthusiasts to join the standard of Prince Charles, and it of course attracted the determined hostility of the existing government. Duke William, in his march to the North, finding it identified beyond all doubt with the disaffection of the district of Angus, had thought proper to visit it with the terrors of mi-

litary law ; and the battle of Culloden had only been gained one week, when he succeeded in closing up every place of worship throughout the country, in which a nonjuring clergyman officiated. It was now resolved to subject it to a system of persecution which might have the colour of law. An act was accordingly passed, less than three months after the conclusion of the war, by which it was ordained, that any Episcopal clergyman, officiating after the 1st of September 1746, without having taken the oaths of allegiance, abjuration, and assurance, or without praying once, during the performance of worship, for the King, his heirs and successors, and for all the Royal Family, should, for the first offence, suffer six months imprisonment, for the second (upon conviction before the High Court of Justiciary), be transported to the American plantations for life, and, in case of returning from banishment, be subjected to perpetual imprisonment. It was also ordained, that no propriator of a closed Episcopal meeting-house should regain possession of it, till he gave security for an hundred pounds that he would not again permit it to be occupied by a nonjuring clergyman. In order to prevent these unfortunate ministers from officiating even in private, it was also enacted, that every house in which five or more persons met to hear them perform service, should be considered a meeting-house within the meaning of the act. With a purpose still more malignant—that of entirely destroying the apostolical ordination which the clergy of the Scottish Episcopal Church had continued to transmit from one to another since the Revolution—it was decreed, that no letters of orders should be

registered after the 1st of September, except such as had been given by the Church of England or of Ireland.

Cruel as this persecution was, it might not eventually have injured the Church so much, if it had not also extended to the laity. The act declared, that if, after the 1st of September 1746, any person should resort to an illegal Episcopal meeting-house, and not give notice within five days of such illegal meeting to some proper magistrate, he should be subjected to fine or imprisonment. It declared further, that no Peer of Scotland should be capable of being elected one of the Sixteen Peers of Parliament, or of voting at such election; and that no person should be capable of being elected a Member of Parliament for any shire or burgh, who should, within the compass of any future year, be twice present at divine service in an Episcopal meeting in Scotland not held according to law.

' In this state of things, ' some of the clergy, who, though steady and zealous Episcopalians, had always professed themselves not Jacobites, feeling it their duty to render their chapels legal meeting-houses, repaired to the proper magistrates, took the oaths to Government required by the act, and got their letters of orders registered before the 1st of September. But this compliance availed them nothing. In May 1748, the act of 1746 was amended, and an enactment made, that no letters of orders not granted by some Bishop of the Church of England or of Ireland, should be sufficient to qualify any Scottish Episcopalian pastor, whether the same had been registered before or since the 1st of September 1746; and that every such registration, whether made before or since, should now

be null and void. This act was directed against the very religion of the Scottish Episcopalians, for it precluded them from the privileges of political repentance. As such it was felt by the English Bishops, not one of whom ventured to support the bill, while some spoke strenuously against it, as a flagrant attack on the leading principles of Christian liberty.

That these statutes were not mere matters of form, but that the penalties were rigorously put in execution, could be proved by numerous instances. One clergyman, not more distinguished by his well-known poetical genius than by his piety and private worth—the Reverend John Skinner of Longmay in Aberdeenshire—was imprisoned, in terms of the second act, for six months, in the public jail of the county-town, although he had previously taken all the loyal oaths, and for two years prayed for the King by name. Other clergymen, who did not pray for the King by name, suffered similar imprisonments, and a few were obliged to take refuge in England and elsewhere, from the penalties with which they were threatened.

The general result of the two statutes was, simply, to annihilate utterly the conscientious portion of the Church. It was now impossible for a clergyman of that sort to have a congregation, and, consequently, to maintain himself by his profession. It was equally impossible for a lay-member of the Church to continue in the faith of his forefathers and that of his own youth, without incurring disqualifications of the most grievous sort. Altogether, the persecutions to which the Church was subjected, were of a nature even more severe

than those with which the Presbyterian Church was visited in the reign of Charles II. In what are considered the hottest periods of that persecution, the clergymen were permitted to retain parish churches, upon the simple condition of yielding verbal obedience to the Government, and not one individual suffered punishment who was not also a rebel against the State. But, in this persecution of a later and milder time, the whole clergy were deprived of even the privileges of dissenters, and exposed to the severest punishment, except death, for simply withholding their allegiance. The Presbyterians could at any time have saved themselves by pronouncing the scriptural phrase, "God save the King." But the Episcopalians could not escape, without actually perjuring themselves—without swearing (by the oath of abjuration) that they believed, what no man in his senses could believe, that the Pretender was a supposititious child.

If the persecution of the Episcopalians surpassed that of the Presbyterians in severity, it is not less true that the members of the former church displayed fully as much constancy under their afflictions. Instead of fomenting civil rebellion, or declaiming in their private assemblies, against the Government which treated them with so much cruelty, they submitted with the meekness of true Christians to a fate which they could not controvert. Instead of flying to the fields, and publishing their grievances at conventicles, they sought to administer those ordinances to private families which they were prevented from dispensing to a congregation. Individual clergymen have thus been

known to perform worship no less than sixteen times in one day !²

However much the historian of this period may be disposed to condemn the cruelty displayed in these statutes, he must certainly acknowledge that they were attended eventually with the desired effect of disabling the malcontent part of the community. By the first, the Highlanders were deprived of the means of carrying on an active warfare ; and put in a fair way of becoming amalgamated with the rest of the community. By the second, the whole people of Scotland were emancipated from their obligations to the aristocracy, and enabled to prosecute commercial and agricultural enterprise with increased effect. By the third, a religious community, which had formerly cherished unflinching affection for the House of Stuart, was completely broken up, and in a manner compelled to transfer their allegiance to the existing Government. It is true that these good effects did not immediately result from the statutes ; that, on the contrary, something quite the reverse was for some time observable ; and that it was only when a new and more liberal Sovereign had assumed the throne, that the affections of the persecuted could be prevailed upon to run in the proper channel. But it is at the same time certain—and it is enough that such facts are certain—that from this time forward, the Highlanders began to employ their energies in the defence, instead of the annoyance of the State ; that the people turned their attention more generally towards the true sources of national greatness, trade, manufacture, and the cultivation of the soil ; and that the un-

fortunate Episcopalian Jacobites, persecuted out of all countenance, at last saw fit to become equally perjured³ and peaceable with the rest of the British nation,

The spirit of Jacobitism, during its period of decay, was something very different from what it had been in the year 1745. It had, till that period, been the spirit of young as well as old people, and possessed sufficient strength to excite its votaries into active warfare. But, as the Stuarts then ceased to acquire fresh adherents, and their claims became daily more and more obsolete, it was now left entirely to the generation which had witnessed its glories; in other words, became dependent upon the existence of a few old enthusiasts, more generally of the female than the male sex. After this period, indeed, Jacobitism, become identified with the weakness of old age, was supposed incapable of moving any heart, except one which might have throbbed with love for Prince Charles, or heaved to the stern music of Gladsmuir and Culloden.

NOTES

TO

VOLUME SECOND.

CHAP. I.—THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

- 1 **Life of John Metcalf**, a blind Englishman, who acted as musician to the volunteer corps called the Yorkshire Blues, and whose book will be found to contain many curious particulars regarding the battle of Falkirk, p. 89.

- 2 **Hend. Hist. Reb. 266.**

A somewhat different version of this singular incident has reached us through the medium of tradition. According to the recollection of an aged friend, who had heard it often told by an Irishman of the name of Edington, who had been a dragoon in Whitney's corps, and who lived in Leith till within the last thirty years,—a Highland officer, carrying his left arm in a sling, stepped out of the ranks, as the dragoons were going forward, and, taking off his bonnet, saluted the English commander with a low bow, and the words, "Colonel Whitney, your most humble servant!" The Colonel seemed to recognise the Highlander, and cried out, "You bare-breeched rascal, we'll be your humble servants presently." Old Edington used to add, that, after this strange dialogue, the Colonel turned round to the men who were advancing immediately behind him, and commanded that they should not heed for riding over him, should it be his fortune to fall. He did fall, and the men accordingly went blindly on. When Edington was asked if he himself had done any execution in the charge, he used to answer, that

he had played his sabre a little amongst the rebels, but remembered nothing else very distinctly till he found himself retreating.

3 Chev. Johnstone, 122.

4 Tradition at Falkirk, where a woman lived within the last forty years, who had gone deranged by treading upon the bare face of a dead Highlander, in wading across Carron water, some weeks after the battle.

5 The inhabitants of Falkirk have a picturesque remembrance of seeing the riderless horses, after the battle, scampering through the lanes which give entrance to the town on that side—their saddles turned round below their bellies, and many of them trailing their intestines on the ground. A brewer succeeded in securing a beautiful and unwounded horse, which he afterwards reduced to the humble labour of dragging his professional sledge. One day, some years after the battle, when the once-spirited animal had become a patient and worn out drudge, the brewer was filling the barrel with which it was loaded at the public well, when a troop of dragoons, which happened to be in the town, was called into order by the sound of the trumpet, close to the spot where it was standing. No sooner did the poor old hack hear that lively point of war, than, totally forgetting its present duties, it scampered off along the street, rushed up to the troop, which was then just falling into line, and, with irresistible force clearing room for itself among the bystanders, took its place, sledge, barrel, brewer and all, in the midst of the ranks. The commander of the troop, highly amused at the scene, patted it kindly on the head, observing, "Ah, I see you've been a soldier in your day;" and gave orders for its being gently led out of the line.

We have also to record, from the tradition of Falkirk, that General Hawley, in passing through the town, expressed the rage and vexation with which he found himself compelled to retreat, by breaking his sword upon the market-cross, which then stood in the centre of the street.

6 Tradition at Falkirk.

7 This nobleman, immediately after the battle, called, in passing at the house of a retainer, near the field, and made inquiry regarding the welfare of his family.

8 The grandfather of our informant, visiting the battleground of Falkirk next day, saw a Highlander engaged in stripping a richly dressed English officer. He had got one foot inserted between the legs of the deceased, and was endeavouring with all his strength to pull off the boots. At every interval between the successive pulls, he muttered to himself, in a tone of great gratulation, "Praw proichin! praw proichin!" (*Fine brogues, fine brogues.*)

9 A monument has been erected over the grave of the two brothers, with a suitable inscription. There is a legend among the Jacobites, that, on application being made to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Falkirk, for permission to take the necessary stones from his quarry, he answered, with the sly wit of his party, "Monuments! 'od, an ye like, I'll gi'e ye monuments for them a'!"

10 Here Hawley is said to have met with a rebuke of the severest nature from one of Charles's friends. The story is thus told by the anonymous pamphleteer, who has been already more than once quoted as, in all probability, no other than David Hume:—

When the army fled to Linlithgow, they immediately quartered themselves about in all the houses, and even in the palace, where there dwelt at that time a lady noted for wit and beauty, who, observing their disorderly proceedings, was apprehensive they would fire the palace. She immediately went to remonstrate to a certain great General, and was received *pro solita sua humanitate*, with his usual humanity. Finding her remonstrances vain, she took leave in these words: "To take care," says she, "of the King's house is your concern; for my part, I can run from fire as fast as any of you!"

So spoke the cherub, and her grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible, Abashed the Devil stood, &c. &c.

10 Tradition preserved in the family of the inquirer, Yet it would appear from a passage in Dr Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands, that the dragoon regiments also comprised men of great personal courage. "The Highland weapons," says the Doctor, "gave opportunity for many exertions of personal courage,

and sometimes for single combats in the field; like those which occur so frequently in fabulous wars. At Falkirk, a gentleman now living, was, after the retreat of the King's troops, engaged at a distance from the rest with an Irish dragoon. They were both skilful swordsmen, and the contest was not easily decided. The dragoon at last had the advantage, and the Highlander called for quarter; but quarter was refused him, and the fight continued till he was reduced to defend himself upon his knee. At that instant, one of the MacLeods came to his rescue; who, as it is said, offered quarter to the dragoon, but he thought himself obliged to reject what he had before refused, and was immediately killed."

- 11 The Government Gazette, which was compiled from General Hawley's despatches, is, from end to end, a tissue of falsehood and misrepresentation. On its being read some years ago, by one of our informants, to an intelligent citizen of Falkirk who had witnessed the whole proceedings, he did not hesitate a moment to pass this sentence upon it.
- 12 Quarterly Review, vol. xiv.
- 13 Hend. Hist. Reb. 277.
- 14 Hawley's gallows stood in the Grassmarket, in *terrorem*, and to the great disgust of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, till the night between the 12th and 13th of September, when it was sawed through by some unknown persons. The place where it had stood was known afterwards by the name of *Hawley's Shambles*.

Hawley's personal character, so far as it was involved by this unfortunate action, seems to be not altogether unsusceptible of defence. From a rare and curious pamphlet, quoted in the margin,* he seems to have been, in a great measure, the victim of circumstances. His own original idea of the Highlanders

* It is entitled, "A few Passages, showing the Sentiments of the Prince of Hesse and General Hawley, with relation to the Conduct, Measures, and Behaviour of several Persons, both Civil and Ecclesiastic, in the City of Edinburgh, since the Commencement of the present Civil War and Rebellion." London, printed in 1746, and sold at the Pamphlet Shops. This tract, though anonymous, bears every internal mark of authenticity.

had been fostered and inflamed by the loyal cant of the day, which represented them as a crazy rabble; and he appears to have been urged to his destruction, as Cope had been before, by the ultra-zealous Civil Officers of Scotland, whose reports to Government were always favourable, and who would never allow, in their communications with the Royal generals, that there was any danger to be apprehended from an attack, however rash, upon Charles's army. When he returned from Falkirk, he at once gave vent to his angry feelings, and endeavoured to vindicate his own conduct, by sending for these false intelligencers to his lodgings in Holyroodhouse, where he lectured them in the following style:—"Gentlemen, you pretend to have an extraordinary zeal for his Majesty's service, and seem to be very assiduous in promoting it; but let me tell you, you have either been mistaken in your own measures, or have been betraying his cause. How often have you represented the Highland army, and the multitude of noblemen and gentlemen who have joined them, from the Low country, with their followers, as a despicable pack of herds, and a contemptible mob of men of desperate fortunes? How have you, in your repeated advices, disguised and lessened the numbers and strength of his Majesty's enemies in your rebellious country? And how often have you falsely magnified and increased the power and number of his friends? These things you had the hardiness to misrepresent to some of the Ministers of State and Generals of the army. If the Government had not relied on the truth of your advices, it had been an easy matter to have crushed this insurrection in the bud. If your information had not been unluckily believed, that most part of the Highlanders had run home with their booty, after the battle of Gladsmuir, and that they who remained had absolutely refused to march into England, what would have hindered the King to send down a few troops from England to assist his forces in Scotland, to have at once dispersed and destroyed them? But you, out of your views or vanity, made him and his Ministry believe that you were able to do it yourselves. And what are the consequences of your fine politics and intelligence? The rebels have got time to draw to

such a head, that the King has been obliged to withdraw more than 10,000 of his own troops from the assistance of his allies abroad, and as many auxiliaries from Holland and Hesse, to defend his own person and dominions at home. As to your diminishing their numbers, and ridiculing their discipline, you see, and I feel, the effects of it. I never saw any troops fire in platoons more regularly, make their motions and evolutions quicker, or attack with more bravery and better order, than those Highlanders did at the battle of Falkirk last week. And these are the very men whom you represented as a parcel of raw undisciplined vagabonds. No Jacobites could have contrived more hurt to the King's faithful friends, or done more service to his inveterate enemies. Gentlemen, I tell you plainly, these things I am now blaming you for, I shall represent at Court, so that it may be put out of your power to abuse it for the future. I desire no answer, nor will I receive any. If you have any thing to offer in your defence or justification, do it *above*, and publish it here. It will not offend me. In the mean time, I will deal with you with that openness and honour which becomes one of my station and character. I will send to you in writing, what I have now delivered by word of mouth, that you may make any use of it that you think proper, for your own advantage and exculpation. Farewell."

15 Chevalier Johnstone, 129.

16 Hend. Hist. Reb.

17 Traditions at Falkirk.

18 The Old Chevalier had, at the very commencement of the campaign, pledged his jewels and his royal insignia, with a London goldsmith, for 100,000 crowns, which sum he transmitted to his son.

19 Boyce's Hist. 187.

20 Soon after the battle of Preston, two Highlanders, in roaming through the south of Mid-Lothian, entered the farm-house of Swanston, near the Pentland Hills, where they found no one at home but an old woman. They immediately proceeded to search the house, and soon finding a web of coarse home-spun cloth, made no scruple to unroll and cut off as much as they thought would make a coat to each. The woman was exceedingly incensed at their rapacity,

roared and cried, and even had the hardihood to invoke divine vengeance upon their heads. "Ye villains!" she cried, "ye'll ha'e to account for this yet! ye'll ha'e to account for this yet!"—"And whan will we pe account for't?" asked one of the Highlanders.—"At the last day, ye blackguards!" exclaimed the woman. "Ta last tay!" replied the Highlander: "tat pe cood long crhedit—we'll e'en pe tak a waistcoat too!" at the same time cutting off a few additional yards of the cloth.—*Tradition at Edinburgh.*

The Lowlanders were often highly amused by the demands of their Highland guests, or rather by the uncouth broken language in which these demands were preferred. It is still told by the aged people of Dumfries, as a good joke, that they would come into houses and ask for "a pread, a putter, and a sheese, till *something petter* be ready." It is remembered, in another part of the country, that some of them gave out their orders for a morning meal, to the mistress of the house, in the following language: "You'll put down a pread, matam—and a putter, matam—and a sheese, matam—and a tea, matam—shentleman's preckfast, matam—and you'll kive her a shilling, to carry her to the next toun, matam!"

The Highland insurgents of 1715 seem to have taken precisely similar methods of supplying the want of a regular commissariat. The following anecdote, which is derived from most respectable authority, the grand-niece of an eye-witness, will perhaps illustrate the fact:—A party of recruits, marching down from their native mountains to join the Earl of Mar and passing through the parish of Arngask (Perthshire) on a Sunday forenoon, suddenly discovered that their shoes were in great necessity of repair, or rather of renewal; and complained to their commander, that, unless provided with a supply of these necessary articles, they did not believe they should be able to proceed. The officer felt the dilemma to be extreme, as it was at once necessary that his party should lose no time in getting to head-quarters, and impossible that they should procure the means of transporting them thither; the day being one upon which the tradesmen of the Lowlands would transact no secular business.

He find the shrewdness, however, or rather perhaps the good luck, to bethink himself of an expedient, by which the whole difficulty might be got over. He observed the parish church hard by; he also heard the whole assembled musical powers of the parish making it ring with psalmody. Confound them! he thought, if they will not sell us new brogues, or mend our old ones, but sit droning there, we'll make them put us to rights another way. He accordingly marched his men up to the church, led them in, commanded every man to help himself according to his necessities; showing the example, by seizing the shoes of the precentor. His precept and practice together had such effect, that, in less than three minutes, the shoes of the congregation were transferred to the feet of the Highlanders, and the unfortunate worshippers left to walk home barefooted as best they might.

21 Chev. Johnstone, 117.

22 By one of their shot, a soldier and his wife were simultaneously killed, as they were sitting within a court at the back of the castle. — *Tradition*.

* In the collection of the local anecdotes here presented regarding the Battle of Falkirk, we have to acknowledge considerable obligations to Mr Robert Keir, of that town, a young man of extraordinary promise, who has been removed by death before our thanks could be rendered.

CHAP. II.—ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The face of this General is said to have been perfectly radiant with joy at the intelligence, which at once in some measure cleared his honour, and caused him to gain an immense sum of money. But he was somewhat put out of countenance by an absent Scottish peer addressing him soon after by the title General Hawley, to the no small amusement of those who heard the *qui pro quo*.—*Quart. Rev.* xxxvi. 180. As the reader may possibly feel some interest in the conduct of this unfortunate General, it may further be mentioned, upon the authority of the pamphlet ascribed to David Hume, that “during the whole winter after the battle of Preston, he was carried about London in his chair, to escape the derision of the mob; till the

news of the battle of Falkirk arrived, and then he pulled back the curtains, and shewed his face and his red riband to all the world. "Thus," adds the pamphleteer, "the reputation of which the hero of Colt Bridge, [Fowkes, who was loudly and generally accused of cowardice], was the means of depriving him, was in a great measure restored to him by the hero of Falkirk."

- 2 Extract of a Let. from Edin. in Merchant's Hist. Reb. 329.
- 3 Edin. Ev. Cour. Feb. 3.

CHAP. III.—MARCH TO THE NORTH.

- 4 It ought to be mentioned, that about six thousand Dutch troops had been brought over to England, before Charles invaded it, being the quota which the States of Holland had engaged by treaty to furnish to the King of Great Britain, in case of an invasion or rebellion. They had been found useless, on account of a counter treaty with the King of France, by which they engaged not to fight against him or his allies; (under which last denomination Charles claimed to be considered); and had been, before this period of the campaign, remanded to their own country.
- 5 The Hessian soldiers were remarkably handsome, good-looking men, with long fair hair, which they combed whenever they sat down. They acquired the affection and esteem of all the people who had occasion to mix in their society during the ensuing campaign; notwithstanding that a peculiar liveliness of temper, which seemed to be their chief characteristic, and which contrasted strongly with the saturnine gravity of the Scottish people, has occasioned the appellation of "a Hessian," to be applied ever since, among the common people, to boys of a rantipole disposition. Their good nature and pure manners, were favourably compared with the blasphemous conversation and dissolute conduct of the British soldiery. It ought perhaps to be recorded, for the satisfaction of the snuff-taking part of the population of Scotland; that the Hessians were the first to introduce the use of *black rappees* into this country, in opposition to the

original native brown, which still bears its name. It may be added, on good authority, as a still more minute, but not less curious fact, that Edinburgh owes all the benefit which it derives from that useful institution, Gillespie's Hospital, to the same cause; the two brothers Gillespie, who founded that charity, having commenced the fortune which enabled them to do so, by supplying the public with the new-fashioned species of snuff, in sufficient quantities and of excellent quality, immediately on the Hessians introducing it.

6 Home's Works, iii. 178.

7 Amongst the numerous public persons who flocked to welcome the Prince of Hesse, the ministers of Edinburgh were neither the last nor the least adulatory. According to the curious pamphlet quoted for Hawley's speech to the Civil Officers, it pleased this independent body to mark their zeal in behalf of Government, by uttering to the Prince a torrent of that wretched slang regarding "the Pretender" and his "desperate mob of followers," which they were accustomed to send forth every Sunday from their pulpits. After a speech expressive of ardent loyalty, they remarked, that "they did not wonder at the arrogance which caused Charles to call himself a Prince, seeing that his father, who was a spurious impostor, had done so before him; though, for their part, they could see no other right he had to the title, than the circumstance of his being Prince of a multitude of robbers. "They were only astonished," they said, "at the impotent endeavours of many noblemen and gentlemen, who had the character of men of honour and good sense, and men of good fortunes too, to raise a great army in the Low country, and join the wild and desperate Highlanders to assert it." The astonishment of these conscientious loyalists at Charles's arrogance, and the imprudence of his followers, great as it seemed to be, was nothing to the confusion with which they heard the Prince of Hesse make this unexpected reply:—"Gentlemen," said his Royal Highness, with the sternest air he could assume, "no one of common sense or honesty does believe, or will say, that the Prince's father was not the lawful son of the unfortunate King James II. It was a story contrived

and industriously propagated to carry on the Revolution, and was dropped as soon as that was settled. But suppose, Gentlemen, that it had been true, I must let you know, that he is a Prince by his mother, and I have the honour, by my alliance to the family of Sobieski, to be his near kinsman. And I am surprised that you should think he is assuming a false title, when he is claiming a right to which he thinks he was born; and consequently, why should you wonder at his friends assisting him to recover it?—who imagine, by the restoration of their hereditary king, and the dignity of their imperial crown, they themselves will be freed from many burdens and grievances, which (without reason, I hope) they complain of. It is very indecent and ill-mannered in a gentleman, and base and unworthy in a clergyman, to use reproachful and opprobrious names. It savours more of the malignancy of the priest than the generous resentment of the soldier. You ought to know the difference betwixt reproving of vice and reproaching of persons. Besides, it is very hurtful to the cause you pretend to espouse; it will cool and provoke all such of your friends as have sense or good-breeding, increase the number of your enemies, and make them more inveterate, as their defence and resentment will be the more desperate in the time of action, and the more terrible and implacable in the case of their success. You ought to be ashamed to use the little arts and tricks which I am well informed you deal in, and particularly on the article of *Popery*: as if the justice of the cause and the power of his Majesty's army wanted the aid of such hellish stratagems, or the assistance of such pious and jesuitical frauds. You know my relation to the King, you see my attachment to his person and government, by the troops I have brought with me into the country for the defence of both. I am to make use of the sword to fulfil my contract with honour and resolution. Do you make use of no other arms or arts than those of the Church, with charity and sincerity, *precibus et lachrymis*. If you do not amend on this rebuke and advice, I shall have a bad opinion of both your principles and morals."

The ministers were not the only persons honour-

ed by his Royal-Highness's rebukes. There were other individuals,* it seems, who thought it necessary to display their loyalty in ungenerous reflections upon Charles and his adherents, and whom the Prince took up in a similarly sharp style. "A certain lawyer," adds the pamphlet, "more eminent for his birth than his breeding, said something at supper to the Prince about the Chevalier's son, which it is not fit to repeat; to which his Serene Highness replied, with great warmth, 'Sir, I know it to be false; I am personally acquainted with him; he has many great as well as good qualities; he has prudence as well as courage, and is inferior to few Generals in Europe, though they are more advanced in years. We made two campaigns together. He richly deserves the character the Duke of Berwick gave him from Gaeta to his cousin the Duke of Fitz-James.' Another person being admitted into the Prince's company, by the title of Squire, ——— unluckily took up his old trade very indiscreetly, of *staining*, in his presence; but the colours he used were so nauseous and dirty, that his Highness could not bear the stench of them, and, looking sternly at him, said, with indignation, 'Sir, I know him (meaning the Chevalier's son), and I will not permit you to use any such scurrilous language in my presence. Begone! I am sure you are not a gentleman.' "—*A few passages showing the sentiments, &c. i. 16.*

8 The Strathmore family, proprietors of this noble old seat, were Jacobites, though not engaged in the insurrection of 1745. So unwelcome a guest was the Duke of Cumberland, that orders were given, after he departed, to take down the bed in which he slept.

9 Information by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Communion.

10 Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland.

10 The Independent Companies, of which this garrison was chiefly composed, had been raised by the exertions of Duncan Forbes out of the clans which did not declare for Prince Charles. This worthy man deserves the highest praise for his exertions; but the fact cannot be concealed, that they were of less effect than has been generally supposed. The truth is, he wrought upon a thankless subject. He might be suc-

cessful in persuading some clans to remain quiet ; but he could not make any of them act in behalf of Government. To this is to be attributed the uselessness of Lord Loudoun's army, and also the non-resistance of the MacLeods and Grants who garrisoned Fort George.

The Grants are always instanced as a Whig clan, and one of their chieftains is here seen in the command of a fortress belonging to the Government. There could not be a better instance of the political duplicity which has ever so strongly prevailed since the termination of the legitimate line of British monarchy ; both the clan and this chieftain were in reality rank Jacobites. The following anecdote illustrative of Rothiemurchus's personal Jacobitism, is derived from an excellent source, the Scottish Bishop so often referred to.

When General Wade first came into the Highlands, upon his road-making expeditions, he frequently took up his abode with Rothiemurchus, under the idea that he, as an officer of Government, could not confer a greater honour upon a gentleman who was understood to be so well-affected. This species of patronage he carried to such a length, as sometimes to stay whole weeks and even months at a time. Rothie, for such was Mr Grant's most popular name, inly detested the general and all his tribe, and, though obliged to treat the emissary of his monarch with civility, could have seen him any where rather than at his dining-table. The plan which he took to get rid of the annoyance, was desperate, but ingenious. One day, after dinner, when all the rest of the company had retired, he rose, went to the door, cautiously locked it, and then coming back to the table, with all the slyness and emphasis of a true Jacobite, addressed his guest in these words :—" General, it's needless for you and me to play fause to ane anither ony langer. We baith ken very weel what ane another is in reality, whatever he may see fit to pretend. I propose that we now drink the health of King James the Eighth on our bended knees !" Thunderstruck at such a discovery, the General took an early opportunity of leaving the hos-

pitiable table of Rothiemarchus, which, from that day forward, he patronised no more.

11 Traditions at Inverness.

CHAP. IV.—PROCEEDINGS IN THE NORTH.

- 1 See Home's History, Scots Magazine, &c.
- 2 The British army never perhaps contained a man more insensible to fear than Sir Andrew Agnew. He possessed at the same time a sort of uncouth humour, which rendered him altogether a most remarkable person. During the siege of Blair, when Lord George was ineffectually battering the walls with two little cannon, he one day looked over the battlements, and, observing the slight impression made by the balls, cried ironically, " Hout, I daursay the man's mad— knocking down his ain brother's house ! "
- 3 Chevalier Johnstone, 150—Home's Hist.
- 6 It is generally esteemed to have been a leading error in the commanders of the insurgent army, to have so easily permitted the Royal troops to surmount this grand barrier. But, as the Duke, with the assistance of his cannon, must have forced his way in spite of their efforts, it was perhaps best to permit him to pass without bloodshed. Lord George Murray was of this opinion, and urged it with the over-confident exclamation :— " The more of the Elector's men come over, there will be the fewer to return ! "

CHAP. V.—PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

- 1 The Young Chevalier ; or a Genuine Narrative of all that befell the unfortunate Adventurer, &c. 8vo. London, p. 2.
- 2 Lockhart Papers, II. 518.
- 3 Marshal MacDonald (Duke of Tarentum) is said to have expressed these sentiments, on visiting the field of battle in 1825.
- 4 Printed in Lockhart Papers, Vol. II., and in a separate pamphlet.
- 5 James IV. was induced, at Flodden, by some chivalrous emotion, to permit the transit of the English troops over a bridge, where he could have easily cut them off.

- 6 Lockhart Papers, II. 508.
- 7 Ibid.
- 8 That of John Hay, then his secretary, who seems to have written his Memoirs, as quoted by Mr Home, rather to support a peculiar theory than to assert the truth. He records, that the Prince said, on this occasion, that Lord George Murray had betrayed him; an expression which we feel not the slightest hesitation in condemning as a falsehood.
- 9 Lockhart Papers, II. 519.
- 10 The Young Chevalier, 6.
- 11 Broke in 1749.
- 12 The loyalty of the Clan Campbell, or, more properly speaking, their attachment to Revolution principles, has been externally conspicuous since the time of the great Civil War, and may in some measure be considered a settled matter in history. It is, however, to be now subjected to some doubt. By information, derived through a channel of the most unquestionable nature, from Campbell of Dunstaffnage, one of the inferior chiefs in command on this occasion, we are enabled to state a fact, which at least shows they were not altogether free of the mania which had seized so many of their countrymen. On the night before the battle of Culloden, the heads of the clan held a meeting, unknown to the rest of the army, for the purpose of deliberating upon the line of conduct which it was eligible for them to pursue in the action which seemed pending. The resolution was, that the clan should give the Royal army one chance more of suppressing the insurrection—that is to say, should continue faithful for one other battle; but that, if the Highlanders beat them again, as they had so often done before, then should the clan declare for Prince Charles. We anticipate the astonishment and incredulity with which this statement will be received; but can only aver, that, from the way in which the information has reached us, we are induced to give it implicit credit.
- 13 London—drawn by A. Heckel, engraved by L. S., and sold by Robert Wilkin-son.
- 14 An officer of the name of Bland, who had served in the dragoons of that day, and survived the termination of the last century, has often been heard, in the Shakspeare Coffeehouse of Edinburgh, declaiming

with contempt about the modern horse-regiments; whom he always used to characterize by the epithet of "the Monkies." It is by no means certain, however, with all deference to good Mr Bland, who was a worthy man, and remarkable for little but an enthusiasm about theatricals, that the "bluff dragoons" of his younger days fought any better, or gave their sabres greater weight, than the Monkies of the latter degenerate age.

* * The Earl of Cromarty was taken prisoner, at Dunrobin Castle, in Sutherlandshire, on the day before the Battle of Culloden. He was leading forward his clan of MacKenzies to Inverness, when a party of loyal militia which had been raised by the Earl of Sutherland, contrived to separate him from his party and make him their prisoner.

CHAP. VI.—BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

- 1 One of this corps, though not of the clan name—old John Grant, long keeper of the inn at Aviemore—used to tell, that the first thing he saw of the enemy, was the long line of white gaiters belonging to an English regiment, which was suddenly revealed, when about twenty yards from him, by a blast of wind which blew aside the smoke. According to the report of this veteran, the mode of drilling used by his leader, upon Culloden Moor, was very simple—being directed by the following string of orders, expressed in Gaelic. "Come, my lads—fall in, with your faces to Fortrose, and your backs to the Green of Muirtown—load your firelocks—good—make ready—present—now take good aim—fire—be sure to do execution—that's the point."—*Information by the Editor of the Culloden Papers.*
- 2 It appears, from one of the numerous Histories of the Insurrection published at the time, that, in advancing, the Highlanders took the usual precaution of inclining their bodies towards the ground, so as to protect their heads and more vital parts with the target; though in the print already quoted, they seem to run quite in the fashion of ordinary men.
- 3 Lockhart Papers, II., 510.
- 4 These enclosures had been broken down for their passage, by the Argyle Highlanders.

5 The Young Chevalier, p. 7.

6 It required all the eloquence, and indeed all the active exertions of Sullivan, to make Charles quit the field. A cornet in his service, when questioned upon this subject at the point of death, declared he saw Sullivan, after using entreaties in vain, turn the head of the Prince's horse, and drag him away.—*See Quart. Rev. No. 71.*

7 Tradition at Inverness, confirmed by Mr Home.

"The battle was witnessed by many gentlemen (amateurs) who rode from Inverness for that purpose—among the rest, my grandfather, Mr — of —, and Mr Evan Baillie of Aberiachan. They took post upon a small hill, not far from where the Prince and his suite were stationed, and there remained till dislodged by the cannon balls falling about them. In their retreat, they passed through Inverness; and at the bridge-end met the Frasers, under the Master of Lovat. These had not been in time for the battle; but the Master seemed very anxious to defend the passage of the bridge, and spoke much of fighting there. Mr Baillie, who was a warm Jacobite, and rather testy in his way, sternly addressed the Master in these words, "Fighting!" by G—, Master, you was not in the way when fighting might have been of service. You had better now say nothing about it!"—*From information contributed, in writing, by the Editor of the Culloden Papers.*

8 A strange instance of their cunning is commemorated by Mr Ray, a volunteer, who wrote an account of the insurrection. "In the flight," says he, "I came up with a pretty young Highlander, who called out to me, 'Hold your hand—I am a Campbell.' On which, I asked him, 'Where's your bonnet?'—'Somebody has snatched it off my head.' I mention this, to show how we distinguished our loyal clans from the rebels, they being dressed and equipped all in one way, except the bonnet; ours having a red or yellow cross or ribbon, theirs a white cockade. He having neither of these distinctions, I desired him, if he was a Campbell, to follow me, which he promised; but on the first opportunity he gave me the slip."

9 Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs.

- 10 Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 200.

This man, according to Henderson's History, was six feet four inches and a quarter high. He had several bayonet-stabs, a large cut in his head, and his thigh bone broke through.

- 11 It would have been very strange if so important an event as the battle of Culloden, and one of such concernment to the Highlanders, had happened without being a subject of second sight. Accordingly, it is told, that at the very time when the battle was commencing, an individual, gifted with that miraculous power of vision, who was engaged in a match at the *pennystanes*, or quoits, in the Isle of Skye, suddenly broke away from the company, and became absorbed in a fit. The company was composed of Lord Loudoun's militia, which had been driven to take refuge in this remote island. They were honoured in their exile with no less a personage than Lord President Forbes, who witnessed, and used to testify to the truth of what is here stated. The man, after his fit had gone past, declared that he had seen a battle commence, proceed, and terminate, just as the battle of Culloden is known to have done. The man described the dress and arms of the combatants, and indicated the very place where the battle happened. One of the persons who was present and saw the fit—Andrew Paterson, a weaver in the neighbourhood of Inverness, and generally reputed a man of sound mind and perfect veracity—lived, to tell the strange tale, till within the last few years.

CHAP. VII.—CONSEQUENCES OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

- 1 "Every body who saw the Highlanders lying dead upon the field, allowed that men of larger size, larger limbs, and better proportioned, could not be found." Scots Mag. viii. 247.
- 2 Quoted in the Scots Magazine, vol. viii. p. 192.
- 3 Critique upon Home's Hist. Reb. in Antijacobin Review, vol. 13, said to be by Sir Henry Stewart of Alanton, Bart.
- 4 Letter from a gentleman in London to his friend at

Bath, giving an account of these barbarities.—Bath, 1751. An extremely rare and curious pamphlet.

5 Ibid.

6 The Athole brigade had not charged, on account of the excessive loss of men which it sustained in the advance, by reason of being fired upon both in front and flank. Its leader, however, the brave Lord George, went into the fray, lost one sword, broke another, had his coat pierced in several places, and came finally away, like the Prince, without his wig and bonnet.

7 The Master of Lovat, afterwards General Fraser, was not present at the battle of Culloden. He was marching towards the field, with a large body of his clan, when, meeting the fugitives, he judged it expedient to turn along with them and retire to his own country. In performing this retrograde motion, the colours were still kept flying, and the bagpipes continued to play.

8 An officer being afterwards examined, in a proof which was led in order to prove the Viscount's death before the act of attainder, and being questioned as to his reasons for knowing that that nobleman died on the field of Culloden, gave for answer that he had thrust his spontoon through the Viscount's body on that day. It appears, however, that his Lordship did not die immediately after his wound. He lived to receive the *vaticum* from a Catholic priest, who happened to be upon the field. The sacred morsel was hastily composed of oatmeal and water, which the clergyman procured at a neighbouring cottage. This clergyman went to France, became an Abbé, but, revisiting his native country, gave this information to one of our informants—the Scottish Bishop so often quoted.

9 They got an allowance of spirits, bread, cheese, &c. from one of the victualling ships, and took their dinner about four o'clock.

10 A *sorner*, in Scottish phraseology, is one who exacts free quarters. Sorning was a practice formerly so prevalent in Scotland, that it was placed by the legislature (in the reign of James III.) upon the same scale of capital offences with open robbery, murder, &c.

11 Lady Drummair's house is the third below the Mason

Lodge in Church Street. It is still a house of respectable appearance; but, though remarkable as the best house in the town, and the *only one containing a room in which there was not a bed*, it is now but one of second-rate quality in this thriving and fast improving town. The bedroom occupied by the Prince and Duke, is at the back of the house, with a window commanding a view of the garden.

12 Boyce's Hist. 164.

The prisoners taken after the battle of Culloden were enclosed, like sheep in a pen, within a square of soldiers. There they stood, bloody, ragged, and miserable, compelled to endure, without the possibility of retort, the insults of their captors, most of whom they had more than once caused to fly with terror, but who could not now help expressing their wonder that such a naked, famished-looking crew should ever have had the assurance to face the King's army. Colonel Campbell, of the Argyle Militia, overheard what was going on, and, unable to bear the insult which seemed to be thrown upon his countrymen in general, came up and offered to bet with one of the officers of the guard, that he would find, among these despised mountaineers, one who, for the sake of his liberty, should beat at sword-play any of the Royal soldiers who chose to encounter him. The bet was accepted, and one accomplished swordsman selected for the combat. Colonel Campbell then intimated to the prisoners in Gaelic, that any one who should foil this fellow would have his liberty. A tall raw-boned Highlander immediately offered himself, and, being provided with a sword, was brought out to confront the English soldier. On the word being given to commence the combat, he rushed against his opponent, and, without any preliminary play, at once cut him down. The English soldiers beheld the action with astonishment, and Colonel Campbell, patting the victor kindly on the back, told him to make the best of his way home, and there "thank his mother for having given him such good milk."

13 From a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

14 Scots Mag. viii. 408.

CHAP. VIII.—FINAL SUPPRESSION OF THE INSURRECTION.

- 1 Scots Mag. viii. 194.
- 2 Quart. Rev. xiv. 323.
- 3 He drank, before leaving Gortuleg, a few glasses of wine, with which his tears are said to have mingled.
- 4 During the heat of the battle of Culloden, a Highlander, having got his hand shot off by a cannon bullet, ran to the rear, and entered a cottage, where he expected to find the means of staunching the blood. The poor woman who dwelt in the cottage, was employed at the moment in baking bannocks upon a hot-smooth stone, according to a practice then common in the Highlands. Without a moment's hesitation, he dashed his bleeding stump against the stone and seared it all round, so as to stop the hæmorrhage. When he had done, he seized a bannock with his remaining hand and ran back to rejoin the ranks.—*In formation, at second-hand, from the old woman.*

Mr Carnegie of Balmamoon, an Angus gentleman, who had been engaged on the Prince's side at the battle of Culloden, used to tell in after life, that, although he made considerable haste in returning home from the battle-field, he was thirty-six hours later than a fellow insurgent and countryman, of the name of Peter Logie, who, to retard his motions, had a club foot, and was moreover a very little and weak-looking man. This *body*, as Balmamoon used to call him, was afterwards taken up and questioned by the King's soldiers regarding his share in the Rebellion. Peter was so conscientious a Jacobite, that he would not prevaricate even to save his life; and he thought proper to give a candid affirmation to all the three successive questions, which demanded, if he had been at Preston—at Falkirk—and at Culloden. But, when at length asked, what station he held in the rebel army—the question being accompanied by a glance at his club-foot—he gave an answer very far from the truth, though sufficiently expressive of wounded vanity. "I had the honour," said Peter, "to be his Royal Highness's dancing master."

- 5 The authorities chiefly followed in this account of the Prince's Wanderings are, a MS. Journal, by Edward Burke, in the possession of Mr David Constable,—“Glenaladale's Journal, in the Lockhart Papers,—Mr Home's History,—Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides,—Dougal Graham's Metrical History of the Rebellion,—the Notes to Mr Hogg's Jacobite Relics,—and a Genuine and True Journal of the Miraculous Escape of the Young Chevalier. By an Englishman. London, 1749.”
- 6 Its ruins are still pointed out by the Highlanders, with appropriate expressions of hate and horror.
- 7 “The cattle were brought into the camp in great numbers, sometimes 2000 in a drove.—The people are in a most deplorable way, and must perish by *sword or famine*. Locheil's house, at Auchnacary, was burnt on the 28th of May; Kinlochmoidart's, Keppoch's, Glengary's, Cluny's, and Glengyle's, are served in the same manner. Vast numbers of the common people's houses, or huts, are likewise laid in ashes. All the cattle, sheep, goats, &c. are carried off; and several poor people, especially women and children, have been found dead in the hills, *supposed to be starved*. Even the well-affected in the rebellious countries are sufferers,” &c. &c.—*Scots Magazine*, viii. 287.
- 8 Boyce's Hist. 169.
- 9 Letter from a gentleman in London to his Friend at Bath. Printed at Bath, 1751. The following extract from this very curious pamphlet, displays in lively colours the scorn in which the English army held all the people of Scotland at this time, without distinction of politics. “When John Fraser, Esq. Provost of Inverness, and the Aldermen, attended by Mr Hossack, late Provost, went to pay their levee to the Duke, the Generals Hawley and Huske happened to be deliberating, and making out orders about slaying the wounded upon the field of battle. Mr Hossack, a man of humanity, and the Sir Robert Walpole of Inverness, under President Forbes, could not witness such a prodigy of intended wickedness without saying something; and therefore, making a bow to the Generals, he spoke thus—‘As his Majesty's troops have been happily successful against the rebels, I hope your Excellencies will be so good

a mingle mercy with judgment.' Upon this General Hawley bawled out, 'Damn the puppy! does he pretend to dictate here! Carry him away.' Another cried, 'Kick him out! kick him out!' The orders were instantly and literally obeyed; good Mr Hossack received kicks upon kicks, and Sir Robert Adair had the honour to give him the last kick, upon the top of the stairs, which he did with such effect, that Mr Hossack never touched a single step till he was at the bottom of the first flat; from which he tumbled headlong down to the foot of all the stairs, and then was he discreetly taken up, and carried to the Provo's guard. Mr Fraser behaved to have a similar specimen of their good sense and genteel manners. He was taken from dinner at his own table, by an officer and some musketeers, with a volley of oaths and execrations, to a stable, and was ordered to clean it instantly upon his peril! Mr Mayor said he had never cleaned his own stable, and why should he clean that of any other person? After some debate upon the dirty subject, Mr Fraser was at last indulged the privilege of getting some fellows to clean the stable. However, he was obliged to stand a considerable time almost to the ankles in dirt, and see the service performed. A notable treatment of a King's Lieutenant! The wanton youngsters, in and about Inverness, distinguish these two gentlemen by the names of the Kick Provost and the Muck Provost. Several others, who were zealous friends to the Government, were thrown into jail at the time with Mr Hossack. In the North of Scotland, I happened to fall in with a venerable old gentleman, an honest Whig, who, looking me seriously in the face, asked if the Duke was not a Jacobite? "A Jacobite!" said I, "how comes that in your head?"—"Sure," replied the old gentleman, "the warmest zealot in the interest of the Prince could not possibly devise more proper methods for sowing the seeds of Jacobitism and disaffection than the Duke did."

It is a fact generally known, that the excellent Forbes, to whom the State owed such obligations, fell in the Royal favour, and actually became a considerable loser in a pecuniary point of view, on account of the remonstrances which he made regarding the cruelties

which followed Culloden. "When he visited London, at the end of the year (1746), for the purpose of settling the accounts he had run with the Loyal Highland Militia, he, as usual, went to court. The King, whose ear had been offended with repeated accounts of the conduct of the military, thus addressed him:—'My Lord President, you are the person I most wished to see. Shocking reports have been circulated of the barbarities committed by my army in the North; your Lordship is of all men the best able to satisfy me.'—'I wish to God!' replied the President, 'that I could, consistently with truth, assure your Majesty that such reports are destitute of foundation.' The King, as was his custom, turned abruptly away from the President; whose accounts, next day, were passed with difficulty, and, as report says, the balance, which was immense, never fully paid up."—*Critique on Home's History in Antijacobin Review*, vol. xiii.

- 10 Dougal Graham, in his Metrical History, speaks with becoming indignation of the clergymen who read Duke William's inhuman proclamations:

To pity rebels no man durst,
Because, even at that very time,
It had been made a mighty crime,
Read from the pulpits by the priests;
That none should pity man or beasts,
Who had along with Charlie been,
Give them no victuals, nor close their e'en
In sleep, or warm within a door,
Or excommunicate be therefore,
Besides the pains of military law,
Hanged or shot, ane of the twa.
Of this last act I know not what to say,
Since Solomon speaks another way,
And a Great, yea wiser King than he,
Bids us feed our enemy, &c. &c. p. 111, 112.

The *ipsissima verba* of the order alluded to in the preceding paragraph, may be preserved as a notable specimen of military despotism: "By order of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Any person within this parish, who shall conceal any rebel, or arms, or ammunition, or any thing else belonging to the rebels, and shall not immediately bring

in the said rebel, stores, or goods, to Provost James Crie of Perth, shall, upon proof of disobedience of this order, be hanged."

CHAP. IX.—CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—THE LONG ISLAND.

- 1 "Edward Burke took the liberty to advise the Prince to take himself to the mountains; but the Prince was pleased to say, 'Nay, dear, how long is it since you turned coward? I shall be sure of the best of them before I be taken, which I never shall be in life.'"—*Edward Burke's MS.*
- 2 "Edward Burke set about dressing some of the fish; but said he had no butter. The Prince answered, 'We will take the fish till the butter come.' E. B., then minding that there was some butter in the boat, amongst the biscuit, went and brought a part of it. But it did not appear to be clean. The Prince asked if it appeared to be clean when put among the biscuit; and, E. B. answering, 'Yes,' he added, 'then it will do very well, for bread is no poison.'"—*E. B.'s MS.*
- 3 Gen. and True Journ. of the Escape of the Young Chev. By an Englishman, London, 1749.
- 4 During his residence at this place, he one day shot a deer, which Edward Burke carried home. "Whilst some colops of the venison were preparing, a beggar boy came in, and, without question or ceremony, thrust his hand amongst the meat. E. B., being very angry, gave him a smart stroke with the back of his hand; at which the Prince said, 'Oh, man, thou don't remember the scripture, which commands to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. You ought rather to give him meat than a stripe. See that you put clothes on him—for which I shall pay.' This was presently done, and the Prince added, 'I could not bear to see a Christian perish for want of food and raiment, had I the power to assist them.'"—*Ed. B.'s MS.*
- 5 According to Burke's MS., the beggar boy who experienced so much kindness from the Prince, as related in the preceding extract, was the person who gave information to the soldiers of the place of

Charles's concealment, having heard some of his attendants address him by his real title.

- 6 Burke, after being nearly starved to death in the course of a long concealment in a cave in South Uist, finally escaped all his troubles, and spent the rest of his life at Edinburgh in the humble situation of a street porter or chairman. Good old Donald MacLeod was seized soon after parting with the Prince, and taken on board a ship of war, where he was questioned by General Campbell. The conversation is worthy of record, as exemplifying the pure and exalted honour of the old man. The General asked if he had been along with the Chevalier, "Yes," said Donald, "I winna deny 't."—"And do you know," inquired the General, "what money was upon that gentleman's head?—no less than thirty thousand pounds Sterling—a sum which would have made you and your family happy for ever!"—"What, then?" replied MacLeod, "what though I had gotten 't? I could not have enjoyed it for two days. Conscience would have got the better of me. But, although I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not, after his throwing himself upon my care, have allowed a hair of his head to be touched!" Sullivan made his escape, soon after parting with his master, in a French war-ship which came to South Uist for the purpose of taking away the Prince; and O'Neal surrendered as a prisoner of war.

CHAP. X.—CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—SKYE.

- 1 Information by Mrs Major Macleod, of the Isle of Skye, daughter of Flora MacDonald.
- 2 There still lives (July 1827) an ancient adherent of this family, * who happened to be tending cattle near the house, at the time that Flora MacDonald passed towards it from the shore, attended by her supposed servant. He was born in the same year with the

* Alexander MacDonald, father of Mr D. MacDonald, bagpipe maker to the Highland Society of London, Castle-Hill, Edinburgh.

P. S. This interesting old man died soon after the completion of this paragraph, August 1827.

Prince; was then, of course, twenty-six years of age; and is now an hundred and seven. He remembers, he says, with as much distinctness as if the circumstance happened yesterday, seeing two women, one of them meanly, and the other finely dressed, approach him as he was sitting upon the hill-side. She who was finest in appearance, and also shortest in stature, asked him in Gaelic, if there was not a well in that neighbourhood. He answered that there was; and he immediately conducted the strangers to a spring, which, from its dedication to the Virgin, was called St Mary's Well. Here the tallest lady put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a thing which looked at first like a little purse, but afterwards assumed the shape of a cup. This she dipped into the well, and, taking up a draught, presented it, with an obeisance, to the shortest and finest lady. That lady having satisfied her thirst, the tallest received back the cup, and proceeded to take a draught for herself. When she had also satisfied her thirst, she returned the cup to her pocket in its collapsed form; and, taking out a shilling, presented it to the islander, who looked with wonder upon this mysterious and unusual scene, during the whole of which the tall lady never spoke. "I had never before," concludes the old man, "been master of silver money, and I did not think the less of it because it was given to me by our dear Prince."

- 4 "Lady Margaret afterwards often laughed in good humour with this gentleman, on her having so well deceived him."—*Boswell*.
- 5 Information by Mrs MacLeod, who, besides her honourable relationship to the heroic Flora, is granddaughter to Kingsburgh.
- 6 Literally *Portrigh*—the King's port.
- 7 Mr Boswell, by conversing with this man, discovered that, in reality, he had no intention of tickling Prince Charles by an allusion to the unjust power which the British Parliament had exercised over the fortunes of his family, but spoke only from the simple idea, that many voices were better than one.—*See Boswell's Tour, 2d edition, p. 228.*
- 8 This *nom de guerre*, it will be observed, is a fragment of Charles's full real name, Charles Edward Lewis

Cassimir, a lively instance of the impossibility which seems to attend all people who change their names, of hitting upon any thing quite unconnected with their proper designation.

- 9 Cutty, in the Scottish language, is simply a diminutive adjective, but is often used as an independent noun, especially to express a little girl, a little stool, or, as in the present case, a stumped tobacco-pipe.
- 10 Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides; where a vivid portraiture has been preserved of this excellent specimen of the Highland gentleman, as he appeared in 1773. "He was now," says Mr Boswell, "sixty-two years of age, hale, and well proportioned, with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce; but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured. He wore a pair of brogues—tartan hose which came up only near to his knees—a purple camblet kilt—a black waistcoat—a short green cloth coat, bound with gold cord—a yellowish bushy wig—a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank, and *polite*, in the true sense of the word." Mr Boswell afterwards describes Flora MacDonald, then Mistress of Kingsburgh, and advanced in life, as "a little woman of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred." When at Kingsburgh, Dr Johnson slept in the bed which had been occupied, eight-and-twenty years before, by the unfortunate Prince.

"The curious reader" may desire some further notice of a lady so celebrated as Flora MacDonald. It may be mentioned, from the tradition of her family, that she was indebted for her liberation to Frederick Prince of Wales, father to his late Majesty King George III. His Royal Highness had the curiosity to visit "the Pretender's Deliverer," as she was called, in prison. He asked her how she came to do a thing so contrary to the commands of her sovereign, and so inimical to the interests of her country; to which she answered, in a firm but modest

style, that she conceived herself to have only obeyed the dictates of humanity in doing what she had done, and that, if it ever were his Royal Highness's fate, or that of any of his family, to apply to her under circumstances equally distressing with those of the Chevalier, she would, with God's blessing, act again precisely in the same manner. Frederick was so much pleased with this reply, that he exerted himself to get her out of prison.

After she had been set at large, she was taken into the house of a distinguished female Jacobite, named Lady Primrose, and there exhibited to all the friends of the good cause who could make interest to get admission. The presents which she got at this period were perfectly overwhelming; and the flattering attention which was paid to her, might have turned the heads of ninety-nine out of a hundred such young ladies. Instances have been known, according to the report of her descendants, of eighteen carriages belonging to persons of quality, ranking up before the house in which she was spending the evening. Throughout the whole of these scenes, she conducted herself with admirable propriety, never failing to express surprise at the curiosity which had been excited regarding her conduct—conduct which, she used to say, never appeared extraordinary to herself, till she saw the notice taken of it by the rest of the world.

After retiring to her native island, which she did with a mind totally unaffected by her residence in London, she married Mr MacDonald of Kingsburgh, the son and successor of the venerable gentleman to whose house she had accompanied Prince Charles. When past the middle of life, she went with her husband to America, and met with many strange mischances in the course of the Colonial war. Before the conclusion of that unfortunate contest, she returned with her family to Skye. It would appear that, at this advanced period of her life, she retained all the heroic courage which so remarkably distinguished her early years. It is told by her venerable daughter, Mrs Major MacLeod, who accompanied her on the occasion, that, a French ship of war having attacked them in their homeward voyage, and all the ladies being immured in the cabin, *she* alone could not be

repressed, but came upon deck, and endeavoured by her voice and example to animate the men for the action. She was unfortunately thrown down in the bustle, and broke her arm; which caused her afterwards to observe, in something like the spirit of poor Mercutio, that she had now risked her life in behalf of both the House of Stuart and that of Brunswick, and got very little for her pains.

She lived to a good old age, continuing to the last a firm Jacobite. Such is said to have been the virulence of this spirit in her composition, that she would have struck any man with her fist, who presumed, in her hearing, to call Charles by his ordinary epithet "the Pretender."

CHAP. XI.—CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—MAINLAND.

- 1 Old MacInnon was seized at Morer, as he was returning home, conveyed to London, and not released from confinement for upwards of a twelvemonth.
- 2 This woman was alive very recently, [1827.]
- 3 From the period of Charles's arrival at Borodale and his being joined by Glenaladale, this narrative is chiefly derived from "an Account of his Escape," compiled by that gentleman, and printed in the Lockhart Papers. It is to be supposed that the account must be generally very correct, since it was the composition of one who scarcely ever left the Prince's side during the period referred to. Yet Mr Home gives an incident apparently applicable to this date, which Glenaladale omits, and which is moreover scarcely reconcileable with that gentleman's narrative. It is as follows: "After having crossed the line of posts, Glenaladale, thinking the West Highlands a very unsafe place for Charles, resolved to conduct him to the Ross-shire Highlands, amongst those Mackenzies who had remained loyal, and therefore were not visited with troops. These Mackenzies Glenaladale thought would not betray Charles; and the person whom he pitched upon to confide in was Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coul. Charles and his attendants, setting out for Ross-shire on foot, suffered greatly in their journey from want of provisions; and when they came to the Braes of Kintail, inhabit-

ed by the Macraus, a barbarous people, among whom there were but few gentlemen, necessity obliged them to call at the house of one Christopher Macra Glenaladale, leaving Charles with the French officer at some distance, went to Macra's house, and told him that he and two of his friends were likely to perish for want of food; and desired him to furnish them with some victuals, for which they would pay. Macra insisted upon knowing who his two friends were, which Glenaladale seemed unwilling to tell. Macra still insisted; and Glenaladale told him at last that it was young Clanranald, and a relation of his. Notwithstanding the consequence of the persons, Macra, though rich for an ordinary Highlander, made Glenaladale pay very dear for some provisions he gave him. Having received the money, he grew better humoured, and desired Glenaladale and the other two to pass the night in his house, which they did. In the course of the conversation, they talked of the times, and Macra exclaimed against the Highlanders who had taken arms with Charles; and said that they and those who still protected him were fools and madmen; that they ought to deliver themselves and their country from distress, by giving him up and taking the reward which Government had offered. That night a MacDonald, who had been in the rebel army, came to Macra's house; at first sight he knew Charles, and took an opportunity of warning Glenaladale to take care that Christopher should not discover the quality of his guest. Glenaladale desired this man, who seemed so friendly and so prudent, to give him his opinion, as he had traversed the country, what he thought was the safest place for Charles, mentioning at the same time his scheme of carrying him to the country of the Mackenzies; which MacDonald did not approve, saying that there were some troops got among the Mackenzies, and that he thought their country by no means safe; but that he had passed the former night in the great hill of Corado, which lies between Kintail and Glenmorriston; that in the most remote part of that hill, called Corambian, there lived seven men upon whom the Prince might absolutely depend, for they were brave and faithful, and most of them

had been in his army. As Charles wished to get nearer Lochaber and Badenoch, where Lochiel and Cluny were, he resolved to go to Corribian. Next morning, he and his attendants set out, taking Macdonald for their guide, &c. &c." It is possible that Glenaladale omitted or slurred over this circumstance, out of delicacy to Macraw, who seems to have behaved on the occasion in a manner very unlike that of a genuine Highlander.

- 4 Apparently the Christopher Macraw of Mr Home's narrative.
- 5 This person was visited by many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh from curiosity. Some of them gave him money, to mark their approval of his fortitude and honour, in resisting the vast sum offered for the Prince. He would not give them his right hand to shake; he had got a shake of the Prince's hand, he said, on parting with him, and was resolved never to give that hand to any man till he should see the Prince again.
- 6 Mr Richard Morison, who had been the Prince's body servant, and accustomed to shave and dress him, was a prisoner in Carlisle at the time Duke William returned to London with his prize. Being very properly supposed a person likely to distinguish the head, he was sent for to the capital, and promised his freedom if he would tell the truth regarding it. Fainting with horror, he was shown the dreadful spectacle. After inspecting it, from some mole or other mark, he became satisfied that it was not the Prince's head, and he declared his opinion. He was liberated accordingly. Two maiden ladies, sisters to the noble Mackenzie, lived in Edinburgh within the recollection of people still alive. They bore an excellent character, and subsisted upon a small annuity. Note to Chev. Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 209.

The history of the Crusades alone seems to furnish a parallel to the generous devotedness of Mackenzie. Coeur de Lion, one day enjoying the amusement of falconry, with a small party, at an imprudent distance from his camp at Jaffa, was nearly surrounded by a body of Saracens; when a Provençal gentleman, named William de Pratelles, inspired probably by the military-poetical enthusiasm of his country, exclaim-

ed, "I am the King." By this noble lie, as Mr Mills terms it, he ran the risk of instant death; but the Turks of that period were more generous than the British Government of 1745. They were content with taking prisoner the supposed person who had been so fatal to their repose. Richard's last act in the Holy Land was the redemption of his gallant preserver.

8 The public was informed of Charles's escape almost immediately after it took place, by a letter from Fort William, which was inserted in the newspapers. In that document he is said to have been dressed at the time in a short coat of black frieze, trows, a philabeg, and a grey plaid. The vessel in which he left the country, was seen on the same evening between the isles of Coll and Muck.

CHAP. XII.—TRIALS AND EXECUTIONS.

- 1 Wilkinson's Complete Hist. of the Trials, &c. p. 121.
- 2 Dougal Graham's Hist. Reb. p. 156.
- 3 This has been rendered the subject of a well-known ballad.
- 4 The Marquis of Tullibardine had died, on the 9th of July in the Tower, of a stoppage of urine.—*Boyce's Hist. Reb.*
- 5 There was a story regarding Kilmarnock current at that time, which, though of a nature beneath the dignity of history, we think proper to insert here, as indicating the impression which his melancholy fate must have made upon the public mind. We relate it as it has been told to us by a lady of eighty, who learned it in her youth; when it was quite current throughout Stirlingshire, her native county, and that in which the incident took place:—About a twelvemonth before the commencement of the insurrection, the housekeeper of Callander was one night sitting in her own room, engaged in some little domestic task, when suddenly her door opened of itself, and she perceived, or thought she perceived, a bloody head trundle in and roll across the floor. The motion of the dreadful object was rapid, but she could yet discern the lineaments of her beloved master the Earl. She had the presence of mind, or the fortitude, not to

raise any alarm, and she eventually disclosed the circumstance only to a neighbouring clergyman. When the Earl determined upon joining the insurgents, she all at once felt a conviction that her vision would become realized; and she took the liberty of imploring that he would abstain from the enterprise, which she assured him would come to no good. He of course disregarded her entreaties; and she was at length induced to mention what she had seen a twelvemonth before, hoping that he would not act in opposition to so dreadful a warning. To her great mortification, he only laughed at what she said, and went away, observing that he was much more likely to lose his head by continuing faithful to King George, than by joining Prince Charles, whose prospects were at this period at the brightest, in consequence of the battle of Preston.*

After his death, it is said that his lady, who had had so great a hand in urging him to this fatal course, retired to a sequestered part of the country, where, shutting herself up in an apartment, lighted only by a dismal lamp, and whose walls, to render the scene still more appropriate to the gloom of her mind, were hung with black, she vowed never again to look upon the light of day. Here she is said to have wept herself blind, and eventually to have died of grief. Such conduct seems quite in accordance with the high and chivalrous spirit which this lady had displayed in happier days, and will remind the reader of the resolution expressed, under similar circumstances, by a lady of the olden time, in the beautiful ballad of "the Murder of Caerlaverock:"†—

" To sweet Lincluden's haly cells,
Fu' dowie, I'll repair;
There peace wi' gentle patience dwells—
Nae deidly feuds are there.
With tears I'll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o' baleful yew,
And wail the beauty that could harm
A knight sae brave and true."

* Another version of this story is given in Henderson's *History of the Rebellion*, a contemporary publication.

† By Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii.

- 6 Nicholson was perhaps the only man who ever displayed any power of using his limbs after being suspended by the neck. It is recorded of him, that he put up his hands and pulled his cap down over his chin, after the cart had been driven away from below him.
- 7 The following copy of a paper, which this gentleman read upon the scaffold, and delivered into the hands of the Sheriff, is printed *verbatim* from a manuscript lately belonging to a Jacobite family. It is inserted here, partly on account of its being an *exposé* of the motives which induced so many sensible men to rise in favour of Prince Charles, and partly because it justifies the view which has been taken in this work of the character of that Prince, and of the proceedings which followed the battle of Culloden.

"It would be a breach of duty in me, to omit this last opportunity of doing justice to those who stood in need of it. I think it incumbent upon me, the rather, because I am the only Englishman, in this part of the world, who had the honour to attend his Royal Highness into Scotland.

"When I first joined the King's forces, I was induced to it, by a principle of duty only, and I never had any reason to convince me since, that I was in the least mistaken; but, on the contrary, every day's experience has strengthened my opinion, that what I did was right and necessary. That duty I discharged to the best of my power; and as I did not expect the reward of my service in this world, I have no doubt of receiving it in the next.

"Under the opinion that I could do more good by marching with the army into Scotland, than remaining with the Manchester regiment at Carlisle, I obtained leave to be in my Lord Elcho's corps, for I was willing to be in action. After the battle of Culloden, I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the most ungenerous enemy that, I believe, ever assumed the name of a soldier; I mean, the pretended Duke of Cumberland, and those under his command; whose inhumanity exceeded every thing I could have imagined, in a country where the bare name of a God is allowed of. I was put into one of the Scots kirks, together with a great many wounded prisoners,

who were stripped naked, and then left to die of their wounds, without the least assistance; and though we had a surgeon of our own, a prisoner at the same place, yet he was not permitted to dress their wounds, but his instruments were taken from him, on purpose to prevent it; and, in consequence, many died in the utmost agony. Several of the wounded were put on board the Jean of Leith, and there died in lingering tortures. Our general allowance, while we were prisoners there, was half a pound of meal a day, which was sometimes increased to a pound, but never exceeded it; and I myself was witness that great numbers were starved to death. Their barbarity extended so far, as not to suffer the men, who were put on board the Jean, to lye down, even on the planks, but were obliged to sit on large stones, by which means their legs swelled almost as big as their body. These are some few instances of the cruelties that were exercised, which being almost incredible in a Christian country, I am obliged to add an assertion to the truth of them. And I do assure you, on the word of a dying man, and as I hope for mercy at the Day of Judgment, I assert nothing but what I know to be true.

“The injustice of these proceedings, is aggravated by the ingratitude of them. For the Elector of Hanover’s people had been often obliged to the Prince, who ordered his prisoners the same allowance of meat, as his own troops, and always made it his particular concern, that all the wounded should be dressed, and used with the utmost tenderness. His extreme caution to avoid the effusion of blood, even with regard to spies, when his own safety made it almost necessary, and his surprising generosity to all his enemies without distinction, certainly demanded different treatment, and I could scarce have thought, that an English army under English directions, could possibly behave with such unprovoked barbarity. With regard to the report of his Royal Highness having ordered that no quarter should be given to the enemy, I am persuaded in my conscience that it is a malicious wicked report raised by the friends of the Usurper, in hopes of an excuse for the cruelties committed in Scotland, which were many more and greater than I

have time to describe ; for I firmly believe, the Prince would consent to no such orders, even if it was to gain the three kingdoms.

" I would gladly enter into the particulars of his Royal Highness's character, if I was able ; but his qualifications are above description. All I can say is, he is every thing that I could image great and and excellent, fully deserving what he was born for, to rule over a free people.

" I am convinced that these nations are inevitably ruined, unless the Royal Family be restored, which I hope will soon happen ; for I love my country, and with my parting breath I pray God to bless it. I also beseech him to bless and preserve my lawful Sovereign, King James the Third, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York ; and prosper all my friends, and have mercy on me.

" JAMES BRADSHAW."

- 8 Coppock was an Englishman, a student, and had been created Bishop of Carlisle by the Prince. When he and his companions had received sentence, and were retiring from the bar, he exclaimed to them, " What the devil are you afraid of ? We sha'n't be tried by a Cumberland jury in the next world !"—*Scotts Mag.* viii. 498.
- 9 The Earl of Kilmarnock alone, out of seventy-seven persons executed in all, expressed repentance.

CHAP. XIII.—PRINCE CHARLES IN FRANCE.

- 1 A Letter from a Gentleman in France to his Friend in London, giving an Account of the Prince's Adventures in France, published in 1749, and reprinted in the Lockhart Papers.
- 2 His Most Christian Majesty gave Charles 800,000 livres to purchase a new equipage, and afterwards settled upon him 600,000 per annum.
- 3 That it was by no means little, or of small account, seems to be proved by a letter which Frederick the Great thought proper to send him, in congratulation of his exploits in Scotland.—*See Episcopal Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 128.
- 4 Authentic Account of the Conduct of the Young Chevalier in France. London, 1749.

“ * * Even in his latter years, Charles was by no means the lost and besotted being which modern prejudice or calumny has represented him. It has been mentioned, that none of his “ brave mountaineers ” ever could speak of him in after life without tears of affection and regret. No more could Charles speak of them without emotions of the warmest and tenderest nature. It may be stated, upon irrefragable authority, that, at an assemblage of English and Highland gentlemen, where he happened to be, on a young Highlander singing the pathetic ditty of “ Lochaber no more,” the unfortunate Prince rose from the table, and retired to a corner of the room, where he gave way to a passion of tears. The following anecdote, moreover, may be adduced, as testifying how much he was alive, even at the distance of forty years, to the merit of his fellow-adventurers, and with what depth of feeling he cherished the remembrance of their common glories and common woes.

“ Mr Greathead, a personal friend of Mr Fox, and a staunch Whig, succeeded, when at Rome, in 1782 or 1783, in obtaining an interview with Charles Edward; and being alone with him for some time, studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland, and to the occurrences which succeeded the failure of that attempt. The Prince manifested some reluctance to enter upon these topics, appearing at the same time to undergo so much mental suffering, that his guest regretted the freedom he had used in calling up the remembrance of his misfortunes. At length, however, the Prince seemed to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened; his face assumed unwonted animation, and he entered upon the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a distinct but somewhat vehement energy of manner—recounted his marches, his battles, his victories, his retreats and his defeat—detailed his hair-breadth escapes in the Western Isles, the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland friends, and at length proceeded to allude to the dreadful penalties with which the chiefs among them had been visited. But here the tide of emotion rose too high to allow him to go on—his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell convulsed on the floor. The noise brought into the room his daughter, the Duchess of Albany, who happened to be in an adjoining apartment. “ Sir,” she exclaimed, “ what is this! you have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention these sub-

jects in his presence." — *Episcopal Magazine*, Vol. II. p. 117.

CHAP. XIV.—CONCLUSION.

- 1 Keith's Catalogue, with Appendix by the Rev. Dr Russell, p. 511.
- 2 The shifts to which the Jacobite Episcopalians were put, in order to perform the ceremonies of religion without incurring legal vengeance, were quite as distressing as those of the nonconformists of King Charles's time. In the Episcopal Register of Muthill in Perthshire, there is the following entry, under date of March 20, 1750, in the hand-writing of the Rev. William Erskine, Episcopal minister there, (father of the late William Erskine, Esq. Advocate, better known by his senatorial title of Lord Kinnedder).

"N. B.—With such excessive severity were the penal laws executed at this time, that, Andrew Moir having neglected to keep his appointment with me at my own house this morning, and following me to Lord Rollo's house of Duncrus, we could not take the child into a house, but I was obliged to go under the cover of trees in one of Lord Rollo's parks, to prevent our being discovered, and baptize the child there; viz. Helen, lawful daughter of Andrew Moir and Anne Grey, in Crofthead of Fairnton, born the 18th, and was baptized the 20th of March 1750."

The following anecdote may be related, as illustrative of the magnanimity which these unfortunate clergymen occasionally displayed under their afflictive circumstances. It refers to an old lady who died lately in Edinburgh, and who related it to our informant. This person was born at Dundee, and had the singular fortune to be the granddaughter paternally of a minister of the Established Church, while her grandfather by the mother's side was a bishop of the Episcopalian communion. Her mother wished ardently that she should be baptized by her father the bishop; while her husband's father, on the other hand, was determined to perform that office himself. Such was the state of the times, that the bishop could not act in the way proposed without great danger;

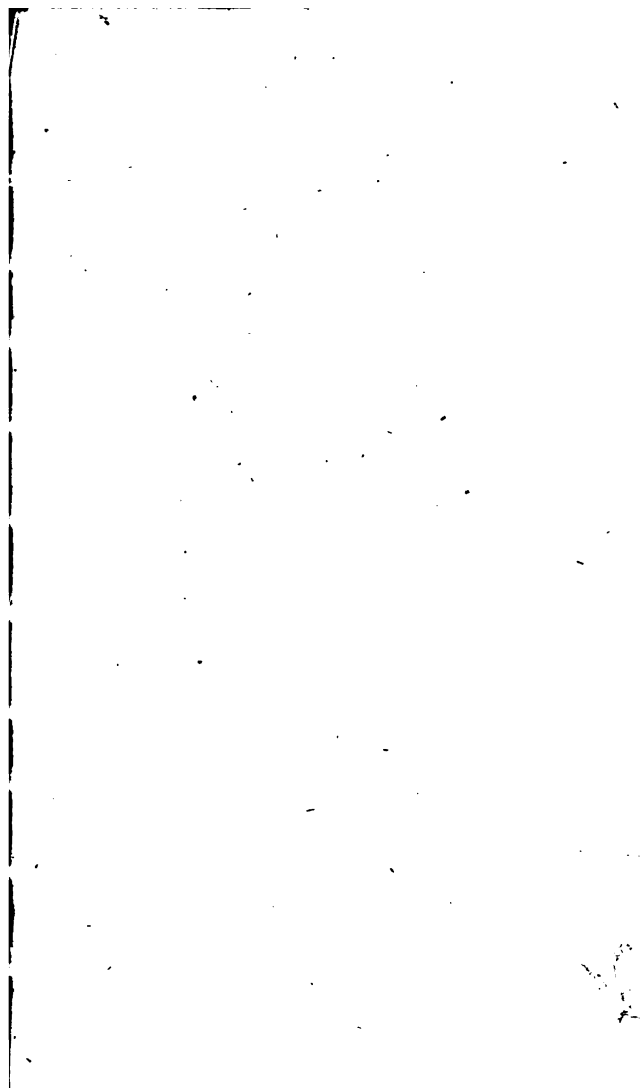
nor was he sure that the paternal grandfather of the child might not be so much exasperated as to inform upon him. Firmly edified, however, in the certainty that his conduct was worthy in the eyes of God, whatever might be its merits in those of men, he resolved to brave every contingency. So firmly, indeed, was he determined to perform his duty, that, on reaching his daughter's room, he made this remarkable declaration: "If there were a gibbet," he said, "in one corner of the room, and the child in the other corner, and if I were informed that the said gibbet was to be the certain and immediate penalty of my conduct, still would I baptize the child!" He had just concluded the ceremony, when the paternal grandfather arrived, to perform the rite in his peculiar way; but as there were no hostile witnesses to prove what had been done, it was impossible to punish the celebrator.

- 3 This expression is used in regard to the oath of abjuration, which was certainly such as to render all who took it worthy of the pillory.

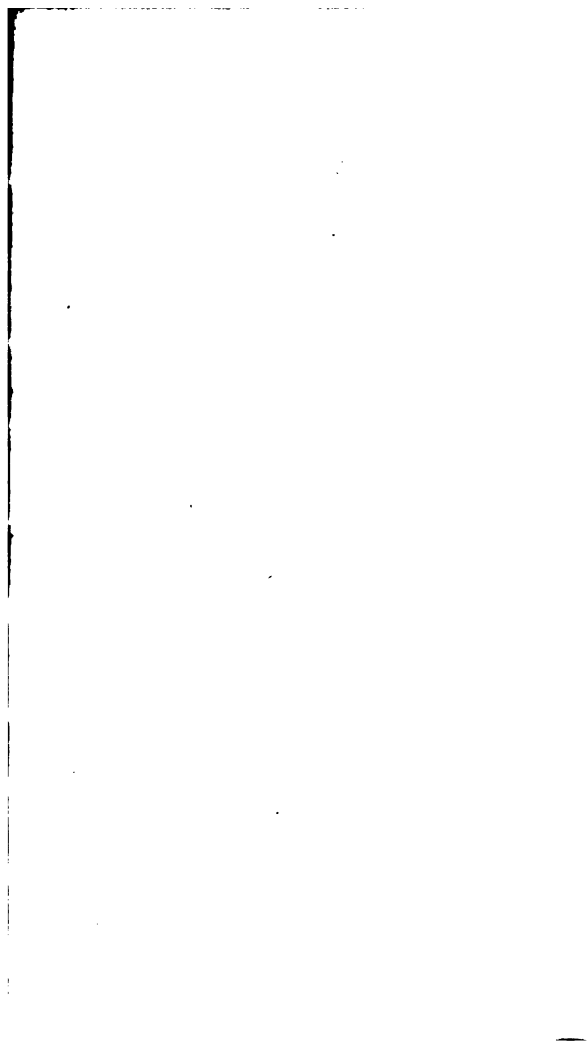
. It is hoped that none of the sentiments expressed in this little Work, regarding the proceedings of either the Army or the Legislature, will be understood as arising from any political or religious prepossessions on the part of the author, but that they will be ascribed to their true motive—a hatred of cruelty and persecution in the abstract.

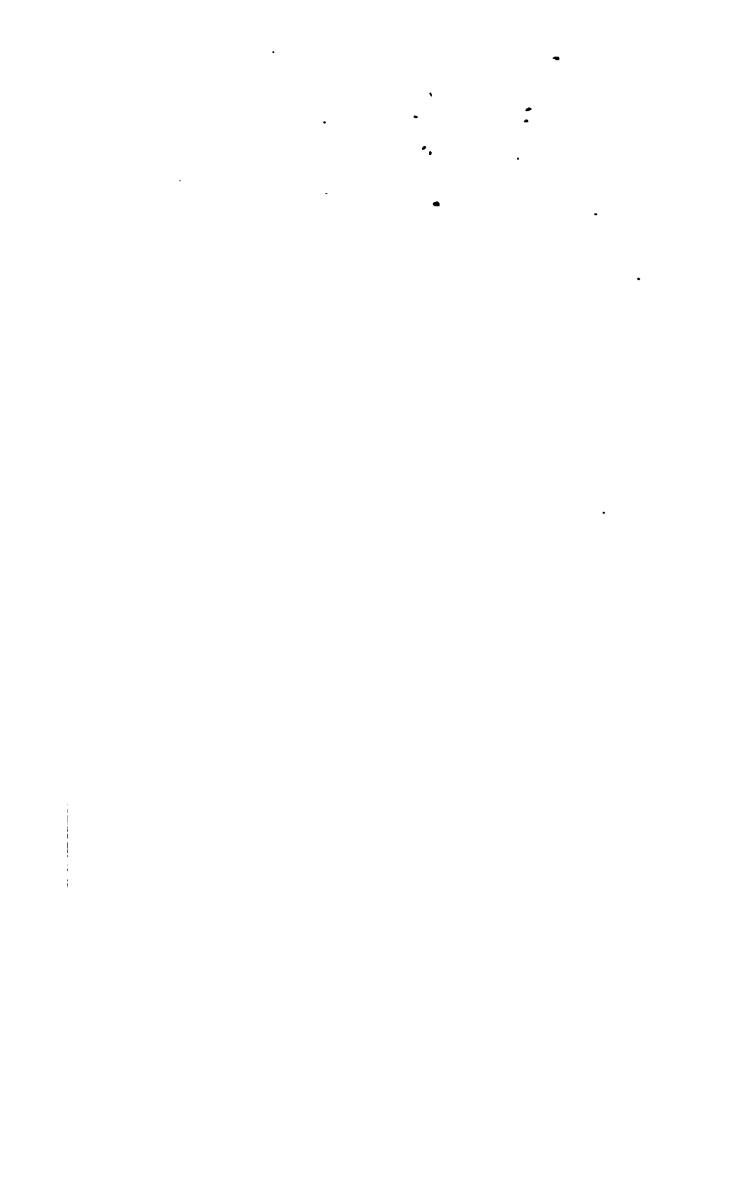
END OF VOLUME SECOND.

PRINTED BY J. HUTCHISON,
FOR THE HEIRS OF D. WILLISON.



8.8.







**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

MAY 23 1915

JUL 14 1915

JUL 15 1915

SEP - 1 1915

AUG 1 1915

SEP 28 1917

SEP 16 1917

B. E. SEC. 1. 4 1914

LEDOX LIBRARY



Bancroft Collection.
Purchased in 1893.